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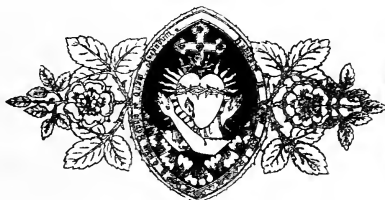
Franciscan Herald

A Monthly Magazine

Edited and Published in the Interest of the Third Order
and of the Franciscan Missions

—By The—

Franciscans of the Sacred Heart Province



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Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. VII.

• JANUARY, 1919

NO. I

Editorial Comment

A WORD WITH OUR READERS

To all our subscribers, solicitors, contributors, readers, and friends we extend heartiest wishes for a thrice happy New Year. For most of them, no doubt, the coming year will be happier than was the old one. The war clouds are fast disappearing, and the rainbow of peace, though only dimly visible, gives assurance of a future, bright and calm. Our readers, of course, have felt the heavy hand of war, and many, perhaps, are the sighs and tears and sacrifices it has wrung from them. Needless to say, our heart goes out to them in their griefs, no matter what their cause or nature, and we trust that the war, though it may have left them poorer in treasure and joy, will have enhanced their eternal merit and reward.

We take this opportunity also to thank our friends, and among them especially the subscription solicitors, for the loyal support they have given us in spite of the numerous demands made on their time and purse by the exigencies of the war. Their loyalty is the only thing that has kept us in the business all these years. We frankly admit that without their aid, so freely and cheerfully given, we should be no longer in existence. Their really touching devotion to the Franciscan cause inspires us with renewed courage and energy to give them the best possible magazine that it is within the compass of our powers to give.

It is with keen regret, therefore, that we inform them that, owing to the prevailing high prices of material and labor, it is impossible for us to improve the appearances of the *Herald*. We have even been constrained to retrench in some respects, notably in the matter of engravings. Yes, we go so far as to assert that if present economic conditions continue for any length of time, it is not altogether improbable that we shall have to advance our subscription price—not because everybody is doing it, but because we can not afford to publish our magazine at a loss.

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THE VACANT CHAIR

To all appearances, there is going to be a vacant chair at the conference table about which will soon be ranged the representatives of all

the nations lately at war. Unless there is a decided change of mind among the powers that be, the Holy Father will not take part, either in person or by proxy, in the deliberations of the peace conference. His presence is undesirable for several reasons. Chief among these is an article of a certain secret treaty, concluded in London on April 21, 1915, by which Great Britain, France, and Russia accepted the terms demanded by Italy as the price of her participation in the war. The Soviet Government of Russia had the bad taste to publish this treaty about a year ago. Textually the article in question reads: "France, Great Britain, and Russia undertake to support Italy, in so far as she does not permit the representatives of the Holy See to take diplomatic action with regard to the conclusion of peace and the regulation of questions connected with the war."

This is without doubt the most obnoxious of the twenty-six articles of which that iniquitous document is composed. Though fair-minded men the world over voiced in unmistakable terms their disapproval of the secret treaty as soon as it came to light, their protests were to the signatory powers, except Russia, as the idle wind which they heeded not. True, explanations, some of them pitifully ludicrous, were attempted by the parties interested; but anything like a formal and straightforward repudiation is not forthcoming. On the contrary, the versatile Mr. Balfour, speaking in the House of Commons, on June 20, 1918, in opposition to a motion which called for a revision of secret treaties with Allied Governments, on the ground that "in their present form they are inconsistent with the objects for which this country entered the war, and are therefore, a barrier to a democratic peace," declared emphatically that "to these treaties we stand. The national honor (*sic!*) is bound up with them. . . . We mean to keep to the full the bargain we have made."

It is evident that so long as responsible cabinet ministers entertain such sentiments, the Holy Father will be an unwelcome guest at the conference. But, why should Italy have desired his exclusion, and why should the other parties have acceded to her wish? Why do they still deem themselves in "honor" bound to prevent his participation? "We all expect a gentle answer."



HOPES AND FEARS

We have been led to hope by those who, by the inscrutable designs of Providence, are shaping the destinies of the world to-day, that the outcome of the deliberations at Paris will be a just and lasting peace. Do these same men fear that His Holiness Pope Benedict XV, who throughout the war has been guided by the principles of even-handed justice and scrupulous impartiality, and who has labored and prayed incessantly to end the war, will be an obstacle to such a peace? If, as *The Nation* (Vol. cvii, No. 2789) observes, "it is a peace of vengeance, of imperialism, and of loot that, so far as the people are informed, is being shaped to-day," then, of course, the Pope's presence at the conference would be extremely

embarrassing. For he may be counted on to set his face resolutely against any such make-believe peace.

We have been assured that the pangs humanity has endured during the war, were but the throes incident to a rebirth of the human race; that somehow out of all the wreck and ruin will rise a new and better world, will be born a great brotherhood of all the peoples under the sun, a league of nations, an international democracy, a Christian republic, a United States of the World, in fine, some strong international power or bond that will establish the unity and solidarity of the human race for all ages to come. If the peace conferees are looking forward to such a consummation, had they not better avail themselves of the only existing international power whose one aim through the centuries has been *ut omnes unum sint*? Had they not better seek the support of him who, as the Father of Christendom and head of the Catholic Church, is at once the source of strength and the center of unity for this world-embracing society? Might not the organization and the methods of the Catholic Church be studied with profit by the men in conference assembled? And who is better qualified to advise them on these matters than the occupant of the See of Peter?

It has been whispered that the Pope, if admitted to the deliberations, might insist on a settlement of the Roman question, and thus break up "the good meeting with most admired disorder" by intruding a purely private or national affair. It seems that the Roman question like the ghost of Banquo will not down, but will appear, when least expected, to shake his gory locks at the usurper and to push him from his stool. If it is a private quarrel, the Holy Father can be trusted not to air his personal grievances in public. If it is a national concern, he will have good sense and tact enough not to embarrass his own compatriots. If it is an international problem it belongs before the forum of the world and should be settled at once. Else it will remain a menace to the peace of the world. This being the case, why should the Holy Father not be permitted to present his claims?

Besides, who in the same degree as he has earned the gratitude of a stricken world by his unremitting endeavors for bettering the intolerable conditions brought on by the war and for bringing it to a speedy close? Who has, in spite of unjust attacks and vile aspersions, retained the confidence of the world in the most trying period of its history? Who has been so persistently cajoled by the various Governments? Who is more heartily in accord with the President's fourteen points? Why, therefore, should he of all others be excluded from the great congress of the nations?

Meanwhile, what are Catholics, here and abroad, doing in the matter? Is there anything like concerted action or well directed effort on their part to secure for the Holy Father that representation which he so justly deserves, and which is so necessary to the happy outcome of the important deliberations already begun? The press, the clergy, and the laity are remarkably—we hope not obsequiously—silent. Remarkable it certainly is that no representative body of Catholic editors or church-

men or laymen should have given the question of the Pope's presence at the conference even a passing thought. A Thomas Mooney can stir two continents. Labor finds no difficulty in making its voice heard. Ireland has numerous and ardent supporters of her cause. They have no fear of hurting the tender sensibilities of one John Bull. But the Holy Father has not the support of even his own children. He is constrained to tread the winepress alone, and of the nations there is not a man with him.



"FOLLOW AFTER CHARITY"

The divine precept of charity is at once the foundation and the fulfillment of the whole Christian law. This commandment, essentially one in its nature and purpose, is twofold in its object or terminus—it embraces God and man. Without the love of God, no true love of man is possible; and without the love of creatures there can be no real love of the Creator. The easiest way to love God is to love one's neighbor, God's image. This is implied in the query of St. John: "He that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not?"

The saints of God, those masters in the art of loving, seem to have acted on this principle. It is impossible to tell whether love of God or charity toward God's creatures was the ruling passion of their lives. They knew that to love one's neighbor meant to love God, to fulfill the law. The greatest saints, that is, those that were inflamed with the strongest love of God—for sanctity is love—were filled at the same time with the greatest charity for their fellows.

A case in point is St. Francis of Assisi. He is preeminently the Saint of love, the Seraphic Saint, and he deserves this title as much on account of his touching affection for his neighbor as for his all-absorbing love of God. "Not to live for oneself alone but to benefit others" became his maxim directly he detached his heart from the vanities of the world. It has since become the motto of all that are his followers in spirit and in truth. Nor has it been exemplified in his First and Second Orders alone. If any, it is the Third Order that has been particularly distinguished for its shining exemplars of Christian charity. Whatever may be the world's verdict on present-day Tertiaries, their brethren of former days were nothing if not charitable. The past, at least, is secure.

That our readers may labor to make the present not less glorious, that they may aid in the revival of Christian charity, which seems to have flown from this strife-torn world, we have thought it opportune to recall to them from month to month the names of illustrious men and women who have been conspicuous for their charitableness. Elsewhere in this issue, our readers will find a partial list of such names together with brief biographical notes. The charm of the latter must be sought in their brevity, which we hope will cause them to be read, with pleasure and profit, by many.



THAT NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION

We wish to congratulate from all our heart the officers of the Ter-

tiary Province of the Sacred Heart for the very creditable work they accomplished on the occasion of their first meeting, which was held in Chicago, on Thanksgiving Day. Among other commendable things, they gave to the Province a constitution, which for completeness and workableness leaves little to be desired. This is without doubt a long step forward in the organization of the Province. Very gratifying, too, was the news that a provincial or district convention, as advocated in these columns some months since, will soon be convoked by the Reverend Commissary; also, that the members of the provincial board have pledged themselves to take in hand at once preparatory measures for launching the national convention in 1921. All this is proof that the members of the board are awake to their opportunities and responsibilities, and that they propose to let no grass grow under their feet so long as they are in office.

We are glad to be able to inform our readers that, so far as the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart is concerned, the national Third Order convention is an assured fact. Both the Directors and their charges are heart and soul for the project. The same is true of individual Directors and fraternities elsewhere. But owing to the lack of provincial organization, they have had no opportunity to express their common views on this subject. We are confident that, given this opportunity, they will declare overwhelmingly in favor of a national Third Order convention in 1921.

With the end of the world war, the only objection to holding the congress in that year falls flat. If in any quarter doubts should still exist as to the success of the convention, these doubts must be based on the supposition that there is a lack of interest or of numbers or of funds. We can conceive of no other reason why fears should be entertained for the felicitous outcome of the meeting. As to the absence of interest we find that the mere mention of the proposed congress is sufficient in most cases to excite not only interest but enthusiasm. In regard to the lack of numbers, we wish merely to say that the Third Order in this country is many times larger than other organizations that are holding national conventions annually. Relatively to the wherewithal, we hope doubting minds will be put at ease by the assurance that we already have pledged of sufficient sums to insure the successful holding of a good-sized convention anywhere in the United States.

In our opinion, the feasibility of the plan is no longer open to question. It only remains to perfect the provincial or sectional organizations so that the fraternities of the various districts may act as bodies corporate. We are sure that those whose province it is, according to the intention of the Church, to promote the Third Order will know their duty well enough to lend the undertaking the prestige of their name and the weight of their authority. Our *ceterum censeo* is still that the time is ripe for a national convention of Franciscan Tertiaries, and that, if they miss this opportunity to establish their Order on a national basis and to enable it to cope with national problems, they lay themselves open to the charge that they are decidedly inert and hopelessly behind the age.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

The object of the subjoined list is explained in our editorial columns. The names, as will be noticed, are arranged in alphabetical order. They have been gleaned from many fields, but mostly from the *Annales Franciscaines*, a monthly review published by the Capuchin Fathers of Paris. Lest we be thought *recentium incuriosi*, we hasten to explain that the present list, part of which makes up this instalment, will be followed by a supplementary roster of modern Tertiaries who have allowed themselves "the luxury of doing good." The whole compilation is necessarily incomplete, because many sources have been inaccessible to us. We hope to make it in due time as nearly complete as possible, with a view to incorporating it in a more pretentious work, to be published eventually under some such title as "Who's Who in the Third Order."—Editor's note.

Agnes Castanea was born in Murcia, in Spain. After the death of her husband, she devoted herself entirely to works of penance and charity. She was tireless in relieving the needs of the poor and sick, particularly of those afflicted with the most loathsome diseases, and by her prayers she restored many to health. She died on July 27, 1634.

Alberta Barbara Dernecourt, Countess of Saint Belmont.—The charity of this noble Tertiary shone forth especially amid the widespread suffering caused by the Thirty Year's War. She not only consoled and assisted her people in their affliction and want, but also took effective measures to protect them against the depredations of the hostile armies; and when a pestilence was added to the horrors of the war, she visited and nursed the sick in their homes, disregarding all discomforts and dangers. After the taking of Thionville by the French under the Prince of Condé, she converted her castle into a hospital and tenderly cared for the wounded and sick of both armies,

She died at Chateau de Neuville, in Lorraine, on May 22, 1660.

Bl. Amadeus IX, of Savoy.—The liberalities of this prince toward the poor was so great that he was accused by his more worldly-minded officials of wasting the resources of his estates. To an ambassador who asked to see his pack of hounds, he showed the large number of poor whom he daily fed at his table. "We should never finish," says his biographer, "if we were to enumerate the hospitals and churches erected and endowed by him." His last words to his sons were, "In all things follow equity and justice, love the poor, and God will preserve you and your possessions in peace." March 30, 1472, is the day of his death.

St. Angela of Foligno.—In her youth she gave herself up to the pleasures of the world. After her conversion, she distributed her possessions among the poor, entered the Third Order of St. Francis, and began to lead a life of penance and prayer. She visited the poor and the sick and rendered them every service. To supply their needs, she

even went about the city of Foligno, begging alms from door to door. Her demise occurred on January 4, 1309, at Foligno.

St. Angela of Merici.—Before gathering about her the pious companions who were to be the first members of the flourishing congregation of the Ursulines, founded by her, Angela was a zealous Tertiary. Seeing the needs of the time, she assembled round her pious maidens, Tertiaries like herself, and with them devoted herself to corporal and spiritual works of mercy. They visited the prisons and hospitals and sought out the poor to relieve their needs. They gathered the girls whose religious instruction was being neglected and taught them the truths of religion and the practices of piety and virtue. Angela died at Brescia, on January 27, 1540.

Angela Mary Carissimi.—She was the daughter of a wealthy family in Sicily, and was remarkable from her youth for her great piety. She refused all offers of marriage and resolved to sanctify herself in the Third Order of St. Francis. Her charity toward the poor and the suffering was inexhaustible. During a pestilence, which carried off hundreds of victims, she fearlessly nursed the sick and assisted the dying in their last moments. November 30, 1631, is the day of her death.

Bl. Angelina of Marsciano.—To satisfy the wishes of her family, Angelina married John of Terni, Count of Civitella, with whom she lived in pious union for two years. After his death, she, with a number of noble ladies, entered the Third Order and henceforth gave herself up to a life of prayer, mor-

tification, and charity. Besides bestowing constant and abundant alms on the poor, she supported widows and orphans and used every means to protect young girls against the dangers that threatened their virtue. Because a number of these, at her advice, embraced the religious life, Angela was accused of disturbing the public peace and was obliged to leave the kingdom of Naples. She sold her castles and domains and divided the sum realized from the sale into two portions: one half she distributed among the poor of the country; the other half she devoted to the building of convents and hospitals. She passed to her reward at Foligno, on July 14, 1435.

Anne Le Tellier was born at Pont-Audemer, in France. Her father held several important posts of honor at the court of Louis XIV, King of France. The death of her husband enabled her to devote herself more freely to the practices of piety, and she embraced the Rule of the Third Order. For her extraordinary virtues, she was soon chosen prefect of the Tertiary fraternity of her native city. She strove in every way to assist the needy and the afflicted. She provided the poor sick with medicines and food, and consoled them in their sufferings by her kind ministrations. In consequence of her charities in behalf of the poor of Pont-Audemer and of the neighboring towns and villages, her fortune was greatly impaired and she was obliged to cut down her own living expenses. Yet she did not cease to relieve, as much as possible, the wants of others. Her death occurred in her native city on October 8, 1676.

THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PROVINCIAL BOARD OF THE TERTIARY PROVINCE OF THE SACRED HEART

THE first annual meeting of the Provincial Board of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart was held at St. Augustine's Convent, Chicago, Ill., on Thursday, November 28. All the members of the Board were present; to-wit: Rev. Fr. Roger, of Cleveland, O., Commissary; Rev. Fr. Ulric, of Chicago, Vice-Commissary; Rev. Fr. Giles, of Teutopolis, Ill., Secretary-Treasurer; Mr. Joseph L. D. McCarthy, of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Edward Walter, of Cleveland, O., Miss Mary Perkins, of Chicago, and Miss Mary Benz, of Quincy, Ill., Consultants. During the morning session, the Board occupied itself with the reports submitted by the Rev. Directors regarding the membership, financial standing, and activities of their respective fraternities, and it was pleased to note a general and an increased interest and enthusiasm in matters pertaining to the Third Order. The actual increase of membership in the Tertiary Province during the first year of its existence is 1,500, so that the total membership now amounts to 16,000. The reports also evidenced the fact that the charitable activities of our Tertiary fraternities are increasing most satisfactorily. The Board went on record as favoring the introduction of *Franciscan Herald* into the home of every Tertiary. Furthermore, it recommended to the charity of all the Tertiaries needy candidates for the holy priesthood, both secular and regular. Several fraternities have al-

ready founded scholarships for needy students, whom they select from their own communities. In procuring funds for the missions, other fraternities have been very successful in the use of mite boxes.

In order to establish and to maintain a fund with which to meet the current expenses of the Tertiary Province, it was decided for the present to request each fraternity to contribute 3 per cent of its ordinary monthly collections for the purpose. This method of securing the necessary funds was deemed more equitable than the imposition of an annual *per capita* tax and it is meeting with general favor. Regarding the spread of the Third Order, the Board thought it advisable and opportune to ask the Rev. Directors to introduce the Third Order into seminaries, colleges, academies, hospitals, and homes for the aged, especially if such institutions are regularly visited by Fathers of the First Order.

The afternoon session was devoted to a careful study of the Constitution, a draft of which had been previously submitted to the Rev. Directors for their criticism. In compliance with the wishes of some of the Directors, a few minor changes were made; but as the great majority approved of the Constitution as it stood, the revised draft was at last unanimously adopted by the Board, subject to the approbation of the Very Rev. Father Provincial. It follows here in full, together with Very Rev. Fr. Provincial's approbation.

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I

Name

SECTION 1. The name of this Province shall be the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart.

ARTICLE II

Object

SECTION 1. The object of this Province shall be to obtain unity of purpose, of direction, and of action among the Third Order Fraternities under the jurisdiction of the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Sacred Heart.

ARTICLE III

Officers

SECTION 1. The Officers of this Province shall constitute a Provincial Board consisting of the following members: a Commissary, Vice-Commissary, Secretary-Treasurer, and four Consultors.

ARTICLE IV

The Commissary

SECTION 1. The Commissary shall be appointed by the Provincial Superiors of the First Order and shall remain in office at their discretion.

SECTION 2. He shall call the meetings of the Provincial Board and the Provincial Conventions and shall preside thereat.

SECTION 3. He shall have power to fill any vacancies that may occur among the Consultors.

SECTION 4. He shall conduct the canonical visitation of the Fraternities according to the Rule, either personally or by his delegate.

ARTICLE V

The Vice-Commissary

SECTION 1. The Vice-Commissary shall be appointed by the Provincial Superiors of the First Order and shall remain in office at their discretion.

SECTION 2. He shall perform all the duties of the Commissary in case the latter should for any reason be impeded.

ARTICLE VI

The Secretary-Treasurer

SECTION 1. The Secretary-Treasurer shall be elected by ballot by the Directors.

SECTION 2. He shall hold office for the term of three years.

SECTION 3. He shall take down the minutes of the meetings of the Provincial Board; shall keep on record all matters pertaining to the Tertiary Province; and shall perform such other duties as the Board or the Commissary may determine. He shall keep account of all moneys received and expended by the Province.

ARTICLE VII

The Consultors

SECTION 1. The four Consultors shall be elected by ballot from the lay Tertiaries by the Directors and the Tertiary delegates.

SECTION 2. They shall hold office for the term of three years.

ARTICLE VIII

The Provincial Board

SECTION 1. The Provincial Board shall have the general management of the affairs of the Province.

SECTION 2. It shall have power to regulate admission into the Province and to provide means for carrying on the work of the Province.

SECTION 3. It shall have power to interpret the Constitution and the Regulations of the Province. Its decisions shall be subject, however, to the approval of the Provincial Superiors of the First Order.

ARTICLE IX

Meetings

SECTION 1. Meetings of the Provincial Board shall be held annually at such time and place as may be determined by the Commissary.

SECTION 2. The Directors shall be apprised of the time and place of these

annual meetings at least two months in advance to allow sufficient time for preparing their required annual reports.

SECTION 3. A Provincial Convention shall be held every three years, or oftener, as the Commissary may deem advisable, to which all the Directors and delegates from each Fraternity shall be invited.

SECTION 4. The election of the Secretary-Treasurer and of the four Consultors shall take place at these Provincial Conventions.

ARTICLE X Membership

SECTION 1. All the Third Order Fraternities under the direct jurisdiction of the Fathers of the Province of the Sacred Heart are *ipso facto* aggregated to the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart.

SECTION 2. Any other Third Order Fraternity canonically erected may secure membership by agreeing faithfully to observe the Constitution and the Regulations of the Province and to invite the Commissary annually for the prescribed canonical visitation.

ARTICLE XI Representation

SECTION 1. All Fraternities of the Province may have as many representatives seated at a Provincial Convention as they care to have, who shall have voice in all the deliberations; but the voting strength shall be regulated as follows:

All the members of the Provincial Board and all the Directors present are each entitled to one vote.

Each fraternity of less than one hundred professed members is entitled to one voting delegate.

Each Fraternity of one hundred or more professed members is entitled to two voting delegates for every five hundred professed members or fraction thereof.

ARTICLE XII Amendments

SECTION 1. This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the Provincial Board and of the Directors at the Provincial Convention, provided such amendment has been proposed to the Board and to the Directors one year before.

ARTICLE XIII By-Laws

SECTION 1. By-Laws not inconsistent with this Constitution may be adopted at the Provincial Convention by a two-thirds vote of the Provincial Board and of the Directors, but no By-Law shall be adopted on the same day on which it is proposed.

APPROBATION of

Very Rev. Father Provincial

This revised draft of the Constitution unanimously adopted by the Provincial Board of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart is hereby approved and will be binding on our Tertiary Province until the next Provincial Convention, when a definite vote will be taken on its final adoption.

(Signed)

FR. SAMUEL MACKE, O.F.M., Provincial.

After the adoption of the Constitution, the question of holding a National Tertiary Convention in 1921 to commemorate the Seventh Centenary of the founding of the Third Order was considered. The Rev. Directors had been asked to submit their opinions on this subject, and the Board was not a little

surprised to find that the plan meets with general and even enthusiastic approval. Encouraged by this state of affairs, and considering the singularly advantageous results of such a national gathering of the Tertiaries, the Board obliged itself to commence the preliminary work, in order to ascertain whether

general interest throughout the country can be aroused and whether sufficient support can be guaranteed to warrant the undertaking.

A complete report of the proceedings and a copy of the revised Con-

stitution were later submitted to our Very Rev. Fr. Provincial. After carefully considering them, he graciously gave his approbation to both.

THE CASTAWAY

By Zelma McDowell Penry, Tertiary

THE Hacienda Las Rosas lay against the brown California hills, a cool gray patch, contrasting sharply with the burning sunshine of the June morning. Below, toward the sea, spread the red-tiled roofs of Mission Santa Barbara. To young Antony Byrne, riding slowly up to the Arguella Rancho to see Don Carlos, the scene rivaled the heavenly "green pastures and still waters." Two years before, he had left his boyhood home in Ireland to sail the broad seas in quest of adventure and forgetfulness: adventure, because he was born with a yearning for it; and forgetfulness,—well, thereby hangs this tale.

Within the cool patio of the Hacienda, Señorita Ysobel Maria y Inmaculacion Arguella, daughter of the owner of Las Rosas, and her aunt sat fashioning bits of the exquisite drawn work, for which the women of the house of Arguella had long been famed. The two were deep in conversation, and the subject thereof was—he would have given his right arm to know it—none other than the youth who was at that moment approaching on his splendid mount, El Capitan.

"It is not alone that the brave Señor Byrne from over the seas is approved by my father, and splendid to look upon besides, Tia Josefa," Señorita Ysobel was saying, her smooth dark head bent low over the filmy material on which she was working, that her aunt might not see the deepening pink of her cheeks, "but, Tia mia, he is also a faithful son of Holy Church. Padre Salvador himself said— I heard him speak the words myself— that it was the Providence of el buen' Dios that such a youth should come into our midst. So few from over the seas show any faith when they reach California's shores."

"It may be well, child," conceded Tia Josefa grudgingly, "but youth is rash, and strangers are not to be trusted in any event. El Señor may be all that you think him—and then again, he may not."

The old woman shook her head pessimistically and bent again over her work.

Ysobel's silvery laughter rang out as she looked affectionately at her aunt's wrinkled features; for her father, Tia Josefa's younger brother, was fond of saying that Josefa would have naught to do

with an angel from heaven, if he chanced to come in the guise of a foreigner. It must be admitted that both Don Carlos and his charming daughter were a sore trial to the conservative Josefa.

Early that morning, Don Carlos had announced that he expected a visit from the young owner of the Rancho Los Feliz, who, being a stranger in the country, desired to seek advice from Don Carlos Arguella regarding the management of his sheep, and also to pay his respects to the ladies of the Don's household.

Don Carlos had smiled complacently as he made the announcement, for Ysobel had blushed as red as the roses that gave the Hacienda its name. But Tia Josefa shook her gray head. It seemed to her that the young man was finding advice necessary with unusual frequency for a man of his vaunted intelligence. Señor Byrne was a foreigner; foreigners and calamities were synonymous terms in Josefa Arguella's vocabulary. She had heard that persons were sometimes visited with the wrath of Heaven for communing with them, and she piously resolved to examine her conscience with unusual thoroughness that night—and also to seize the first opportunity of admonishing her niece to be on her guard.

With Ysobel's burst of merry laughter, Tia Josefa drew herself up stiffly, as became a daughter of the Arguellas, and the girl with instant contrition sprang to her aunt's side.

"Forgive me, Tia mia," she implored, "you know your little Ysobel would not offend you. She is too careless. But," she added,

pouting, "it is true about Señor Byrne. He is good, he is handsome, he is brave; but I do not know if he loves me. Alas, I fear he has not spoken to my father concerning me."

"Fear?" flung back her aunt, shocked into speech. "An Arguella, a maiden who is sought by the dons the country round, afraid that a great, rough foreigner will not ask for her hand? Ysobel, my child, where is thy pride, thy delicacy?"

"It is not there," replied the girl simply, though her cheeks were crimson, "because, Tia mia, I love him. Why say what is not true?"

Before her aunt could reply to this heterodox statement, an unmistakable bustle at the outer portals indicated the entrance of the master of the rancho—and someone else. Ysobel, in one headlong whirl, was back in her seat, and in another instant had lapsed into earnest work, her quiet modest demeanor being for the moment all that even the strict Tia Josefa could wish. Her heightened color and unusually bright eyes were the only sign she gave of her conversation of a moment before; and it was with charming grace that she rose as her father entered the rectangle, which, open to the sky, formed the inner court of all true Spanish-California houses. One swift glance, before she dropped her gaze demurely, showed her that her father was closely followed by the tall figure of Antony Byrne.

Don Carlos Arguella, in spite of his inherently pompous dignity, radiated suppressed excitement to the very ends of his bristling white mustachios and goatee.

"Señor Byrne has brought strange tidings—most strange for

this land," he said, scarcely waiting for the greetings to be over. "Things happen now that were never thought of in thy madcap youth, Josefa." His eyes showed the glint of a smile as he grasped the opportunity of a jest at prim Josefa's expense.

Ysobel looked up, her vivid face alight with interest, nearly upsetting Antony's equanimity by so doing. His heart was thumping wildly against his ribs as he wondered whether his host's beautiful daughter would ever grant him so direct a glimpse of her wonderful eyes.

"It is unthinkable," went on Don Carlos, "nothing less than the arrival of a whole English family!"

"An English family!" echoed Ysobel.

"From England itself! Am I not correct, Señor Byrne, that you say the reports are of a gentleman, Sir James Woodbridge, his lady, a fair young daughter the age of mia chiquita here, an elderly nurse of thine own country, Señor, and some other serving persons—and all from beyond the seas direct?"

Antony confirmed the astounding news, his mind meanwhile busy with the hope that Ysobel would look up once more. But she was the very model of a sweet and demure child of her race, and Antony would have been amazed had he known that Tia Josefa considered her bold and forward.

"The news came from Mission San Buenaventura," he told them. "They are traveling by land with an escort from the Pueblo de Los Angeles, along El Camino Real. Their destination is Monterey, but they may remain here for some days."

"It is said," put in Don Carlos,

with a glance at his daughter," that the young maiden is fair as a lily; she will be a fitting companion for thee, little one. The two of you may converse in thy mother's tongue, even as does Señor Antonio."

Antony looked up in swift surprise, at the old Don's words. It was his first intimation that Ysobel was not of pure Spanish blood, and immediately he recalled his sensation of wonder at the maiden's ready use of his own language, when he had first met her.

A faint shadow crossed Ysobel's face at her father's words. Would the coming of these strangers from near Antony's own home cause him to turn from her, or to long for his own land again? She was conscious of a sudden resentment; then, her sweet nature prevailing, she resolutely cast from her all thought of jealousy.

"I could hardly credit the report," continued Antony slowly, "were it not for the fact that it came so directly. Padre Salvador, himself, gave me the word to bring to you, Don Carlos, that you might expect guests."

At these words, Ysobel Arguella sprang impulsively to her feet, her eyes shining.

"Then, the strangers are to come to Las Rosas?" she exulted, quite forgetting her shyness in her pleasure. "You are sure there is no mistake, Señor Byrne?"

"None, Señorita," Antony answered. "It seems almost incredible that women, especially those of gentle birth could brave the hardships of the voyage—still, that is just what they have done."

"Do you know them, Señor Antonio?" queried Ysobel naively

"They are of your own country."

Antony laughed. "No, Señorita, he replied, "we Irish are no more likely to know the families of England, than you are to be friendly with those on the other side of this great country. Indeed," he added a little grimly, "we are usually not in the least friendly."

"But it is not impossible," returned Ysobel, lowering her voice and casting a little sidelong glance in her aunt's direction, "my own dear mother was from the other side of this great country—from Boston."

The young man stared, amazed at her revelation; she seemed so thoroughly Spanish-Californian, save in the matter of her familiarity with the English language. But he forbore to comment, as just then Don Carlos turned to them, sending a warning glance in Ysobel's direction, from which Antony judged that the topic was not a welcome one with Tia Josefa.

At her father's glance, Ysobel at once reverted to the subject of the expected visitors.

"But one, the nurse, she is Irish, you said. You will be happy to see her face. Oh, what will these English people look like, I wonder."

"My daughter," explained Don Carlos, "knows of foreigners chiefly from the romances she learned to read in la Ciudad Mexico, where she

received her education. Hence strangers are to her as beings from another world. Until now, you were her only acquaintance from across the sea, Señor Byrne, and it is true that a man can not fulfill the rôle of a woman to a woman."

When Antony finally rose to take his leave, the sun was almost above them. Ysobel colored a little, but smiled sweetly as she said good-bye to the young Irishman.

"To-morrow, Señor Tony"—she used the diminutive quaintly—"we shall see you down at the Mission. It is the fiesta of your own good patron; then, too, if they are here by that time, you may see your own countrywoman, and Sir James."

"Ah, surely, and you, Señorita," he murmured, and Ysobel's heart fluttered as she noted the ardor of his glance, though in an instant he had turned to Tia Josefa with such courtly deference, that the latter almost melted under the charm of his manner, and wondered if it were not possible that one, at least, of his parents should be Spanish.

That look from the honest gray eyes of the young stranger, however, sent Ysobel, directly he had departed with her father, to her own room to kneel before the little shrine of the Blessed Mother of God, and send up a swift, earnest prayer—of thanksgiving.

(To be continued)



A GREAT PRIVILEGE

Holy Mother Church, ever anxious to aid her children in their struggle to attain the eternal reward of Heaven, is wont, with a prodigal generosity, to place before the weary, footsore travellers in this Valley of Tears the inexhaustible wealth of her spiritual treasury, inviting them to partake thereof in order to strengthen them, as well as to repair the havoc wrought in them by the storms they have encountered. To this sublime end the Sovereign Pontiffs have attached great indulgences to be gained by visiting and venerating the Sacred Shrines of Palestine—that land trod by the very feet of the Savior and purpled by His Precious Blood. It is indeed a land, of all the places on earth, the most sacred to His people—a land rich with tender memories of the Divine Redeemer.

But, alas, how very few of us can even hope to visit that Holy Land and there pray with contrite hearts at those Sacred Shrines, thus taking advantage of these graces opened to us by the Holy Church! God in His mercy, however, has made it possible for the Sons of St. Francis to erect, with the generous aid of the faithful, a church at Washington, the country's capital, wherein are to be found faithful copies of Palestine's most treasured shrines—those of Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem.

And what is even greater is the recent favor granted this Memorial Church of the Holy Land by the Holy See.

“By virtue of an Apostolic Rescript, dated August 6, 1918, the faithful who devoutly visit the shrines connected with the Franciscan Church at Mount Saint Sepulchre, Washington, D. C., in which the Sanctuaries of the Holy Land are reproduced and represented, may, if they fulfill the prescribed conditions, gain all the Indulgences attached to the Holy Places of Palestine, by concession of the Supreme Pontiffs, just as if they personally visited those Sacred Spots and there fulfilled the prescribed conditions.”

These conditions, quite unusual in their simplicity, are, *that a person be in the state of grace*, and that he *recite one Our Father and one Hail Mary* at the designated Shrine. At each of these Shrines a *Plenary Indulgence* may be gained, applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

The indulgenced places connected with the church include the Sanctuaries of Nazareth, Bethlehem, Calvary, the Stone of Unction, the Holy Sepulchre, the Grotto of the Agony, and the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin. The two last mentioned are situated in the Valley of Gethsemani just outside the Monastery.

This great concession will be a source of innumerable blessings to the vast number of pilgrims and visitors to Mt. St. Sepulchre, where these great spiritual privileges may be gained daily and in perpetuity. Truly it may now be expected that the Memorial Church of the Holy Land, will become one of the greatest shrines in our beloved country.



VENERABLE CHRISTOPHER COLMAN, O. F. M.

By Fr. Francis Borgiù, O. F. M.

WE have seen how, despite the unsettled times, the English Franciscans united once more into a province and eagerly cast in their lot with the Jesuits and the secular clergy on the missions. Neither the stress of present hardships nor the forebodings of another war on the Church could unman these champions of the Cross. Like their fellow friars a century before, they were ready to suffer all for the restoration of Christ's kingdom in unhappy England. Their zeal for the furtherance and preservation of the faith brought them in touch with all classes of society. Though their forces were scant, yet it was owing in no small measure to their ever widening activity and influence that the anti-Catholic hatred of the Puritans at last burst forth into an all-consuming flame. Hence when the news of the martyrdom of the well-known and much-esteemed Tertiary priest Venerable William Ward reached them, they clearly saw what was in store for them and by redoubled prayers and penances prepared themselves for the inevitable conflict. History tells us with what prudence and courage they faced the enemy. Only after the executioner's knife had done its deadly work, did these fearless shepherds of souls cease to labor for the well-being of their beloved flock.

Among the first victims of Puritan animosity and intolerance toward the Church of Rome was Venerable Fr. Christopher Colman.¹ He descended from an ancient and prominent Catholic family whose

ancestral estate lay at Cannock in Staffordshire. The parents of the future Franciscan friar, whose baptismal name was Walter, remained true to the faith of their forefathers and taught their son from early youth to value virtue higher than worldly wealth and distinction. Anxious to give him a thoroughly Catholic education, they defied the penal laws and sent him to the English College at Douai. Walter must have been about fifteen years of age when he accompanied F. William Eaton (Eiton), a priest, and two other students to the continent. On June 20, 1585, he entered the college and registered, as was customary at the time, under the assumed name of Combe.² The ensuing year, however, on November 28, he was called home, perhaps, as Thaddeus suggests, on account of the illness or death of his mother. In 1593, his father entered upon a second marriage. Thereupon, Walter resumed his studies in Flanders.

After completing his studies, Walter returned to England, probably because his father being advanced in years wished him, as the eldest of his sons, to assume charge of the family estate. Wealth and social standing did not hinder him from closely following the dictates of his faith and conscience. Hence he soon learned from experience what difficulties loyal Catholics had to contend with in the exercise of their religion. This knowledge in turn strengthened or, at least, engendered in his heart the desire to devote himself entirely to the service of the Church by renouncing worldly pleasures and promises for

1.—Besides the afore-mentioned authorities (see *Franciscan Herald*, December, 1918, p. 452, note 4), our sources of information for the present sketch are chiefly Mason: *Certamen Seraphicum* (Quaracchi, 1885), pp. 211—227; and Thaddeus: *Father Walter Colman, O. F. M. in Franciscan Biographies* (London, 1912) published by Catholic Truth Society. 2.—Combe is an abbreviation of presumably his mother's name which was Comberford.

the nobler but wearier life of a missionary priest. Apparently, the only obstacle that as yet prevented him from taking this step was a loving and dutiful regard for his aged father. About 1620, however, his father passed to a better life. Now Walter was free to answer what he believed to be a call from above.

It is very probable that during his sojourn in Flanders, Walter heard it told how Edmund Gennings had laid down his life for the faith and how John, the martyr's brother, had thereby been converted to Catholicism. Like him these two brothers were natives of Staffordshire, a circumstance that must have roused his interest all the more, especially when later he learned that John Gennings had meanwhile become a priest and Franciscan and had undertaken the restoration of his Order in England. It was, therefore, natural that he should decide to proceed to Douai and seek admission into the newly founded Franciscan friary. Accordingly, he settled his temporal affairs and about the year 1625 left England to execute his design. We can imagine the joy and gratification of Fr. John Gennings, when he was informed by Fr. Francis Davenport, then preses of the friary at Douai, that Walter Colman had arrived and desired to join the Franciscan Order. Needless to say, he readily granted the necessary faculties for his reception, and in due time the superior clothed the worthy postulant with the habit of St. Francis and bestowed on him the name of Christopher of St. Clare.

Despite the fact that he was already over fifty years of age and a man of learning, refinement, and experience, he vied with the youngest member of the community in ready submission to his superiors. For him the year of novitiate was

in very deed a time of probation. Acts of penance and mortification were not wanting to prove his constancy and sincerity. But nothing could be too humiliating for him who had come to serve God and not himself. During his novitiate, an incident occurred that shows how he fostered the spirit of childlike obedience and heroic penance. Endowed by nature with a taste and talent for poetry, he had written for his own edification a number of verses on death. Hearing of this the novice master told him one day to get the poem and to read it to the community during recreation. Gladly the novice obeyed. Hardly had he finished reading the poem, when he was told to throw it into the fire. That such a demand was mortifying for a man of his age and attainments goes without saying. But, to the edification of the assembled brethren, he obeyed without the least sign of reluctance or discontent. After his novitiate, he spent the next few years in prayer and study. At last, in 1633 (or 1634), he was raised to the priesthood, whereupon Fr. John Gennings summoned him to the missions in England. He had hardly set foot on English soil, when government spies suspecting his character placed him under arrest. Later, on searching him, they found that below the secular dress he wore a queer sort of shirt.

"What kind of a man is this," they exclaimed, "who travels in such clothes?"

How differently the holy man would have fared, had his enemies known that the object of the uncivil remark was the tunic of a Franciscan friar. But his ready wit was equal to the emergency.

"Are you not ashamed," he fell in with seeming indignation. "thus to display the poverty and distress of a gentleman who has spent all his money in traveling, and now re-

turns poor to his native land?"

This bold rejoinder, however, was far from allaying the suspicion of his enemies. They would, at least, satisfy themselves as to the religious convictions of the prisoner and demanded that he take the oath of allegiance.³ Now, of course, there was no alternative. With equal intrepidity he declared that he was a Catholic and would never swear the tendered oath, whereupon he was led off to prison.

This time, it seems, the confinement of Fr. Christopher was of short duration. The intolerant Puritans were not as yet in full control of affairs. The imprisoned friar found means to communicate with former friends, who readily used their wealth and influence in his behalf. On obtaining his liberty, he immediately proceeded on his journey to London, where he exercised the functions of his sacred ministry. As during the first years of his religious life, so also now the earnest truths about death formed the constant topic of his meditations. After his novitiate, he rewrote with the consent of his superiors the poem he had been told to consign to the flames. On the mission, this child of his pensive muse must have still been very dear to him; for, despite the cares of his sacred calling, he completed the poem and published it. It is entitled *Death's Duel* and is dedicated to the Queen of England, Maria Henrietta. "In this poem," Mason remarks, "he teaches all men the way and manner of dying well; he invites all to meditate earnestly on death; graphically he describes the vanity of this deceitful world and with no little elegance of style vividly depicts how vice must be shunned and virtue practiced."

After laboring a number of years in England, Friar Christopher yearned for the more retired and regular life of the convent, and obtained leave to return for a time to Douai. Here, apart from the bustle of the world, he divided his time between prayer and study. When free from the religious exercises of the community, he worked at a poem on the controversies of the times and translated the life of St. Angela Merici into English. Apparently, he tarried at Douai only a year or so, and then refreshed in soul and body again departed for the missions. "His wit and brilliant talents," says Hope, "his placid and cheerful temper, and the polished manners which he had acquired in his social position in the world, made him generally popular, and helped on his missionary work." For a long time, we are told, even professional priest-catchers failed to detect the real character of the handsome and well-dressed gentleman whom every now and then they chanced to meet on the streets of the metropolis.

For several years, Fr. Christopher braved the perils that beset his holy profession. The Puritan faction had gradually become more and more aggressive until, in the spring of 1641, the Commons compelled Charles to decree a rigorous enforcement of the penal laws against Catholics. Among the first priests apprehended and imprisoned was Fr. Christopher. After repeated hearings before various magistrates, the zealous friar together with five secular priests and two Benedictines was placed, on December 8 of the same year, at the bar of the Old Bailey. Here, a certain Wadsworth, an apostate Catholic, testified on oath that he knew

³—This oath enacted with other penal laws in 1606 after the Gunpowder Plot, had to be taken by all who refused to swear that they were not Catholics. In 1625, the King was forced by the House of Commons to renege the oath. It has been condemned by a papal brief as partly derogatory to the time-honored rights of the Holy See. Hence Catholics were bound in conscience to reject it.

Fr. Christopher to be a Franciscan and priest, having seen him clad with the habit of the Franciscans in their friary at Douai. On this evidence, the judge declared the accused guilty of treason and condemned him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered on the following Monday. Thereupon the aged friar and his six⁴ companions were brought back to Newgate.

During the remainder of the week, while they lay in prison preparing themselves for the final conflict, the French ambassador made efforts for their release. Accordingly, the King reprieved the sentence of the court and asked the advice of both houses of Parliament regarding a pardon for the condemned priests, suggesting that it might quiet the rising rebellion in Ireland. The Puritan Commons proved obstinate and demanded that at least four of the priests, among them Fr. Christopher, be dealt with according to the law. Then, after much debating, both houses voted the death of all six,⁵ and in the end the King found it expedient to yield. "If you think the execution of these persons," his message read, "so very necessary to the great and pious work of reformation, we refer it wholly to you, declaring hereby, that upon such your resolution signified to the ministers of justice, our warrant for their reprieve is determined, and the law to have its course." In this way, the weak and cunning monarch shook the responsibility from his own shoulders and left the innocent victims of his temporizing policy to the mercy of the Puritans. As yet, however, these were not so well established in power as to proceed without royal sanction. Hence, it seems, the affair was dropped. Soon, also, the Civil

War broke out, during which the six priests were either forgotten or purposely left in their dismal dungeon to die a more terrible death by disease and starvation.

Well-nigh intolerable must have been the lot of Fr. Christopher, considering his age and character as well as the fearful conditions prevailing in Newgate in those days. Chained down in a gloomy, dank, and fetid dungeon, surrounded by filth and vermin, entirely shut off from the outer world, with nothing to break the grave-like silence but the gnawing of rats and the curses of vicious criminals, the venerable old man must have undergone a thousand martyrdoms. Money, it is true, might have procured him clean straw for bedding or more nutritious food to relieve his hunger and restore his declining strength; but as a poor Franciscan he had not wherewith to secure the good will of the jailer. Friends, too, might have come to his rescue, even though they would thereby imperil their own safety; but the Civil War with all its dangers and hardships for Catholics was now in full swing, while London was in the hands of the parliamentarians. Least of all could Fr. Francis Davenport, by whom he had been received into the Order, and his fellow-friars relieve his misery. The welfare of their persecuted flock forbade them to expose themselves to the fury of the Puritans.

Hence, for three or four years, while four of his brethren mounted the scaffold and died a martyr's death for the faith, Fr. Christopher had patiently to wait till God should summon him to his eternal reward. "Not for him," Stone touchingly remarks, "was the glory of shedding his blood for the Faith, surrounded by a crowd of witnesses; for him

4.—One of their number had been acquitted, probably for lack of evidence. 5.—One of the condemned priests had already died.

were only the lingering torments of abandonment and the ignominy of the Cross." At last, however, sickness and privation had done their work, and his tried soul exchanged the gloom of the prison for the glory of God's blissful mansions.⁶ Surely, the last moment had no terror for one who in life had so diligently studied how to die. Many a time, no doubt, when lying cold and hungry on his bed of straw, he recalled to mind the poem he had written years before and paused to reflect on the words:

"Consider wisely what thou hast to do

In this vain world with serious meditation,

How short the time, what's likely to ensue,

And frustrate not the end of thy creation.

Since here is naught whereon thou canst rely

But to be born, to labor, and to die."

6.—In the *Franciscan Martyrology*, Father Christopher is commemorated on November 1, in these terms: "In London, Blessed Christopher a Sancta Clara Martyr, who, having been cast into a loathsome prison for the confession of the Catholic religion, and sentenced to death, weakened by squalor and hunger, gave up his soul to God in prayer."

THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY

Sweet be Thy slumbers, my Treasure, my Son,
 Mother-arms fold Thee, Thou Heaven-sent One;
 Smiles wreath Thy lips. In Thy dreaming dost hear
 The whispering angels a-hovering near?
 Dost vision again all the heavens alight,
 List the tidings that rang through that wonderful night,
 The night Thou didst cast all Thy glory aside,
 And descend from Thy throne 'neath my roof to abide?
 Fondly I ponder while guarding Thy rest,
 —Warm, tender burden close claspt to my breast;
 Helpless and small, yet Omnipotent Lord,
 Into being the Universe leaped at Thy word.
 Thy feet, my dear Infant, in days yet to be,
 Tireless shall wonder o'er hill and by sea,
 Tenderly calling the weary to rest,
 Folding the lambs, Lamb of God, to Thy breast;
 And Thine own of a love beyond telling shall know
 When Thy dwelling shall be 'neath a ruby lamp's glow
 In a little white Host to abide evermore,
 To comfort and bless all who press round Thy door.
 Ah! through vistas afar heights of Calvary loom,
 How blood-stained the way that wends to Thy tomb.
 Yet peace, Thine own peace, folds Thy slumbering now,
 And joy floods my soul as I kiss Thy fair brow.
 Some day Thou wilt lisp the word "Mother" to me,
 Alas! I'm not worthy Thy handmaid to be.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

“JUST BY THE WAY”

As a supplement to our editorial comment on the Holy Father and the Peace Conference, we subjoin the following cutting from *The Tidings*, a small sheet published for the members of the Franciscan parish of St. Boniface, San Francisco. It is much to the point:

IT seems definitely determined that our Holy Father, Benedict XV, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, shall have no place or representative at the Peace Conference. Even from a purely secular point of view and according to international law, Benedict XV is as much an independent Sovereign as George of England or Albert of Belgium. The Italian government itself, unless guilty of insincerity, must acknowledge this. Owing to his unique office and position, he has a deeper interest in the question of peace than anyone else. In his spiritual capacity, he represents nearly three hundred million of the world's inhabitants, a large proportion of whom are citizens of the countries represented at the Conference. In the same capacity, he represents the sentiments of more than one-fifth of those who dwell beneath the Stars and Stripes. Far more important than all this, he represents that power and influence to which our whole modern civilization owes its existence. There would be no Christian civilization or democracy to be made safe today, were it not for the work of Church and Papacy in ages past. There is no agency in the world today that affords so sure a bulwark to safeguard peace, civilization, democracy and all legitimate ideals as the Catholic Church with its Supreme Pontiff. No one could exercise a better influence at the Peace Conference than the Holy Father, and no one should be more welcome there. Why then is he to be ignored? Read this from the editorial page of a local paper: "Originally, religion was government. News from Europe indicates that government intends to put religion aside and rule the world without its supernatural partner." A straw that indicates the wind's direction! In other words, "The kings of the earth stand up, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His Anointed." (Psalm 2,2.) This, by the way, has taken place literally in the present instance. So be it! Not all the counsels of men, however, can alter the facts of history; nor can the potent influence of Church and Papacy ever be destroyed by the intrigues of enemies. "He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh them to scorn: the Lord shall have them in derision." (Psalm 2,4.) "Thou art Peter and upon this Rock I will build my Church: and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

LETTER TO A PROSPECTIVE TERTIARY

By a Franciscan Father

DEAR MISS A—,

So you have decided to join the Third Order—at last! and you want me to give you some wholesome counsels how to conduct yourself as a good Tertiary? Your resolution is, naturally, very agreeable to me, and I should have been pleased with your request too, if you had made it of someone else. Still, since it was through me that you became acquainted with the Third Order, and I am thus myself remotely responsible for your request, I can not very well refuse. I may add that I am the more encouraged to comply with your wish because I realize that you are determined to be a good Tertiary or none at all; and, aware of the influence you are capable of exerting in your environment, I am confident that my words will be productive of good in others no less than in yourself.

Of the obligations of a Tertiary it is unnecessary for me to say anything, as you say that you have carefully studied Fr. Ferdinand's Catechism of the Third Order. It is rather of the mission of the Third Order that I shall speak; of its aim, scope, and spirit; of the Tertiary's ideals and aspirations; as these are things less easily grasped than the literal requirements of the Rule, and there are Tertiaries who faithfully wear scapular and girdle and daily say their Paters and Aves yet all the while conduct themselves in a manner quite at variance with the spirit of a true Tertiary.

What then is the aim of the

Third Order and what its scope and spirit? The aim or purpose of the Third Order is to leaven the laity with the spirit of true, unadulterated Catholicity; its scope comprehends everything that tends to realize that end; and its spirit is the spirit of the Catholic Church. I do not doubt that this reply will appear strange to you. You expected something wholly different, something more extraordinary; and you will ask perhaps: "Well, what difference is there then between a good Catholic and a good Tertiary?" and I must surprise you still more by replying: Between a model Catholic and a model Tertiary there is no difference at all save in a few externals. A little explanation will make this clear.

Being founded by Jesus Christ and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, the Catholic Church is an institution that can not be improved on, and her spirit is one than which there is none better. That spirit is the spirit of the Gospel, nowhere more sharply outlined than in the Sermon on the Mount, and perhaps in no one word more comprehensively expressed than in the word unworldliness, or as is sometimes said, "otherworldliness." This spirit animates alike those Christians that pursue the way of the commandments and those that aim at the higher perfection of the evangelical counsels. Needless to say, not all Christians of either class pursue the chosen path unswervingly. Bearing in their own nature the inborn proneness to evil and

daily touching elbows with the "children of this world," many become more or less imbued with the spirit of worldliness and deviate from their own professed standard, the standard of Christian perfection laid down in the Gospel. With infinite compassion for this weakness of fallen human nature, Divine Providence from time to time raises up certain holy men to inaugurate reforms in the Church in order to bring men back to true Catholic ideals and practices. Frequently such reform movements take the shape of distinct organizations, as unions, leagues, confraternities, in order that the united strength and the mutual example of the members may give force and stability to the movement. Yet whatever virtue they may principally cultivate, or whatever good work they may primarily set themselves to perform, the ultimate aim is ever to make the members better Catholics; to draw them nearer to the true spirit and life of the Church. Mind you, no society adds to or improves on that spirit; it is good and useful only insofar as it embodies that spirit and helps to instil it undiluted into its members.

Of all such organizations none so fully embodied that spirit as the Third Order of St. Francis. There is nothing singular, nothing peculiar about it; its characteristic is that it is uncompromisingly Catholic. Just look at its origin. When St. Francis began his wonderful life of sanctity, his only purpose was to restore to a corrupt world exemplars of the life of the Gospel. The first Rule that he wrote for those who voluntarily associated themselves with him, was made up almost wholly of passages tran-

scribed from the Gospel, and even the final Rule begins with the words: "The rule and life of Friars Minor is this; namely, to observe the holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." The number of those who forsook all earthly goods and embraced this life either in the First Order or in the Second Order (the Poor Clares), was exceedingly great. Yet not all could follow their example, utterly as they may have been detached in spirit from the things of the world. Family ties can not always be disregarded, and social obligations, too, must be respected. Many, therefore, touched by Francis's glowing discourses and Christ-like example, sought to conform their lives to his as far as their rank and position permitted, while they imbibed his unworldly spirit to the full. In this way there sprang up a large body of so-called "penitents," who were true disciples of St. Francis though not members of his fraternity. They were later organized into the Third Order, the Rule for which was written by Cardinal Ugolino conjointly with St. Francis, but whose spirit is essentially that which Francis inculcated—the Gospel spirit of detachment from the things of this world.

Having explained my last answer first, I will now add a word of comment on my first answer, leaving the elucidation of the scope of the Third Order for some other occasion.

I have set down the mission, the aim or purpose of the Third Order to be the leavening of the laity with the spirit of true Catholicity. You will readily understand that its purpose must be in agreement with its spirit, the two being in fact inseparable.

arable. Since then its spirit is the spirit of unworldliness or detachment from the things of the world, its purpose, if it has any other purpose than to sanctify its members, must be to spread that spirit among others outside the Order. That this was the great Leo XIII's conception of the mission of the Third Order, is evident both from the effects he ascribed to it in the past and the good he expected mankind to derive from it in the future, as well as from his having considered St. Francis the divinely chosen agent to bring men back to the rules of life promulgated in the Gospel.

Possibly you have heard it said that the primary aim of the Third Order is to sanctify its individual members, and that is very true if properly understood. Its immediate aim is indeed the sanctification of Tertiaries, but not as an end in itself, but as a means for the edification or moral uplift of others. I would not imply, of course, that you or any Tertiary should pose as a paragon of virtue for your fellow

Catholics. But it is nevertheless the purpose of the Third Order as a whole, and of the Church in promoting it, to furnish just such exemplars. If I start a fire or light a lamp, I do so not for the sake of the fire, but that the fire may give warmth and that the lamp may give light to all that are in the house. We do good, it is true, to please God, not men; we are content that He should know our virtues and we seek no human praise; yet certain good works must be practiced before the eyes of men, and we have the highest authority that to edify men is also to please God. "So let your light shine before men," says Our Lord, "that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

This will furnish you with food enough for thought during the remaining days before your reception.

"Lay it to thy heart and farewell!

Yours sincerely,

"THE LORD JESUS"

This is the title of our Savior's birthday story as told by and for little children. It is the first of a series of nine stories on the events in the life of Christ planned for children between three and eight years by Extension Press. Those of our readers that have seen "Christ's Life in Pictures" published by the same firm, will not be disappointed on paging through this artistic little volume. It was a happy idea to get out in so attractive a form the story of our Savior's birth. Besides acquainting children with the only story worth remembering, it cultivates in them a taste for the only art worth admiring. It makes an ideal Christmas book for them and outweighs reams of silly nursery rhymes. The booklet sells at fifty cents.

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

CHAPTER VII

Captain Tovar and Fr. Padilla with the Moquis—Cardenas Discovers the Grand Canon—Alvarado and Fr. Padilla at Acoma, Tiguex, and Cicuye—Glimpse of the Great Plains—The "Turk"

WHILE Coronado tarried at Cibola,¹ he received information about a Province of Tusayan,² which embraced seven pueblos, situated twenty-five leagues to the northwest. Captain Pedro de Tovar was accordingly despatched to explore the country. Toward the end of July, he set out with a force of seventeen horsemen and three or four men on foot. Fr. Juan de Padilla accompanied the men as chaplain. After marching five days through an uninhabited region, the little troop reached one of the pueblos³ at night, but the Moqui inhabitants would not admit them. Seeing that endeavors to reason with the Indians only increased their hostility, and that retreat was practically impossible, Fr. Padilla is said to have exclaimed, "Verily, I do not know why we have come here." The soldiers hearing this at once attacked the savages, who very soon asked for peace, and brought the strangers gifts of food, cotton stuffs, leather, and even a few turquoises. The other towns thereupon likewise submitted to the Spaniards. On returning to the camp at Cibola, within the thirty days allowed them, Captain

Tovar reported that the country contained nothing to attract Spaniards, except that the houses were better than those of Cibola, but that they had heard stories of a mighty river and of giant people toward the west.

Captain García López de Cárdenas was sent with twelve men⁴ in search of the river. The captain started out on his errand about August 25, 1540.

His time was limited to eighty days. He passed through the territory of the Moqui, who furnished the guides, and then for fifteen or twenty days, or fifty leagues as one narrative has it, he marched westward. At last, the river was reached. "The Spaniards spent three days on the bank looking for a pass down to the river, which from above looked as if the water were six feet across, although the Indians said it was half a league wide. It was impossible to descend, for after these three days Captain Melgosa and one Juan Galeras and another companion, who were the three lightest and most agile men, made an attempt to go down at the least difficult place, and went down until those above were

1. Cibola stood where are now the ruins of Old Zuñi. (F. G. Hodge in *Land of Sunshine*, January and March, 1901, pp. 48-49; 230-231.)

2. Tusayan (Tucayan, Tuzan, Tucano), is a corruption of *Usaya*, a name formerly given by the Zuñis to some of the chief Moqui towns. Usayan is the possessive. (Bandelier in *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Philadelphia, July, 1890, p. 554.) See also Hodge in *Land of Sunshine*, March, 1901, p. 231; December, 1900, pp. 441-442.

3. Probably the now ruined village of Ahuatuyba, according to Bandelier.

4. Tello, *Cronica*, p. 407, has thirty horsemen.

unable to keep sight of them. They returned about four o'clock in the afternoon, not having succeeded in reaching the bottom on account of the great difficulties which they encountered, because what seemed to be easy from above was not so, but instead very hard and difficult. They said they had been down about a third of the way and that the river seemed very large from the place which they reached, and from what they saw, they thought the Indians had given the width correctly. Those who stayed above had estimated that some huge rocks on the sides of the cliffs seemed to be about as tall as a man; but those who went down swore that when they reached these rocks they were bigger than the great tower of Seville.

"They did not go farther up the river, because they could not get water... They said that when the Indians themselves traveled across this region they take with them women loaded with water in gourds, and bury the gourds of water along the way to use it when they return, and besides this, they travel in one day over what it takes us two days to accomplish."⁵

Here we have the record of the first visit made by white men to one of the greatest wonders on the American continent, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. Usually a Franciscan accompanied the troops on their excursions. If any went with Cárdenas, his name was not recorded.

While Cárdenas was absent in the region of Moqui and the Grand Cañon, a party of natives came from

the eastern province of Cicuye⁶ bringing gifts of various articles of leather, and making offers of friendship and alliance. Their chief and spokesman was Bigotes, so named on account of his long mustache. Coronado therefore ordered Captain Hernando de Alvarado with twenty men to accompany these Indians to Cicuye, and to report in eighty days. Fr. Padilla went with them. They set out from Granáda (Cíbola) on the feast of the Beheading of St. John the Baptist, August 29, 1540. After a march of five days, the party arrived at a pueblo named Acuco,⁷ built like Cíbola on a rock, but very much higher, and accessible only by a stairway of holes for the hands and feet. The inhabitants at first manifested hostility; but when they found themselves threatened with an attack, they submitted and supplied the necessary food consisting of corn, beans, and fowl, of which there appeared to be an abundance.

Three days more brought the little expedition to the province of Tiguex⁸, lying on a large river which flows from north to south. Alvarado christened the stream Nuestra Señora, in honor of the Mother of God, because the Spaniards had reached it in the "evening before her day in the month of September," that is to say, on the eve of the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September 8. "We sent the Cross by a guide in advance to the pueblos," Alvarado writes, "and the next day people came from twelve towns, the chief men and the people in their order,

5. Castañeda, pt. i, cap. xi, pp. 488-490, in *14th Annual Report*.

6. Cicuye is the Cicuique of Jaramillo, and the Acuique of an anonymous relation of the year 1541. It lay to the east of Acoma, and is the Pecos of history. (Bandelier, *Historical Introduction*, p. 17; Hodge in *Land of Sunshine*, Nov. 1900, March, 1901.)

7. The Acus of Fr. Marcos, now Acoma, a Queres pueblo on a rocky elevation about sixty miles west of the Rio Grande.

8. Country around the present Bernalillo.

those of one town behind those of another; and they approached the tent to the sound of a pipe⁹, and with an old man for spokesman. In this fashion they came into the tent, and gave me the food and clothes and skins they had brought. I gave them some trinkets, and with these they went off."

"This river of Our Lady flows through a very wide open plain covered with corn plants. There are several groves; and there are twelve villages. The houses are of adobe earth, two stories high. The people have a good appearance, more like laborers than a warlike race. They have a large food supply of corn, beans, melons, and fowl in abundance. They clothe themselves with cotton and in the skins of cows and dresses of feathers from fowls. They wear their hair short. Those that have the most authority among them are the old men. We regarded them as wizards, because they say they go up into the sky,¹⁰ and other things of the same sort. In this province there are seven other towns, but depopulated and destroyed by the Indians who paint their eyes.¹¹ They say that these live in the same region as the cows (buffaloes), and that they have corn, and that their houses are of straw.

"Here the people from the outlying province came to make peace with me. There are eighty villages of the same sort as I have described, and among them is one which is located on some stream.

It is divided into twenty divisions, which is something remarkable. The houses have three stories of adobe mud walls, and three others made of small wooden boards, and on the outside of the three stories with adobe mud wall they have three balconies. It seemed to us that there were nearly 15,000 persons in this town. The country is very cold. They do not raise fowl nor cotton. They worship the sun and the water. We found mounds of earth outside of the place, where they are buried. In the places where crosses were raised, we saw them worship them. They made offerings to these of their powder and feathers, and some left the blankets they had on. They showed so much zeal that some climbed up on the others to grasp the arms of the cross in order to place feathers and flowers there; and others bringing ladders, while some held them, went up to tie strings so as to fasten the flowers and the feathers."¹²

The crosses had doubtless been erected by Fr. Padilla, or by the soldiers at the request of the Father, though Alvarado fails to say so. Noticing with what veneration the Spaniards regarded the emblem of Christianity, the pagans from motives of their own paid their respects after heathen fashion. A similar incident occurred at Monterey Bay, Cal., after the Spanish expedition had planted a cross, in 1769.¹³

Alvarado perceived the advan-

9. Castañeda, pt. i, cap. 12, has: "con atambores y gaitas que alli hay muchos á manera de pifanos."—"with drums and pipes (something like flutes), of which they have many."

10. While at Fort Yuma, Cal., from September to the end of December, 1886, the writer heard that the medicine men there made the same claim.

11. Probably the fierce Comanches or Apaches of the plains.

12. *Relacion de lo que Hernando de Alvarado y Fray Juan de Padilla en demanda de la Mar del Sur*, in *14th Annual Report*, pp. 549-595; Castañeda, pt. i, 430-431; 490-491, in *14th An. Rep.*; Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, 49-50.

13. *The Missions and Missionaries of California*, vol. ii, p. 72. The erection of a cross was usually accompanied by its blessing and veneration. This ceremony may have deeply impressed the pagans.

tages of the Tiquex country, and advised Coronado to establish his winter quarters there. Meanwhile, following Bigotes for five days, he reached Cicuye (Pecos) on the border of the great plains. The natives here fulfilled the promises made by their messengers, and, besides hides, their gifts included cloth and even some turquoises. The Spaniards enjoyed themselves for several days, and became interested in the tales of an Indian slave. This Indian, who claimed to be a native of Hurall or Hurale, on the eastern confines of the vast plains, gave the Spaniards to understand that far away in the east lay a country called Quivira with great cities rich in gold and silver. His story was communicated to the general by special messengers. After such news, buffaloes seemed to be of slight importance. Nevertheless, in compliance with his instructions, Alvarado made a trip into the plains in search of them, taking the captive Indian as guide, and found the animals in great numbers. He then returned to Tiguex on the Rio Grande, where he saw that Cárdenas had already arrived from Cíbola to prepare winter quarters for the army.

The captive Indian was named the "Turk" by the Spaniards, because he had his head closely shaven, leaving but a tuft of

hair on the top of the skull. As the sequel proved, this Indian wished to use the opportunity for escape to his own tribe. That would not have been so serious, but it appears that out of it grew an understanding between him and the Pueblo Indians to rid themselves of the white intruders by sending them on a fool's errand into the prairies, where it was hoped they would perish. Coronado as well as his greedy gold-seeking men believed the story of the wily savage, and only awaited the arrival of the main body from Sonora under Captain Tristan de Arrellano, who came up in November or early in December. Allowing all a rest of twenty days, the general started with only thirty men for Tiguex. There he listened with the greatest pleasure and credulity to the captive Indian's tales of eastern wealth. His soldiers likewise became enthusiastic in their hopes of a grand conquest: but these prospects made them less careful to conciliate the natives of Tiquex. The consequence was that, when Arellano arrived in December, the whole province had revolted, and the winter had to be spent in efforts to conquer or pacify the surrounding pueblos. This was not effected until many a Spaniard and hundreds of Indians had been slain.¹⁴

14. Bandelier in *Am. Cath. Quart. Review*, July, 1890, pp. 554-556; *14th Annual Report*, pp. 393-395; *Cronica de Xalisco*, pp. 411-429; Castañeda, capp. xiii-xvii.



PEP

By L. M. Wallace

HE stood on the granitoid pavement before Harrison School, Paul Eugene Pelegrin, alias Pep; and from the stone wall above sundry young gentlemen shouted:

"Gee, Pep!"

"Hello, Pep!"

"Ain't you some dislocated, Pep?"

"Don't you go to Hor'ce Mann?"

"Well, bein' there yesterday don't make me go there to-day."

"Graduated, ay?"

"Naw, but old Bruester got too fresh at recess. He didn't dast to lick me; so he expelled me, see?"

"Gee, some brag!"

"How did you bluff old Bruester, anyway?"

"Oh, Pep, he only has to look at a prof to make him wilt!"

"Some size to you, Pep!"

"Gee, cut your joshin'! He'd have taken his spite out on me all right; but my mother let him know if he ever laid finger on me, she'd land him before the Board of Education. She's got the say-so there, all right, all right!"

"Some difference to mothers! Mine told me she'd lay a brickbat aside of my head if a teacher lays a finger on me."

"That's what you get for being called Baccagilupo."

"Auh, git out! Say, what grade are you in, Pep?"

"Fifth, third quarter."

"Number fourteen!"

"Gee, the poor guy!"

"Wow, the poor soup!"

Pep deposited his books on the granitoid walk and took a seat on them. "Who's in there? Some bear, ay?"

"Grizzly doesn't take nothin' off'n Miss Erggs," Baccagilupo shook his head solemnly.

"Straight goods, Pep; you better do the good-boy act for one term. Even Baccy dasn't start nothin' with her."

"Bing! There goes the bell."

Swinging book straps and "swiping" belts, the punching, rollicking crowds rounded the building; and, as though entering another world, became clean-cut ranks of silent, if somewhat wiggly statues.

Wiggly?—Not so Room Fourteen; never was corps more rigidly erect. Even Pep fell in line; but, the instant after, his rubber band was out, a neat paper wad fitted, and—a hand, cold with the grip of steel in it, clinched his shoulder. "Take your place at the end of the line, Paul Pelegrin."

Was it the hand or the eye of Miss Erggs; or was it that on Baccy's face was written: "Take notice, teacher! Angelic hosts attend mine innocence. I wasn't doin' nothin'."? Be the cause what it may, Paul Eugene Pelegrin walked through two corridors, up a staircase, and into room fourteen with his hands behind his back.

A curiosity possessed Pep to see what would follow every rap of Miss Erggs' pencil. Tip, the line turned; tap, it faced. Tip, mouths opened; tap, "My country tissuf thee" poured forth. Tip, mouths closed; tap, they sat. Tip, pencil and paper; tap, Baccagilupo and four comrades sought the blackboard.

How long interest would have kept Pep in order, might be hard to guess; but, as Baccy passed, he caught Pep's eye. "Settled down after all," said that look.

Tip, Miss Erggs was reading; tap, Baccy and Company's chalk raced along the board.

A gleam came into Pep's eye.

Slowly as he worked, his writing pad slipped nearer the edge of the desk; over it went, oh, so accidentally; and Pep caught it, oh, so neatly; didn't even disturb the class by a sound, such a gentlemanly boy! But, when he straightened, there was a pin in toe of his shoe!

Baccy's face, red, sweat-beaded, somewhat chalky, was nearing. Oh yes, Pep had the cost of the sixth part of one third of the load, and the fourth part of the eighth of what was left—"Wow! Oh, jiminy gee!"

"Antonio Baccagilupo!"

"Oh, Miss Erggs! Please, Miss—"

"You are entirely excusable, Antonio. No child could be expected to suffer such pain in silence. Go to the basement and wash the wound. Joseph, please obtain the peroxide from room one. The pin may be infected."

There was a low breath from the tense little forms about them. Miss Erggs' incised words continued: "Paul Eugene Pelegrin, you may stand when you are addressed."

Pep slouched to his feet, and standing at ease against his desk, spun his free toe that the pin might be more readily discernible. Through narrowing slits his eyes gleamed; the red hair stood a-tilt for the battle; but before he could open his lips, the cool stream flowed on: "Had you chosen to behave like a gentleman, Paul Eugene Pelegrin, you would have been dismissed privately a few moments hence. Since you chose to show your criminal instincts, you may bear the disgrace publicly. Paul Eugene Pelegrin, we do not enroll thieves in the Harrison School. Your theft of last night has been discovered. The officer is waiting in the corridor."

One swift glance Pep shot over his shoulder—the cloakroom door?—no, it led into the hall! Three swift-flung leaps—he reached the

window. One glance at the dizzy depths below—Pep swung out and hung by his hands. She was coming, so was the bluecoat; yet he held for a moment, and looked full in her face as he piped, "Did you ever get left, Miss Erggs?"

Thud! The world swam sick and dizzy round him. "Wow, my elbow!" as he felt the bloody spot. "Darn that old seed stake! Lucky I struck the war garden though!" Pep struggled unsteadily to his feet and rested against the wall. "Gee, my ankles hurt!—not so much though. I got to make my get-away better'n this."

Pep staggered to the gate. Pain lessened with action, and by the time he reached the alley his steps were swift, if somewhat stiff. Through a dozen back yards, down the boulevard, into the park he ran. No one was in sight, and panting, Pep hid among the bushes in the hollow to rest.

Here he took stock and nursed his bruises. Only the skinned spot on his elbow hurt much, and this was soon forgotten in the pleasure of angling for goldfish out of sight of unsuspecting policemen.

Hunger began to call. Pep knew it was not lunch time; still he began to slip from bush to bush nearer the alley that led to his home. Pep reached his paternal back door to find it locked; for at that moment Mrs. Pelegrin was standing before the ladies of the Dorcas Guild pleading with many tears for the miserable outcasts of humanity down on the levee. Only one hope starred their horizon: the Dorcas Guild might teach those poverty-embittered mothers hygienic cooking!

Pep was glad rather than sorry to find his mother not at home—more time to fabricate an excuse. Also, there might be a note with a quarter in it, just to make up to "mumsie's boy" for the noon kiss

he couldn't have. Dinner?—trust Pep for that!—a pile of crullers, a glass of jam, grape juice from the ice box.

Bodily refreshments taken, Pep slipped into the sitting room, took a buttonhook, and worked at a certain locked drawer for three busy minutes. Click went the spring. He pulled out the drawer and stood regarding its contents with his tongue rolled in his cheek. "Not many nickels, dasn't take more than one, gee! Good bunch of dimes, three?—whew!—wonder if she'll catch me!" Pep stirred the bills and change about. A quarter rolled from under the bank book. "Wow! She didn't know that was there, all right, all right! Not so worse! Eighty-five cents." Pep slid the drawer back, straightened the rug and slipped out.

Ten minutes later, he landed on the step of a moving street car. "Watch out there, young man!"

"I'm all right. Just in a hurry, —transfers to—oh gee!—what's the name of that line way out by—oh, where the end is. It goes right by my grandma's?"

"Ranklin Avenue, may be or—"

"Gee, that's it! Say, I got excused early. Do you think I can make it to grandma's and back before one? We get the dickens if we're late for school."

"That depends on how far you go out the Ranklin line," laughed the conductor. "I guess you won't be late if you hurry. It's only eleven-forty-eight."

Pep took a seat on the sand box by the motorman's side and whistled sundry tunes as he preened his vanity. "Some slick I am, all right, all right! That conductor won't know any thing about a boy running away from cops. Thinks I'm going on an errand to grandma's, gee! If that cop holds up the car, I'll jump out of this window and make my get-away again,

see!"

"Ranklin line, kid," called the conductor, twenty minutes later, and Pep swung off.

If the next car had come on time life might have recorded a different tale of Paul Eugene Pelegrin. For ten minutes Pep wiggled and turned handsprings; then a train passed a few blocks down the street; Pep was off to see it go by; and it was from the view at the crossing that his inspiration came.

There were car tracks and car tracks, box cars and coal cars and in the midst of all cattle cars. Now, cattle cars are from cattle lands. Cattle lands are cowboys' homes. Pep was beside those cattle cars as soon as he could dodge the switchman's eye. One by one he tried the doors until at last a lock worked loose under his hand. He crawled up into the car and closed the door behind him.

Fear of being seen, made Pep creep into a shadowed corner. Weariness from many labors made him sleep. His next consciousness was of voices, voices in the darkness; then a lantern flash. They were distinct now. "What's the use of tryin' all those hyre kers, Eb? Why not have a little fun fer whut's left of the time?"

"Clur out ef yo want ter," drawled a breezy bass. "I kin make the round up by my lonely, O. K. Dern them brakies! Never kin trust 'em. Thar," as a door rattled under his hand, "ain't even locked. Whew! Hello thar!" The lantern flashed into Pep's eyes. "Well did you ever! What aer yo up ter, kid?"

"Nothin'," growled Pep.

"Whut's yore name?"

"Pep."

"Pep whut?"

"Nothin' but Pep. Just let me get out, Mister. I didn't mean to bother anybody. I'll find some doorway to sleep in for I have no

home; just let me out."

"Not on yore brandin' iron, sonny! Runnin' away, aer yo?"

"No, I'm only a poor little—"

"Liar!—and don't yo dast tell me another! Whut ever deviltry yore up ter, kid, own it,—pore little orphan dressed in swell cord-roys!" Eb's powerful arm dragged Pep over to the door. "Now, kid, out with it! Whut's yore name? Whut's the address of thet plumb worried-ter-death mother of yorn?"

"I told you—"

"Cut thet lyin'! Whut yo holdin' yore pocket so dern tight fer? So!" as the gripped fingers slipped under Eb's stubby thumb, "Oh, it's the money yo got. Pore little kid, yo didn't think Eb Mudd w'd be after thet, did yo? Hyre, I'll give yo some nickels ter add ter yore pile; thet is, so it's come by honest; but it hits my head, yore the kid whut's done deviltry an' is scared ter go home; ain't I got the straight of it? Thet wuz pretty biznus yo wuz up ter last night, now wuzn't it?"

"Oh, darn it! What cop put you wise?"

It was by dint of some self-control that the cowboy did not chuckle as his random shot went home; instead he followed it up with another. "Hev yo got any of thet thur swag in yore pocket now?"

"No! I gave every cent to them; and then to have some danged snitch—"

"Thet is allers the way, kid. Ef yore pard kin save his skin by squeelin' he'll throw the hull thing on yo."

"Was it Baccy, the—"

"I ain't namin' no names. Yo is the kid I'm dealin' with durin' this hyre round up, an' yo alone. The spyer yo wrassel out the truth the better fer yo; go te' it!"

"Well, darn it!—since they snitched on me, Baccy and the whole gang was in it, every hanged snitchin' one. I'll give the name—"

"Git ter biznus!—names later."

"Well I says—that's as we were comin' out of the picture show—I says, 'I bet I could beat that feller Gleek caught—'"

"Gleek—"

"Oh, that was in the show. Gleek, he's the big detective; I don't care for his part. You always know before the thing begins that Gleek will turn up in the nick of time and kech'um; but I like to see what new game the gunmen will put up—"

"Cut the show!"

"Well I says, 'That guy's a mutt; I could do better myself'; and Baccy says, 'I dast you try it!' and I says, 'Who on?' and Gick says, 'Try Monkey Tepizco's banana stand,' and I says, 'Sure, I take you!' and the gang says, 'Go it,' and I opened the slot machine with a buttonhook. There wasn't but thirteen cents in it; I gave that to the gang to fan-fobble for. I didn't want the money—only the fun—and then to have some darn snitch—"

"Thet is all on thet pint fer the present. Now yer address, young' un."

"I'm not goin' home!"

"Yo shor aer. First yo'er goin' ter Mr. Tapizco and tell him what yo done—"

"Like to see you make me!"

"Yo will, ef need so be. Ef yo ain't got cash ter straighten out with Tapizco I'll lend you some, er give it ter yo fer thet matter; then yo got ter go ter yore mother an' yore dad an' tell the plumb squar-cut truth, fer thet is the only way ter keep yo from goin' ter the devil, body and soul."

Toward midnight, Eb Mudd and Mr. Pelegrin walked leisurely from the residence to the gate. "I shor am sorry fer yo an' Mis' Pelegrin," said the cattleman. "Last time I saw yo thur back of yore desk at the stockyards, I never thought of bringin' an' old friend sich bad

news. Ain't nothin' so agonizin' ter a man as the name thief clapped on ter his own flesh and blood. The little feller didn't mean nothin' but mischief nohow,—too bad he got ter runnin' with sich a gang."

"You have certainly shown yourself a friend, Mr. Mudd; and, thanks to you, I guess this will blow over. Tapizco is satisfied with a neat margin on his side. Perhaps good may come of it in the end; for, possibly, I can persuade Paul to stay off the streets at night."

"Persuade him!" Eb turned his heel, cutting the sod, "Persuade him! Ef my Jim took ter comin' in at all hours of the night, I'd persuade him with a rawhide!—no offence, sir, no offence! Yore bringin' up thet boy—them's jist my ideas."

"And your ideas are right to the dot! But—well, there are two of us bringing up Paul, and my wife—she—well, she loves that boy so—"

"Shor she does! shor she does! Women take their love out different

—they shor do!—Now my Lyddie, she'd lay down her life fer one of hern; but she'll lay 'em across her lap, too, ef need be. I wuz thinkin'—don't know how it 'pears ter yo—but I wuz thinkin', yo ourter git thet boy away from thet gang; the kid wants ter go West; why not put two and two tergether, an' let him go out home with me. I start to-morrie mornin' at five-thirty."

"If I can get my wife's consent!—Oh, Paul will win out with her!—I am certainly grateful to you for the offer—"

"On one condition, though, I got ter put thet in; I want your word that I kin use thet boy as I would use my own."

"As far as I am concerned, yes; but, supposing Paul should become discontented, he might write to his mother—"

"Let him write, an' hoof it right off ter the post office with it; ain't but eight mile the highest way, an' thet over a trail thet w'd take the wind outen a billy goat."

(To be concluded)

NO REWARD WITHOUT SERVICE

A certain brother once told Brother Giles that the brethren made him work so hard that he could scarce attend to prayer, and therefore he asked to be ordered to go to some hermitage where he might serve God in greater quietness. Brother Giles said to him, "If thou wert to go to the King of France and ask him to give thee a thousand marks of silver, would he not answer, 'Fool, what hast thou done for me that I should give thee a thousand marks of silver?'" But if thou hadst first done him a great service thou mightest boldly demand a reward. If, therefore, thou wilt make a demand thou must work first; moreover, it is a greater virtue to do one thing at another's will than two things at one's own."—*Analecta Franciscana*.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College.—As was mentioned in these columns last month, we were compelled by the epidemic to discontinue our classes on October 8, the very next day after the fall semester had begun. Happily, none of the members of our community have so far succumbed, although four of them received the last sacraments. Classes were resumed on October 24, with nine students in the philosophical and thirteen in the theological course. Up to the present, four young Franciscan priests have arrived in Rome with the intention of entering the newly founded Oriental College. Most Rev. Father General is intent on securing at least ten for this purpose, but the present unsettled condition of the world has so far hindered the realization of his wish. After completing the canonical visitation of the two Umbrian provinces, Fr. General undertook to visit the two provinces in Tuscany.—

Among the many processes of beatification and canonization that are now occupying the attention of the Very Rev. Postulator of the Order of Friars Minor, that of the Ven. Francis Gonzaga, uncle of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, is receiving special consideration. This great servant of God, after leaving the pleasures of the imperial Court to lead a life of penance and mortification in the seclusion of the Franciscan Order, soon rose to prominence by his extraordinary ability. After filling various important positions, he was finally elected minister general of the whole Order. Later on, he was created Bishop of Céfalo and Mantua, where he died in the odor of great sanctity, in 1620. Seven years later, the process of his beatification was begun, but owing to various difficulties was never completed. Since 1914, however, his case is being conducted with renewed vigor and recently his many writings were submitted to the Sacred Congregation of Rites for examination. One of his best known works is a history of the Franciscan Order. It is interesting to know that the episcopal see of Céfalo is at present occupied by a Franciscan bishop, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Samoni.

In his Bull, *Felicitate quadam*, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII remarks that perhaps no religious Order has given not only to the Church but also to the State more renowned and useful men than the Order of St. Francis. Thus to mention but a few instances: five Friars Minor have sat on the chair of St. Peter, more than eighty wore the cardinal's hat as princes of the Church, fourteen were named patriarchs, and almost three hundred Apostolic delegates. When we recall, besides, the countless thousands of men and women in every walk of life, who as members of the First, Second, or Third Order of St. Francis, sanctified themselves and diffused wherever they went the sweet spirit of peace and charity of the Seraphic Father, we may well thank God that we are likewise children of the great Saint of Assisi.

Rovere, Italy.—In the parish church of Santa Maria at Rovere near Treviso, Italy, a society was recently formed bearing the name, "The Pious Confraternity of Daily Communion for the Holy Father." It owes its existence to the zealous Franciscan Tertiary Arcangel Vanini. One of the rules of the new society directs that in every place where it has been established two of the members daily receive Holy Communion for the intentions of the Holy Father. This is undoubtedly one of the best means to instil devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and loyalty to His representative, the Pope; and it is very appropriate that a son of St. Francis should be the founder of this society, since the Seraphic Father signalized himself by his ardent love for Jesus in the Eucharist and by his unswerving devotion to the Holy See. Pope Benedict XV, to show his gratitude to the founder for this signal mark of loyalty, has sent him an autograph letter of thanks and approbation.

France, Somewhere.—Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., of San Francisco, Cal., army chaplain with the United States forces in France writes:

"I am delighted with the work assigned and find my superior officers fine men to work for.

A few days ago I was sent to hear the confession of German officers and today I visited three German prisoners who are sick and kept in the same hospital with our boys.

I am billeted in a French family and speak as much French as English, that is as to quantity not quality. However, on the ship I brushed up my grammar and speak it fluently.

I have also had an opportunity to use Chinese among the coolies that the French have brought over as laborers.

Though we have official news, that Germany has accepted the Allies' terms and that hostilities ceased at 11 a. m. today, I am sure it will be a long time before most of us get home. No doubt lot of clearing up will be done in Russia and our armies of occupation will have their hands full for a long time.

I certainly am proud to be in U. S. uniform and never in my life was I prouder of the privilege of being a citizen of great Uncle Sam. The French hold us in the highest esteem and our men certainly act in a manner to deserve the respect of all."

Rev. Fr. Alphonse Weber, O.F.M., also of San Francisco, writes thus of his experiences as army chaplain at the front in France:

"I am at present recuperating from nervous shock received by being continuously exposed to shell fire for about three and a half weeks. Expect to be in pretty good shape again in about a week or so.

My regiment, the 361 Inf. went over the top on September 26th.

On the second and third days, and from that time on, machine gun bullets and shells kept up a merry tune, and a most dangerous one too. Men had their heads blown off as close as but twelve feet from me and a hundred incidents like that succeeded in knocking my nerves a little harder than I could stand.

A person being three weeks under shell fire could write a book on the horrors of war.

In all this there is one consoling feature:—I have been able to help many a poor soldier, German as well as American, into heaven by the administration of the last Sacraments."

France, Vauclaire.—Our readers will be grieved to learn that Rev. Placid

Doyle, O.F.M., of the Cincinnati Province, who went to France last summer with the 90th Division and reached the battle front on September 15, fell a victim to pneumonia on October 5, the day of his patronal feast, at Base Hospital No. 3, Vauclaire, near Montpont, France. He contracted the fatal sickness while performing his duties as chaplain "in the very center of the big drive, in the thick of battle," as he himself wrote on September 18. He was assisted in his last hour by Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide of San Francisco, likewise an army chaplain, and he passed away peacefully invoking the holy Names of Jesus and Mary. He was a zealous priest, a thorough gentleman, and he was highly esteemed by all who knew him. *Franciscan Herald* extends to his confrères of the Cincinnati Province its most heartfelt sympathy over the loss they have sustained in his death.

Lisbon, Portugal.—Attached to the church of St. Vincent, Martyr, in Lisbon, is a chapel dedicated to St. Antony of Padua. On the left side of the altar, a tombstone may be seen bearing the following inscription: "Here lies the mother of St. Antony. In this small repository are contained in truth her remains, but her precious soul dwells in the heavens above." Opposite the chapel is the house where the great Wonderworker was born. It has been converted into a church in his honor, and it is the object of the devotion of countless pilgrims who flock to Lisbon from all over the world to pay homage to this great son of St. Francis.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—During the year 1918, St. Francis Fraternity recorded seventy-nine new members and eighty-eight professions of novices; St. Louis Fraternity received an increase of one hundred and eighteen new members, while one hundred and twenty-eight novices were admitted to profession. This makes a grand total of one hundred and ninety-seven new members and two hundred and twenty-eight professions for the two English-speaking fraternities of St. Peter's church. St. Francis Fraternity lost 24 members by death, of whom two were novices; while St. Louis Fraternity lost the same number, of whom also two were novices. The Tertiaries of St.

Peter's were very active during the past year collecting funds for the Propagation of the Faith, the Extension, and the Franciscan Indian Missions. At present they are particularly interested in founding a scholarship for some needy but worthy candidate for the priesthood in the Franciscan Order.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.—Sunday, December 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, was a red letter day for the Tertiaries of Joliet. The amalgamated German and English-speaking fraternities held their first joint profession in English. On two preceding Sundays, special instructions had been given the novices in preparation for the occasion. Cards were used to record the attendance, and they proved very practical. On Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the novices—fifty-seven in number—were escorted in solemn procession to the church. The Rev. Director, Fr. Leo, assisted by the Rev. Pastor, Fr. Germain, and by Rev. Fr. Adolph, conducted the services and preached the sermon. Among other things, he explained the meaning and obligation of profession in the Third Order, its ceremonies including the kiss of peace, observed for the first time in this fraternity. Solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremony. Out of eighty-nine novices on the roster, who had been invited by letter to make their profession, fifty-seven responded, four men and fifty-three women. It was encouraging to see so many young ladies among those professed. They will soon be called on to bring in the men and the young men; for these should know that the gentle sex has no monopoly on the Third Order. The great number of non-Tertiaries who attended the ceremony of profession proved that the Third Order has attractions also for outsiders.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Anthony's Hospital.—On November 21, four of our revered religious, Sr. M. Aloysia, Sr. M. Evangelista, Sr. M. Meinrada, and Sr. M. Armella commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their profession by solemnly renewing their holy vows. The services were inaugurated with a procession of the favored four, and of five other Sisters, who pronounced their final vows on the same occasion. Rev. H. A.

Huckestein, the spiritual director of the community, officiated, assisted by Rev. FF. Hilary and Vincent, of the local Franciscan friary. Rev. Fr. Edmund, O.F.M., who had conducted the preparatory retreat, preached the German sermon, while Rev. J. L. Gadell, of St. Peter, Mo., spoke in English. Rel. Bro. Angelus, O.F.M., of Washington, D. C., a brother of Sr. Evangelista, was present in the sanctuary. The choir under the direction of Sr. M. Perpetua, of Pueblo, Col., a former pupil of Sr. Aloysia, rendered a very beautiful musical program for the occasion. *Franciscan Herald* extends to the venerable Sisters hearty congratulations.

St. Paul, Minn., Sacred Heart Church.—The first retreat of the Tertiaries of St. Paul is a thing of the past. Yet it is an event that will be long remembered by all who shared in its blessings. The exercises were conducted from October 13-27 by Fr. Leo, O.F.M., chaplain of the Joliet State Penitentiary and Director of the Joliet Tertiaries. Though a drenching rain mingled with snow had begun to fall on Saturday and continued throughout Sunday—the last day of the retreat,—the church was filled to its capacity by children and clients of St. Francis, who were desirous of witnessing the unwonted spectacle of one hundred and seventy-eight postulants receiving the Third Order cord and scapular. The result of the retreat surpassed our most sanguine expectations. Our work of preparation was seriously hampered. Difficulty after difficulty rose in our path, and finally the epidemic came to cap the climax. But we had placed our retreat under the special protection of St. Antony; and the prayers and Masses said in his honor were not in vain. The difficulties vanished one after the other, and the epidemic proved so mild that everything could be carried out as planned. We ascribe the success of the retreat to the intercession of the great Wonderworker, and next to him to the warm-hearted and masterful lectures of Rev. Fr. Leo and the never-failing zeal and enthusiasm of our Tertiaries.

Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home.—The fraternity of the Third Order at the Home consisting of forty-one Tertiaries, received an increase of eight members on the feast of the Immaculate Concep-

tion. Fr. Francis Haase, O.F.M., the Director, officiated at the ceremony and also admitted five novices to their profession on the same day.—In the evening, of the same day the Right Rev. Monsignor A. M. Clark, a fervent member of the Third Order, died suddenly in the sacristy of the chapel of Mt. Carmel. He had made a novena in honor of Mary Immaculate, and spent the feast in apparently good health. While vesting with three Rev. Professors of Dubuque College for the sacred ceremony of Benediction, he suddenly succumbed to heart failure and died, like his beloved Seraphic Father, extended on the floor. R.I.P.

Boston, Mass., Poor Clares Monastery.—A large crowd gathered in the chapel of the Poor Clares of this city, on November 25, to witness the investment of one cloistered and three extern Sisters. The solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. J. Merighi, O.F.M., Provincial of the Immaculate Conception Province, who also presided at the ceremony of investment, while the Very Rev. Philip O'Donnell preached an eloquent sermon that appealed deeply to the hearts of all. Miss Eileen Burke, of Dorchester, Mass., received the habit of the cloistered nuns and will be known in religion as Sr. M. Paschal of the Holy Eucharist. Miss Catharine O'Hara, of Boston, in religion Sr. M. Rose of the Presentation, Miss Mary Cassidy, of Boston, Sr. M. Phillipa of the Infant Jesus, and Miss Catherine Hickey, of Cambridge, Mass., Sr. M. Laurentius of the Passion, were received as extern Sisters. On the same occasion, Sr. M. Dominica Capone of our Lady of the Rosary was admitted to the simple vows for three years, while Sr. M. Ita Nagle of the Nativity made her final profession. The Misses Genevieve Penny, of Halifax, N. S., and Nellie White, of Taunton, Mass., entered the monastery as choir candidates. The ceremonies closed with the joyful singing of the *Te Deum* and with solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. Our gratitude is due the choir of St. James' Church for enhancing the services with their beautiful singing.

Seattle, Wash., St. George's Church.—The formal establishment of a fraternity of the Third Order at Georgetown on Sunday, November 24, was an inspiring and edifying sight. About one hundred

persons were received as members, Rev. Fr. Clement, O.F.M., presided at the reception. Many parishes were represented among the large gathering. This is surely a very auspicious beginning, and there is every reason to hope that the Third Order will be of great spiritual benefit to the city of Seattle. Meetings will be held regularly on the fourth Sunday of every month, at 3 P. M., in St. George's Church where the Tertiaries will receive not only useful instruction expressly intended for them, but also gain many spiritual favors, especially the plenary indulgence granted for attendance at each meeting and, at stated intervals, the so-called General Absolution or Indulged Blessing.

Quincy, Ill., Quincy College.—On November 24, eight students of our college were admitted to holy profession in the Third Order. The ceremony took place in the beautiful college chapel, and was witnessed by the faculty and the entire student body. Rev. Fr. Rupert, O.F.M., Director of the college fraternity, officiated at the ceremony and delivered an appropriate stirring sermon regarding the profession in the Third Order of St. Francis, and he earnestly exhorted the student Tertiaries to be faithful followers of the great St. Francis. The services concluded with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The fraternity has now twenty-six professed members.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—At our last regular meeting, eleven new members were vested with the Tertiary cord and scapular, while thirty-seven novices were professed. Our Rev. Director informed us that possession of St. Francis Springs has been made absolutely sure by the payment of the second instalment. The third and last payment will be made soon. It is his plan to have the Springs formally opened early next Spring with a grand excursion, to which the Tertiaries from all over the State will be cordially invited, and also every member of the *Franciscan Herald* staff. (Many thanks!—Ed.) A new directory of the Third Order for our city is being published in our parish weekly, *The Tidings*. Later, the directory will be got out in booklet form, containing the different Chapters into which our fraternity has been di-

vided, and giving the names and addresses of the members of each Chapter and the Captain or Prefect in charge.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.—Thanksgiving Day brought a welcome interruption of the college routine. After assisting at a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving in the morning, the boys did full justice to their sumptuous dinner; and in the evening they were entertained in the college auditorium by the members of The Pleasant Hour Fraternity. The two numbers on the literary and dramatic program were a humorous negro debate and a college play. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, that there ain't no ghoses." The negative side was defended by William Cool and William Wernsing, and the affirmative was held by Ralph Patterson and Jerome Reisch. The judges were unable to arrive at a decision on this momentous question. The title of the playlet is "The Mascot." Some of its scenes and situations are severely true to college life. The vocal selections, gay and grave, with which the sketch was interspersed, were well received. The college orchestra contributed its share to the evening's entertainment. The several numbers were well executed. The feature of the musical program was beyond question the singing by the choir of Adelaide A. Proctor's "The Lost Chord" to the accompaniment of the orchestra.

The other red letter days of last month were the thirteenth and fourteenth, on which days Mr. C. E. N. Griffith, the noted Shakespearean reader, favored us with his masterful rendering of Shakespeare's famous dramas, "The Merchant of Venice," "King Henry IV," and "Macbeth." His reading of these plays was supplemented by a lecture, under the title "Shakespeareana," on the great dramatist's art and characters. In all these, Mr. Griffith was at his best, and the spontaneous and thunderous applause that he evoked again and again, left no doubt as to the appreciation of his audience. We deem ourselves fortunate in having so able and so thoroughly Catholic a reader to interpret for us annually the masterpieces of dramatic art. He is a peerless reader.

The college was most agreeably surprised on December 17, by the unexpected return from camp of Rel. Brother Martin, O.F.M., our former baker and factotum. During his term in the army, he served in various capacities, especially as chef; his ability was soon recognized and he was mustered out of service with the rank of sergeant. He is heartily glad to exchange the noise and bustle of camp life for the quiet retirement of the cloister and to don once more the brown habit of St. Francis for the khaki uniform of Uncle Sam. Brothers Pacific and Antony are still in France.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Monastery:—Rev. Seraphin Lampe, O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:—

St. Francis Fraternity:—Susan (Mary) Shannon; Genevieve (Angela) Schwartz; Mary (Bridget) Boyce.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Pt. Arthur Hennessy (killed in action); Catherine (Cecilia) Smith; Teresa (Anne) Clifford; Rose (Mary) Bradley.

St. Elizabeth Fraternity:—Edward (Aloysius) Gros; Elizabeth (Colette) Goettel; Elizabeth (Ursula) Rothbauer.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church:—

St. Antony Fraternity:—Margaret (Pacifica) Kundmueller; Mary (Catherine) Mascho; Johanna (Theopista) Kinkelaar; Mathilda (Mary) Antweiler; Teresa (Michelina) Busser.

Dubuque, Iowa, St. Francis Home:—Anna (Mary) Wildhaber.

Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church:—Pt. Joseph Rusting (killed in action).

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:—Margaret (Thecla) Kahles; Nora (Lucy) Munschhof; Anna (Antonia) Wendling; Hannah (Clare) Barrett.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church:—Angeline (Delphine) Boyce; Margaret (Josephine) Bremlington.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:—Elizabeth (Gertrude) Wolf.

Teutopolis Ill., St. Francis Church:—Pt. Ferdinand Delker (killed in action); Mary Hank.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—James F. Daisey.

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Editorial Comment

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE HOLY LAND

Prostrate at the feet of His Holiness Benedict XV, we of *Franciscan Herald* wish to give public expression to our sentiments of profound gratitude for the latest mark of his apostolic benevolence in issuing, on the occasion of the seven hundredth anniversary of St. Francis's visit to the Holy Land, an encyclical letter, in which he recalls the labors and sufferings of the Franciscans in the custody of the holy places and solemnly confirms them in their honorable charge as well as in the possession of all the rights, privileges, and indulgences enjoyed by them through the centuries. So eloquent a testimonial of pontifical favor is all the more gratifying, because it was wholly unlooked for. Surely, no one could have expected in these troublous times, when to the Holy Father's numerous other exacting cares and duties is added the stupendous task of extricating a stricken world from the abysmal misery caused by a world war, that he would turn from his ordinary labors to write an encyclical in praise and encouragement of the friar wardens of the sacred shrines in Palestine. Small wonder, therefore, that the Franciscan family all over the world was filled with joy at the welcome intelligence, and that the supreme head of the three Orders hastened to the Holy Father to thank him in person for this singular favor. It was a graceful act on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff, an act that will no doubt earn him the undying gratitude and loyalty of the whole Seraphic family.

The Pope's letter must have cheered in particular the friars in Palestine, who have just passed through one of the most trying periods in all the eventful history of the Holy Land. Cut off for months from all communication with the rest of the world, they suffered great privations and passed through many dangers. But, true to their sacred trust they were resolved rather to die at their post, like thousands of their brethren before them, than to expose the holy places to the danger of desecration at the hands of infidels and schismatics. All through the weary months of anxiety and suffering, these friars displayed a heroism worthy in every way of their intrepid forbears, fully eight thousand of whom, it may not be superfluous to remark, have given their lives in the defense of these sanctuaries. And when at length the liber-

ating army under General Allenby entered the Holy City, they were the first to extend to the troops welcome and hospitality. Another glorious chapter in the history of the friars in the Holy Land has been written. But their needs, as the Holy Father points out in his letter, are still great, and to meet them he sees no other way than to appeal to the charity of the faithful. There has never been a time in the history of the Church when Catholics have been found wanting in their love and support of the sacred shrines, and we feel confident that the Pope's appeal will meet with a generous response from them. We warn them, however, if they wish to supply the wants of the Franciscans and their charges, not to contribute their mites to the funds collected by non-Catholic organizations for the relief of the Armenians and other Oriental peoples, though this in itself may be a worthy cause. We have it on reliable authority that the Christians of the Latin rite are being discriminated against by certain representatives in Syria of supposedly non-sectarian organizations.



THIRD ORDER ACTIVITY

Anybody that will take the trouble to glance an eye at our news columns, can not fail to observe that the Third Order in this country is making a serious effort to vindicate its title to the encomiums the Sovereign Pontiffs have bestowed on it as a great regenerative force in Christian society. It was not always thus. In the early centuries of its existence, there was no occasion to call in question its christianizing and humanizing influence. But later, owing to the difficulty of the times, its power for good was greatly impaired. In fact, until Pope Leo XIII, through his memorable encyclicals *Auspicato* and *Misericors* breathed new life and vigor into its depleted system, it had almost ceased to function, so far as the world at large was concerned. Within the last few decades, however, there has been a very noticeable and gratifying increase in Third Order activity. The various Tertiary congresses that have been of late held all over the world, the numerous Third Order periodicals that have been started, the ambitious social projects that have been undertaken, the popular religious movements that have been launched—all these are signs of sound health and of vigorous activity.

Also in our own country, the Third Order has begun to realize its strength. But it has only just begun. For want of a sufficiently developed organism, it has been unable to unfold its latent powers to the full. Its steps are yet unsteady because it has not been taught to walk. As soon as it feels its legs, we have no doubt it will rejoice "as a giant to run the way," and will easily outstrip its competitors in the race. The present Tertiary activity, such as it is, is of a purely local character, because the aims of the single fraternities are to a great extent merely parochial. The work of the Order will grow with its aims, and these will become larger only when directed to larger problems. Far be it from us to depreciate the activity of individual fraternities. Some of

them are doing really excellent social work in their way. Yet, we do not hesitate to say that much of their energy is misdirected and much of their time and money wasted; because, like a certain French general in the great War, they are following a policy of nibbling, which will lead them nowhere. From the moment that the Allies agreed to club their interests and exertions and resources, to form a supreme war council, and to appoint a commander-in-chief, who should be allowed to outline and follow a definite plan of action—from that moment they were sure of victory.

It took the Allies four years to learn that unity of command and of aims, in other words, thorough organization was essential to the success of their arms. How long will it be before the Third Order in this country realizes that without organization and federation, its operations will be haphazard, costly, and in the end ineffectual? We hope that before many moons wax and wane, preparations for a national Third Order convention will be well under way. For it is still our opinion that only such a gathering can make the Third Order in this country a national institution, and bring its forces to bear on the solution of national problems. It is a grave mistake to regard a fraternity of Tertiaries as a mere parish institution, as an adjunct to the body parochial, and standing in the same relation to it as the vermiform appendix to the human body,—useful, perhaps, but often very troublesome. A Third Order fraternity may be attached to a parish. But it does not on that account lose its character of catholicity and its cohesion with other fraternities and with the Franciscan family at large. It is this sort of parochialism which forms one of the greatest obstacles to the healthy development of the Third Order, and which a national convention will do much to eradicate.



"ALAS! FOR THE RARITY" ETC.

Have we won the war? In so far as we have condescended to fight it with the enemy's weapons and in the enemy's spirit, we have not. We have won the battles, true, but he has won the war. In so far as he has succeeded in investing us with the spirit of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, he has conquered us and made us his own. Have we been patriotic? In so far as we have ministered to a narrow nationalism, what can we say? The emblem of our nationalism has been draped in our very churches which are dedicated to the God "who has made of one blood all nations of men and sent his son to preach peace to them that are far off and to them that are nigh." Have we maintained the ideal of human brotherhood and divine paternity, looking towards the establishment of God's will on earth, as it is in heaven? It is not easy to see that we have. Reflections like these crowd this particular anniversary (*of the birth of Christ*) and give it an unprecedented weight of seriousness. Nothing is clearer than the absolute incompatibility of so much of our collective public business with the purpose indicated by the presence of Jesus on earth.

No, gentle reader, this is not a citation from a Sunday sermon or from a religious periodical but from a high-class secular journal. It is a paragraph from a leading article on "The Coming of Christ." The writer, of course, is not addressing Catholic readers. Yet, how pertinent are his remarks even to them. By way of contrast, we could, for instance, quote from dozens of newspapers and magazines of good stand-

ing, to show how outspokenly anti-Christian some professedly Christian organs can be. But, we would not offend the taste of our readers by rehashing for them what they can find in any screed on the "Huns." We are not so irrational as to indict the whole Catholic press for the faults of some of the editors any more than we would put down the wild and senseless shrieks of a few hysterical preachers as the articulate and deliberate utterances of the whole hierarchy.

Yet, in all charity, we should like to suggest to our brother quill-drivers, now that the war is over, to "let the dead past bury its dead," and to teach their readers to forget the wrongs, real or fancied, of an enemy utterly vanquished and helpless and craving mercy and assistance particularly from us, because he knows he has none to expect from our associates in the war. We should like to remind them, if ever so gently, that it is much easier to arouse national passion than to allay it; that the day may not be far distant when, with us as with others, national hatred will turn into class hatred. The common people have learnt the gospel of hate, dinned so persistently in their ears, all too well. Supposing they should translate their hatred into action (which God forbid!) would Catholic editors be in a position to preach to them the Sermon on the Mount? Certainly not all could entertain the hope of being taken seriously if they should have the face to do so. The cry for reconstruction is heard on all sides. Let us not forget that to reconstruct men's minds is a much more necessary and difficult task than to rebuild their bodies and their homes; and that the sooner the task is taken in hand, the sooner the world will enjoy a Christian peace, which is a peace not only of justice but of charity as well.



WELL DONE

The Hon. Benjamin M. Read, author of a number of historical works on New Mexico, recently appeared before the board of education of that state to protest against the use in the public schools of Roberts' "A History and Civics of New Mexico," on the ground that it contains numerous historical errors and mischievous implications. He called particular attention to six of the most glaring misstatements therein contained, and took exception, as a historian and as a Catholic, above all against the gratuitous assertion that the plot which brought about the great Indian revolt (1680) against the Spaniards "was revealed to the governor (Otermin—B. M. Read) by some priests who heard of it in the confessional." That such bold statements are apt to poison the minds of children and of some grown-ups, too, against the Catholic Church is beyond question. There is really no excuse for the appearance in a schoolbook or anywhere else, for that matter, of allegations so unfounded. Mr. Read's own "Illustrated History of New Mexico" (page 262 and 263) might have given the author the correct information on that point. The honorable gentleman was, of course, wholly within his rights as a citizen in attacking so carelessly written a text, and he deserves the support of all right-minded men of the state. Strength to his elbow. The priests referred to in the objectionable passage were, of course, Franciscan friars. For his manly vindication of the fair name of their brethren, the editors of *Franciscan Herald* express to Mr. Read their warmest thanks.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Agnes, daughter of Albert I of Austria and wife of Andrew III of Hungary.—She was full of charity for the poor and sick and aided them in every way. She built a convent for the Friars Minor and another for the Poor Clares on the spot where her father had been murdered by his nephew, John Parricida. She lived in this convent as a Tertiary until her pious death, which occurred on June 11, 1364.

Angela Bandoli of Castelvetro.—This pious Tertiary distinguished herself especially by her charity toward the sick. She devoted herself to their service in the hospital at Corleone, in Sicily, without accepting any remuneration, not even food or clothing. She procured these by laboring outside the hospital when not engaged in the care of the sick. She died at Corleone in the odor of sanctity on August 20, about the year 1623.

Anne, wife of Mathias, Emperor of Germany.—Already in her youth she joined the Third Order of St. Francis and was remarkable for her spirit of self-denial and charity. No needy person ever appealed to her in vain. She devoted large sums to the erection and support of orphan asylums and hospitals. Vienna was the scene of her demise; December 14, 1618, the time.

Antonia Miceli.—Antonia was born at Burgio, in Sicily. Though not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, she delighted in assisting and consoling the poor and the afflicted. She also interested herself in the welfare of the girls of her native place and in-

structed them in needle work and other useful arts adapted to their sex and calling. God rewarded her charity by granting her the gift of miracles. Through her prayers, a young man obtained his sight and several paralytic and lame persons recovered the use of their limbs. She died on August 22, 1652.

Ven. Antony Alphonse Bermeio.—He was a native of Navas del Rey, in Spain. Burning with love for his suffering fellowmen, he devoted almost his entire life to the service of the sick, particularly in the hospital of St. Michael in his native city. This hospital, which owed its existence to his unbounded liberality, was a model institution of its kind, both as to its sanitary arrangements and to the treatment of diseases. While waiting on the sick with the greatest charity and devotion, he made use of every opportunity to assist them by spiritual works of mercy. He passed to his heavenly reward on November 14, 1758, at the age of eighty years. He was declared Venerable by Pope Pius IX. in 1860.

Antony of Florence, surnamed **the Blessed.**—It is an interesting fact that the fraternity of secular Tertiaries at Florence, which was founded by St. Francis himself while preaching in that city, devoted itself in a particular manner to the care of the sick. A large hospital was opened, and it became the source of untold blessings for thousands afflicted with disease. This, as the chronicler tells us, was owing not only to the ardent zeal of Bl. Antony, but also to the char-

ity of the first Tertiaries, who contributed liberally to the pious work. Their alms and endowments placed the hospital on so firm a financial footing that it was enabled to fulfill its purpose for several centuries. The first hospital, however, proved too small, and a larger one was opened in the ancient abbey of St. Antony and dedicated to St. Martin; whence the disciples of Bl. Antony were called "Martinians." They were, however, Tertiaries and were also called "Brothers of the Third Order of St. Francis of the Hospital of St. Martin."

Antony of Hungary.—This servant of God made a pilgrimage to Rome to gain the jubilee indulgence which had been granted for the year 1350. After remaining in the Eternal City for some time, he went to Assisi to gain the indulgence of Porziuncola. Here he entered the Third Order. While returning to his native country, he fell sick at Foligno. He was brought to the hospital of the Holy Ghost, where he received the best care and attention, so that he was soon restored to health. Full of gratitude, he resolved to remain in the hospital and to consecrate the rest of his life to the service of the sick. This he did with such patience and charity that he was looked upon as an angel of mercy by all the inmates of the hospital. But the charity of the servant of God extended beyond the walls of the hospital. He strove in every way to assist the poor and to support orphans and foundlings, many of whom he instructed in the truths of religion. He closed his

life of charity at Foligno, on May 13, 1398.

Antony de Forest.—He was the great-nephew of John de Forest, Chancellor of France. Amid the temptations of the military career, which he followed for twenty years, he had the misfortune of losing his faith and of embracing Calvinism. Touched by the grace of God, he repented of his errors and returned to the Catholic Church and began a life of penance and prayer. He was most charitable to the poor, bestowing on them abundant alms and assisting them in their difficulties. He passed away on January 23, 1628.

Archangela Tardera.—Angela was the daughter of Peter Tardera, a distinguished physician of Piazza, in Sicily. She entered the Third Order at an early age and advanced to a high degree of sanctity by her fervor in prayer, mortification, and heroic patience in sufferings, with which she was afflicted for thirty-six years. Though confined to her bed, she continuously labored for the spiritual and temporal welfare of her fellowmen. Her charity toward the poor and the afflicted was extraordinary, so that she was called the Mother and Providence of the needy, the widows, and the orphans. She devoted almost all her substance to the relief of the sick and of prisoners and debtors; and when she had nothing to give, she appealed to the liberality of the rich in behalf of her charities. She was also very successful in reconciling enemies and in restoring peace and harmony in families. She closed her holy life at Piazza, on February 8, 1598.

VEN. JOHN BAPTIST BULLAKER, O.F.M.

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

IT was in the year 1622 that Thomas Bullaker, the only son of a distinguished Catholic physician in Chichester, took leave of home and kindred and boarded a ship that was about to set sail for Flanders.¹ Had the civil authorities surmised that the comely youth of some eighteen summers was bound for the English College at Saint-Omer to study for the priesthood, they would undoubtedly have intercepted him and brought action against his parents for violating the penal laws then in force. To forestall this, Thomas had disclosed his intention to the Spanish ambassador in London, who alleging important business matters obtained for him the necessary passport.

Arriving in Flanders, Thomas at once proceeded to the English College at Saint-Omer. The Jesuit Fathers in charge of the institution soon detected the excellent qualities of the young Englishman, and perhaps also expressed to him their hope of one day numbering him among their own. That Thomas shortly after his arrival bound himself in some way to their Order, seems at least probable. He had been with them only three weeks when they sent him for the higher studies to Valladolid in Spain. Here he registered as an *alumnus iuratus* of the English College under the assumed name of Thomas Tailer.

But his mind was agitated with grave doubts regarding his vocation. More and more he felt him-

self drawn to the Franciscans. But alone in a strange country, without an acquaintance among the Franciscans, he was at a loss how to proceed. Fearing, at the same time, lest the college authorities might dissuade him from what he so earnestly desired, he kept the matter secret. With greater zeal than prudence, he spent long hours of the night in prayer and meditation, slept on the bare floor, and subjected his body to the pangs of the scourge and cilice. This he continued for some weeks when he began to realize that his health was declining. He at length took courage and revealed to Father Baker, S.J., his confessor, the secret of his heart. How happy he was when the zealous priest consoled him and assured him of his support. He then made a ten days' retreat, at the end of which he was determined to enter the Order of St. Francis.

Without delay, the Jesuit Fathers made the necessary arrangements with the Provincial of the Spanish Franciscans. There was a friary about six miles from Valladolid. Here, on the feast of Corpus Christi, 1622, Thomas received the Franciscan habit and the name John Baptist. Here, too, he spent the year of novitiate, edifying all by his love of prayer and mortification. After his profession, he finished his course in philosophy and then studied theology at Valladolid, Avila, and Segovia. Finally, at the age of twenty-four, he was ordained priest. Having reached

1. Mason, our chief source for this sketch, was a contemporary of Venerable John Baptist Bullaker. He bases his narrative in *Certamen Seraphicum* (Quaracchi, 1885, pp. 34-68) on the reliable testimony of others and on a letter which the martyr wrote during his last imprisonment. This letter, Mason tells us (p. 33) was preserved at his time in the archives of the English Franciscans at Douai.

the goal of his youthful aspirations, his soul, long since inspired by the example of so many of his brethren, went out wholly to the foreign missions. But "at this first starting point," as Stone observes, "he was prevented by the virtue of religious obedience from making a second mistake as to his vocation." Shortly after his ordination, a number of friars had again been selected for the flourishing missions which the province had in the West Indies. Fr. John Baptist asked leave to join them. But the Provincial put him off, telling him to remember England which was equally in need of missionaries and which as his native country ought to have the first claim on his interest and zeal. The young priest willingly submitted and henceforth endeavored to fit himself in every way for a missionary career among his neglected countrymen.

Thus about a year had elapsed, when he was told to get ready to depart for England. Accordingly, he devoted ten days to special prayer and meditation. Then having changed his habit for a secular dress, which he had obtained for charity, he set out for Bordeaux, where he secured passage on a ship bound for England. From his modest bearing, the captain of the ship suspected his priestly character. Accordingly, when the ship landed at Plymouth, he reported Fr. John to the mayor of the city who in turn had him summoned for a hearing. On the mere suspicion of being a priest, he was cast into prison. Here he languished for eight days, and he would have succumbed to hunger, had not some fellow prisoners shared their meager rations with him. His next place of confinement was the county jail of Exeter, where he was thrown among criminals of the lowest type. Some time after, the

circuit judges came to that city, and Fr. John was among the first to be tried. After the usual questions as to age and profession, the judge asked him whether he was willing to take the oath of allegiance according to the meaning it had in England.

"As far as the allegiance that becomes a faithful subject is concerned," replied the friar, "I will obey the King in all that belongs to him. If necessary, I will confirm this by an oath and prove it by my conduct should an occasion present itself. In the proposed oath, however, there are certain clauses regarding the Supreme Pontiff, Christ's Vicar on earth, which I do not fully understand. Hence, with your leave, I absolutely refuse to take it."

The judge objected that there were priests who held the oath could be taken.

"From this you must not conclude, however, that it can," was the quick reply. "Whether your assertion is based on facts, I do not know. At all events, after due consideration, I feel convinced that the oath can not be taken."

Thereupon, he was asked whom he would obey, the King or the Pope, were they to issue contrary and conflicting orders.

"I imagine," the friar explained, "that we must obey the commands of him who proceeds along the lines of truth and justice."

Still bent on ensnaring him, the judge cunningly insisted that he should state who he thought should decide in that matter. But the wary friar detected the trap and refused to answer.

It seems that his quick-witted and straightforward rejoinders had won the favor of the judge, who finally gave him a gentle hint as to how he might escape the law.

"Perhaps you will change your mind in the near future," he said;

"you may ask now for leisure to give the matter further consideration."

"What my opinion may be hereafter," put in the prisoner, "I can not at present discover. Nevertheless, I humbly request that judgment in my case be deferred."

Deeply resenting the attitude of the judge, the captain of the ship now stepped forward and produced a book, which he declared to be a missal and as such a positive proof that the prisoner on whose person it had been found was a priest. Though no one in court was able to read the book, all agreed that its content was dangerous to the commonwealth. Finally, someone who knew a little Spanish examined it and loudly contended that it was merely a volume of Spanish plays. Now, of course, peals of laughter rang through the court room, much to the discomfiture of the overzealous captain.

For the present, Fr. John Baptist was brought back to prison. A few days later, the gaoler received orders from the Privy Council to send the suspected priest to London, where he would be tried within the next twenty days. But this was only a ruse to effect his release. Hatred against priests was not so violent just then; and influential friends of the friars had succeeded in interesting the higher authorities in his behalf.

On gaining his freedom, he began at once to search for his brethren in the great metropolis. He had hardly taken up his abode with the friars, when he was stricken with a severe fever, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. Nevertheless, as priest and missionary, he sacrificed himself entirely for the welfare of his flock, gaining the esteem of all by his sterling piety and by his untiring zeal for souls. In 1638, he was formally incorporated into the

English province. In what esteem the brethren held him may be seen from the fact that he was made secretary of the Provincial; and in 1640, he became titular guardian of the newly formed district of Chichester, his native city.

Twelve years had elapsed since his arrival on the English mission. All this while he had hoped and prayed for the privilege of dying a martyr's death. But it was a time when priests were comparatively safe, so that he gradually despaired of the martyr's crown and longed for the life of seclusion and prayer he had enjoyed during the first years of his religious profession. Accordingly, he asked and obtained permission to return to Spain. He was on the point of leaving England, when the smoldering embers of Puritan hatred against Catholics were again fanned into a devastating flame by the rebellious Commons. Now, of course, he decided to remain; especially when he learned how the Tertiary martyr, Venerable William Ward, had been captured, tried, and executed for being a priest. Hoping to share his happy lot, he hastened to London, the hotbed of Puritan intolerance. Friends, however, compelled him to seek a place of safety. A few weeks later, he heard that a number of priests had been seized and thrown into prison. Again he ventured into the thick of the fray, but again he was forced to retire. At last, regardless of friendly entreaties, he went a third time to London and sought out the Provincial, Fr. George Perrot, who gave him permission to remain in the city.

With undaunted zeal, the heroic friar undertook the hazardous task of ministering to the persecuted Catholics. He visited the loathsome prisons and the gloomy homes of the aged, poor, and sick,

administering the sacraments as best he might, distributing whatever alms he could gather, and confirming all in the faith by his noble example of self-denial and by the words of cheer that gushed from his God-loving soul. He was lodging in one of the most dangerous parts of the city, when one day the priest-catchers suddenly entered the very house where he was staying.

"Am I the priest whom you are seeking?" he asked, fearlessly stepping up to them.

Baffled by his boldness, they replied in the negative.

"But, besides me there is no other here," he hastily subjoined, fearing lest they would depart without making further investiga-

tion. On the following day, they returned and again searched the house. Fr. John Baptist was sitting at dinner and had his breviary lying beside him on the table. The door to his room stood ajar. On passing, the spies looked in but took no notice of him. At this second defeat of his most ardent desire, the man of God was much disturbed. On the one hand, he longed for the martyr's crown; on the other hand, he dreaded to cross the designs of Providence. Now he redoubled his prayers and penances, beseeching "the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation to deign at last to hear him and to number him in the ranks of the martyrs."

(To be concluded)

"JUST A LITTLE BIT" OF BAPTISM

The pagan Indian is often found to have a special horror for Baptism. In such cases, patience and kindness on the part of the missionary are frequently unavailing, and he is forced to resort to strategy to win a soul for Heaven. At least that is what a Franciscan missionary, formerly active among a northern tribe had to do on one occasion when he was called to a dying girl. Previously instructed in the faith, she had been obliged to forego the grace of Baptism through the obstinacy of her pagan father who absolutely refused his consent. Anxious to wrest an immortal soul from the clutches of Satan, the zealous missionary hastened to the bedside of the dying girl. He was just on the point of administering the sacrament to her, when her pagan father came rushing into the room. At sight of the missionary, he flew into a passion and with curses and threats demanded that he leave the house at once. The friar was at a loss how to proceed. An immortal soul was at stake. Knowing what little effect words of instruction and exhortation would make on the blinded Indian who had assumed an attitude of sullen and threatening silence, he said in a quiet tone, "Now, see here; I will baptize your daughter, not much, not like in church, but just a little bit." The Indian, of course, failed to detect the ruse. What he dreaded was the external ceremonies that attend solemn Baptism. To baptize her "just a little bit" would not be so dangerous, thought he, and gave his consent. A few days later, the friar was surprised by a visit from the pagan Indian. His daughter had died; and since he was poor, he had come to ask whether the priest would not bury her. The day of her funeral was a day of triumph for the missionary. He did not bury her "just a little bit" but with all the splendor of the Catholic ritual.

THE CASTAWAY

By Zelma McDowell Penry, Tertiary

CHAPTER II

Synopsis of the preceding chapter:— Senorita Ysobel Arguella and her aunt Josefa, of the rancho Las Rosas, Santa Barbara, Cal., discuss Antony Byrne, a young Irishman, who has recently purchased the neighboring rancho of Los Feliz. Ysobel, to the great horror of Tia Josefa, professes her love for him. Don Carlos, Ysobel's father appears with Antony, who causes a flurry in the household of the Arguellas by announcing the arrival of an English family.

TIA Josefa was sore distressed. It was the afternoon of Antony Byrne's call, during which he had brought the news—to her, dreadful tidings—of the coming of the English family to Santa Barbara, and it seemed to her that the very universe was launched upon a career of unrest and rebellion. The immediate cause of this conclusion was the horrifying fact that her niece had, without declaring her intention or asking leave, betaken herself off, with only an Indian serving maid as companion. Such things were unpardonable in Tia Josefa's code of ethics.

Josefa Arguella, a true daughter of California, had taken her place as mistress by right in her brother's home, soon after the death of his young wife, the daughter of an American trader from the port of Boston. The marriage had been highly disapproved by Josefa, who never set foot across her brother's threshold from the day of his wedding until the death of his wife, twelve years afterwards. Then, like a true sister, and for the honor of the family name, she came to Las Rosas, to give her brother's motherless, half-American daughter, as much of a mother's love and care as she was capable of.

It must be said for Tia Josefa that she was no mean substitute, for she loved her niece with all the fervor of denied maternity. Yet, as the years went by, she sighed more and more often, as she noticed subtle little ways in her niece which seemed not of the Arguellas.

"That the day should come," she sighed to herself, as she plied her needle vigorously on an alb for use at the Mission, "when the child would go to consult Padre Salvador, or someone else, for that matter, with only Manuela for propriety. Alas, it is the Americana in her! No Arguella would have such mad habits!"

And after delivering herself thus, Tia Josefa, being really a good and charitable woman, when it came to souls, even those of foreigners, breathed a prayer for the soul of the child's departed mother, and so found peace herself.

* * * * *

Ysobel, unaware of the tumult she was causing in her aunt's mind, sought the gray-robed, white-haired shepherd of souls down at the Mission, where from childhood she had been wont to go with her little troubles, sure of a kindly hearing and a way out of the maze of them.

Some intuition had told her, the first time her dark, long-lashed eyes had rested on the stalwart form of Antony Byrne, that in his glance was something that she had never found in those of the gaily caparisoned caballeros who paid court to Don Carlos Arguella's fair daughter.

All subsequent meetings had served but to confirm the good opinion she had formed of the gal-

lant young Irishman. She had heard her father speak of him approvingly, and had noted that even Tia Josefa melted unwillingly under the charm of his sunny laugh and courtly manner. Still, she had not spoken to Padre Salvador of the dawning love in her heart for the young stranger, and the omission troubled her not a little; for without the approval of her spiritual guide, she could feel no ease of conscience. After Antony's call that morning, she felt that she could put the matter off no longer; so taking Manuela, and leaving word for Tia Josefa, who was enjoying her midday siesta, she departed for the Mission.

Padre Salvador came down the arched way, as swiftly as his years would permit. He was always glad to receive any member of Don Arguella's family, for the Don was a thoroughgoing son of the Church and a dear friend of the padres and the Indians.

"Well, daughter," he greeted Ysobel kindly, "a visit out of time is none the less welcome, especially if thy soul is troubled, and I can give thy comfort."

"Padre," she began breathlessly, for now that she had come, her courage was like to fail her unless she hastened to tell her story at once. "I—Padre Salvador—the Señor Byrne of Los Feliz—ah, Padre mio, I love him!"

Realizing that she had said the thing that she had least meant to say, she crimsoned to the roots of her dark hair.

Padre Salvador smiled. "I had thought so, child," he replied quietly.

"But, Padre," gasped Ysobel in confusion, "I did not mean to say it so. I am not sure that Señor Byrne loves me: he has not said so to me. I did but desire thy blessing and approval if he should ask papa for me."

The priest nodded his white head reflectively, and paced the narrow room.

"I do esteem Antonio highly," he assured her, "and further, I believe, although I do not know it from so many words, that the brave youth is impressed, my daughter, with thee. In any event," he concluded with his gentle smile, "if Antonio Byrne asks thy hand in marriage, I shall do all in my power to influence Don Carlos to give his consent and thou shalt join thy hand to his with my best blessing, for"—he added half to himself—"it would be with the blessing of Heaven itself."

"Gracias, Padre Salvador," replied the girl, her eyes glowing with happiness. "As for my papa, he already looks upon An—Señor Byrne with eyes that soften with pride. Have I not seen him myself?"

"It will be well then, I am sure, child, only—"

Ysobel's face clouded. "But surely, Padre, Antonio can satisfy him on that point."

"Ah, who can say? Thou knowest well thy father's pride, and Antonio is strange here. But," he ended, seeing Ysobel's troubled countenance, "be not disturbed, chiquita, all good gifts come from Heaven if we but seek in earnest prayer. Antonio's very bearing proclaims him of gentle birth and breeding. Go now, child, may el buen Dios bless thee. We shall speak of this again, and meanwhile we shall send our prayers winging to the gates of God."

That same night, two hours after the metallic notes of the Angelus had sounded over the hills of Santa Barbara, and had gone echoing out over the broad Pacific, Tony Byrne sought the Mission and Padre Salvador.

"At this hour, my son?" commented the gray-robed friar, rais-

ing his eyebrows slightly as he saw his caller.

"What better, Padre?" answered the young man smiling. "I hesitate to disturb you about my personal affairs while you are engaged at your duties of the day, and then, too, a night such as this—"

The priest smiled. "Then, Antonio, I should say that thou wert coming to me on a subject that thrives better in the soft romance of a night out here,—an affair of the heart, rather than the soul, perhaps. Though," he amended, "it would also concern thy soul."

"Padre Salvador, you know a man's inmost thoughts," cried the young man. "Yes it is an affair of the heart, Padre, I love the Señorita Arguella. I am not so sure though of the customs of her people, and so I came to you for your advice and blessing."

Padre Salvador fingered the rosary that hung from his cincture, and considered his visitor attentively. His scrutiny evidently brought satisfaction, for he nodded his white head with a little gesture of approval before he answered.

"Antonio, thou hast chosen wisely, my son," he told him. "In all California there is no maiden more worthy the love and esteem of a good man. She is as pure and sweet as the roses of old Castile; as fair a flower as blooms in God's garden; for, while she is innocent as a child, she is also strong in virtue, and the beauty of her exterior is but the reflection of that interior grace which does not fade with years. But, Antonio, of thyself—art thou worthy to take that beautiful soul under thy protection?"

"Worthy? Perhaps not, but I love her, Padre."

"Ah, youth," sighed Padre Salvador, "well, well, and why not? But—" he broke off suddenly. "What of Don Carlos? Hast thou reason to believe he will approve?"

"That, I do not know, Padre," replied Antony a little ruefully, "he seems kind to me, but just as to all others. "Still,"—he concluded confidently—"that will be easily arranged, if the Señorita Ysobel will but return my love."

The missionary reflected a moment before giving verbal form to his thoughts; when he spoke, it was slowly, as one speaking only after due deliberation.

"There is but one peculiarity of Don Carlos Arguella, that would cause him to refuse his consent to a union that is so manifestly the will of el buen Dios, as I shall give him my word that it is."

Antony raised his head in quick gratitude.

"And," went on the priest, "I am sure that you could cause him no disquiet in that regard. It seems a thing that might be passed over, but it is life itself to the old Don. He is proud, alas, sometimes even to a fault. Yet, it may be well, one can not tell, these days."

"But, Padre, he could find no fault with my conduct. You know me well since my coming—"

"Ah, that is the point—since thy coming—but what of the time before? Don Carlos Arguella is nearly fanatical on the subject—not only of a person's own actions, Antonio, but of the standing of all his forbears. It is thy family, Antonio, not thyself in this case—for there is nothing, I feel sure, in thy life that could redound to thy discredit—that will win the lovely Señorita Ysobel for thee. But," finished the aged Padre, reassuringly, "it will be simple, though it may mean a slight delay if thy records are not in thy possession—for it is records that Don Carlos will demand—a complete statement of thine ancestry. But it is easy to see that thou art of good birth, so all that thou must do is to secure proofs.—Why, my son,

what is it?"—he broke off suddenly in acute concern, for Antony Byrne had taken a sudden gasping breath and put up his hand as if to ward off a blow.

"Padre Salvador," he cried, his fine young face white and stricken, "I—I can not give Don Carlos a record of my family!"

(To be continued)

JESUS OF NAZARETH

Oh! reject not the sorrow that on thee is laid;
By the hand of a God has that sorrow been weighed;
'Tis a grace from His Heart; for but lift up thine eye,
Behold, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

Has he stripped thee in passing of what thou lovest best?—
Rejoice, for 'twill shine as a star on His breast;
Thy treasure is borne to His kingdom on high
By Jesus of Nazareth passing by.

Oh! still the resistance that nature may feel;
If tears fain would flow, let them silently steal;
And cherish the moments, as swiftly they fly,
In which Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

Then hushed by each murmur—in reverence kneel,
For thy sorrows the presence of Jesus reveal;
The spirit of love thou'lt receive in the sigh
That He breathes on thy soul as He passeth by.

Tho' laden with sorrow, yet blest be the day
When Jesus of Nazareth came on His way,
When aside from the crowd he drew thee apart,
And bore thee away in His Sacred Heart.

And blessed be ever those hours fraught with pain
When Jesus of Nazareth passeth again;
Be this then our thought as each sorrow draws nigh,
'Tis Jesus of Nazareth passing by.

—Sr. Mary Rose

LETTER TO A TERTIARY NOVICE

By a Franciscan Father

MY DEAR MISS A—

It was with genuine pleasure that I read the account of your reception into the Third Order. The feelings you experienced and the resolutions you made on that occasion augur well for your development into just the kind of Tertiary that is needed.

To be sure, show my last letter to your brother—and this one too; I haven't the least objection: if I can hit two birds with one stone, so much the better. But do not neglect also to let him read the Catechism of the Third Order. I have a presentiment that he will follow your example before long.

Now a word on the scope of the Third Order. You will have perceived that I am using the word *scope*—in contradistinction to the aim or mission of the Third Order—as implying the comprehensiveness or extent of that mission. Its mission is to spread the spirit of true Catholicity; but in order to fulfill that mission, the Third Order has any number of secondary aims or purposes, which constitute its scope. It differs herein from all other lay societies, each of which is devoted to the exercise of one or the other particular virtue or good work. One, for example, cultivates devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; another, to the Blessed Virgin Mary, both, as a means of personal sanctification; while a third has as its special object the propagation of the Faith either in general or among a certain people. Still others are devoted to the alle-

viation of the poor, the salvation of the dying, the relief of the souls in purgatory, or the practice of some other work of mercy. Each, however, is limited to one specific good work, and if some, availing themselves of the force of their organizations, extend their activities to yet other charitable work, they are doing a laudable thing, indeed, but one that lies not within the scope of the society.

Unlike all these, the Third Order is devoted to no specific virtues or good works whatever. Its scope, like its spirit, is simply Catholic—catholic with a capital and with a small initial. Like holy Church herself, it sanctions and fosters all pious devotions and good works in its members, but gives special prominence to none. Look at the prescriptions of the Rule:—moderation, modesty, frugality, monthly Confession and Communion, fraternal charity; they should practice charity toward their neighbor, endeavor to settle quarrels, give alms, visit the sick, “promote pious practices and *all that is good.*” And what prayers are prescribed? The Our Father and the Hail Mary, or the Divine Office, i. e., the official prayer of the Church. St. Francis himself had an ardent devotion to the Passion of Our Lord and he composed and frequently used beautiful prayers to Jesus Crucified; yet he prescribes no such devotion or prayer in the Rule. For him the Lord's Prayer and the prayer of the Church seemed best. Neither is devotion to St. Francis

himself essential to the Third Order. It is conceivable that a person might be an exemplary Tertiary and still practice no special devotion to St. Francis, though no one acquainted with him could fail to entertain the highest estimation for him.

It is this comprehensiveness, this universality, let me say it again, this catholicity of the Third Order which makes it preeminently *the* Catholic society of the laity. Even that splendid society, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, which has the most comprehensive scope of all other societies, still ranks below the Third Order, not only because it is no order but because its twofold object and essential means are included in the scope and subordinated to the aim of the Third Order of spreading the spirit of Catholicity. No matter how many pious unions or sodalities you may belong to, you are first of all a Tertiary; and because you are a Tertiary, you will be a more devout and more zealous member of the other societies. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin resembles the Third Order in that its chief aim is not any single pious exercise or good work, but (I quote from the Catholic Encyclopedia) "to attain to true love of God by the exercises of the Divine Service, prayer and reception of Holy Communion (and devotion to the Blessed Virgin), and to attain to true charity by exercising the most universal possible charity and zeal for souls." It differs greatly, however, in that its aim is the personal sanctification of its members (true love of God and man) by means of devout exercises and works of charity; whereas the Third Order aims at the sanctifica-

tion of its members and the practice of charity as a means of leavening the people with the spirit of true Catholicity.

After I had written my last letter to you on the purpose of the Third Order, I chanced across the following statement of the late Pope Pius X, which sums up all that I have said on the scope and purpose of the Third Order: "The purpose of the Third Order is that the members put into daily practice the precepts of evangelical perfection and *be an example of Christian life for the imitation of others.*" There you have the whole thing in a nutshell. The mission of the Third Order is to give the world examples of 100 per cent Catholicity. In every phase and affair of life, whether public or private, the Tertiary must steer clear of the false maxims of the world and guide himself by that unflinching star—the teaching of the Gospel. He may be gifted or not gifted, influential or not influential, prominent or not prominent, rich or poor, he can conform his life in every detail to his Faith and by so doing be a pillar of strength for the support of such Catholics as are too weak-kneed to carry their own convictions.

It is not at all necessary that, in applying himself to works of charity or social reform, the Tertiary act in his capacity as a member or as a delegate of the Third Order. Just this shows the catholicity of its scope. Wherever there is a question of doing good or of preventing evil: succoring the poor, instructing the ignorant, spreading good literature, combating the evil press, fighting immoral plays and "movies," supplying needy

churches, supporting the missions, or furthering any other laudable project, the Tertiary must be interested and he must translate his interest into action by willing cooperation with others for the attainment of the desired ends. It matters little whether the work is done in the name of the Third Order or under the auspices of some other organization. What alone matters is that the good be done and that it be done in the most efficient and expedite manner. A Tertiary, of all Catholics, must not be exclusive—holding aloof from other Catholic societies for fear some credit for good achieved might go to them instead of to the Third Order. Such an attitude would be wholly out of keeping with Catholic humility and with the spirit of the Order. Far from being averse, therefore, or indifferent, to the activities of any other society to which he may belong, he should be foremost among its members in furthering them. Right here the Tertiary has a splendid chance of accomplishing the object of the Order. Let him help instil the true Catholic spirit into his fellow members and purge them of possible worldly principles and tendencies. Let him remember that in furthering the ends of these societies he is also realizing the mission of the Third Order; and the more alertness, initiative, zeal, and spirit of cooperation he manifests, the more closely will he approximate the ideal of a true Tertiary.

Do not conclude, however, from my advocating the cooperation of Tertiaries with other societies, that the Third Order as such should not engage in like activities.

My purpose was merely to warn you against an improper exclusiveness. The Third Order's province is "to promote all that is good." There is little danger that the other societies will monopolize the field. There is room and to spare for still more organizations to unfold charitable activities; only let there be system in the work, so that the various agencies, far from hindering, will mutually supplement and support one another, and the same work will not be done twice and in vain.

In all such work, it is the spirit in which it is done that counts. Much so-called philanthropic work is without merit for the doer, because he is actuated by wrong motives. This spirit, the true Catholic spirit, the Tertiary must bring to his work and infuse into the work of others. The clergy, indeed, have the obligation of inculcating this spirit from the pulpit and of embodying it in their lives; but they do not mix with the people as laymen do. They are models, indeed, but models to be looked up to rather than closely imitated. They move in an entirely different sphere, in the world, but, like religious aloof from it, and by their very calling cut off from its common pursuits. They stand on a higher plane, like beacon-lights on an eminence, showing the way or giving warning to those that wander below. To furnish examples among these wanderers themselves—men that follow that guidance and heed that warning—is the business of the Third Order. Priests and religious are the angels announcing the glad tidings of the Gospel; Tertiaries are the latter-day shepherds that heed the sum-

mons and lead their comrades to Christ.

Lofty ideals, say you? Lofty, indeed, yet simple, too, and withal necessary. They are the ideals of the Gospel, which will ever be beyond the reach of worldly intelligences, and which even Catholics are prone to forget or to regard as

theoretically sublime but impossible in practice. Be it your aim, as it should be every Tertiary's aim, to realize them in your own life and, as far as possible, in the lives of all those that come within the sphere of your personal influence.

Yours in St. Francis,



THE POPE AND THE FRIARS OF THE HOLY LAND

IN commemoration of the coming of St. Francis to the Holy Land and of the founding there by him of what is known as the Franciscan Custody of the Holy Land, Pope Benedict XV has issued a pontifical brief addressed to the Catholics of the entire world, wherein he states that it is his wish that this momentous event should not pass without due notice on the part of Catholics. Following is an English version of the Holy Father's letter:

Pope Benedict XV

In perpetual remembrance of the event

That the glorious Founder of the Friars Minor, St. Francis of Assisi, journeyed to Palestine and there visited the Sepulcher of Our Lord, is a fact proved by arguments so strong and clear that it may be no longer called in doubt. Historians are no less unanimous in stating that he made this journey in the year 1219 although nearly two years before St. Francis had sent some of his disciples into Syria, there to preach and propagate the Gospel of Jesus Christ where first its message had been heard. From that time until the present day,

the Friars Minor have remained there uninterruptedly, forming the Province of the Holy Land, the most glorious of all Provinces in the Franciscan Order, which the holy patriarch himself founded.

By the guidance of Providence, it happened that the venerable monuments of religion in Palestine, hallowed by the divine Author of Christianity, passed into the hands of the Catholic Church with the right of dominion and of possession over them, and that they were committed to the Friars Minor for their preservation and safekeeping. Thus a great good will toward the Friars laboring for the glory of Christ in Palestine has ever been shown by the Holy See. For instance, Gregory IX declares it in his Apostolic Letter of 1230, *Si Ordinis Fratrum Minorum*, in which he recommends the Friars to the Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Antioch. Again, no small proof of it is found in the fact that the Friars have frequently been sent as apostolic legates to the Sultans of Egypt to plead for the defense of Christians. By the same benevolence, the Friars eventually obtained possession of the holy

places, and, from that time on, whenever the occasion presented itself, the Roman Pontiffs confirmed the privilege of keeping said places. Thus Clement VI in his Constitution, *Gratias agimus*, of November 21, 1342; Martin V in his Constitution, *Ad assiduum*, of July 7, 1420; and Innocent XI, who, in his Constitution, *Exponi nobis*, issued in the year 1688, says: "As up to now, by special concession of the Apostolic See, the holy places of Palestine, or of the Holy Land, and especially the Most Holy Sepulcher of Our Lord Jesus Christ have been guarded by the Friars Minor, so by Our apostolic authority and in virtue of these presents, we declare and ordain that by the same Friars the holy places shall still be guarded, ruled, and governed."

Everyone knows the varied and many-sided nature of this charge, the labors and expenses it entails. The Friars Minor have to safeguard the divine worship in the sanctuaries of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and elsewhere; to receive and shelter without charge pious pilgrims from all over the world; to exercise the care of souls for the Latin Catholics of Judea, Galilee, Syria, and Cyprus, establishing schools, orphanages, and other institutions of like nature; to undertake missions among infidels and non-Catholics, particularly in Upper Syria and Armenia. One can hardly describe the trials and sufferings of every kind which the Friars have undergone in the exercise of these arduous duties during so many centuries. Very many of them have laid down their life for the Catholic faith; many others became plague-stricken while performing their ministry, and died

martyrs of charity. Deservedly then does Pius IX in his Apostolic Letter, *Romani Pontifices*, of 1846, thus praise them: "The children of St. Francis have responded gloriously to the requests of the Roman Pontiffs; for they have stopped short of nothing, neither labors, nor sufferings, nor loss of life itself in the fulfilment of their duties." Similarly, Leo XIII in his Apostolic Letter, *Salvatoris ac Domini*, of December 26, 1887, says: "The Roman Pontiffs, even from earliest times, turning their eyes to those sacred places crimsoned by the Blood of the Word made flesh, ever exhorted Catholic nations to recover the tomb of Christ, and when afterwards it fell again into the hands of the infidels and the Friars Minor alone were allowed to guard it, the same Pontiffs never ceased to give all the aid they could, in order that this custody might be kept up and to provide, as far as time and means allowed, for the actual needs of the Friars, who were never deterred from their arduous task either by persecutions, or by vexations, or by cruel sufferings of torture."

Since, then, the Franciscans who guard the holy places, have in hand a work entailing very great expense, which they in their poverty can not meet, one must admire the goodness of Divine Providence which has never ceased to excite the generosity of all classes of Catholics to come to the aid of the Friars. In this work, the Roman Pontiffs themselves have led the way, not only by the large sums which they donated, but also, either by prescribing that in every diocese of the Catholic world certain collections should be made for the

needs of the Holy Land, or by adding incentives to the piety of the faithful with generous grants of pontifical indulgences.

These things we wish to call to mind on the occasion of the seven hundredth anniversary of the visit of St. Francis to Palestine; and that all the more because, considering in what manner the Friars Minor have borne themselves in the custody of the Holy Land during these very difficult times, We see them to be worthy in every way of the praises lavished on their predecessors.

Therefore, declaring that their holy and salutary work is most dear to Us, We most willingly confirm the charge, entrusted to them by Our predecessors, of the custody of the holy places with all the rights, privileges, and indulgences that they have enjoyed up to now. Lastly, following exclusively the regulation laid down by Leo XIII of happy memory for the support of the holy places, in the Letter already quoted, *Salvatoris ac Domini*, what he there declared, We, now, with Our apostolic authority decree: "That Our Venerable Brothers, the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries of the whole Catholic world,

are bound under holy obedience to see that in every parish church in the diocese at least once a year—that is, on Good Friday or some other day to be chosen by the Ordinary, similarly every year—the needs of the holy places be explained to the charity of the people. By the same authority We expressly prohibit and forbid that anyone should dare or presume to convert or change into other uses the alms gathered, in any way soever, for the Holy Land. Wherefore, We ordain, that the alms collected as was said above, shall be handed by the parish priest to the Bishop, and by the Bishop to the nearest Franciscan Commissary of the Holy Land; he shall take care that they be transmitted, as soon as possible, to Jerusalem to the Custos of the Holy Land, as is the custom."

These present letters We desire and ordain shall be held as valid and authentic, all other things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Seal of the Fisherman, on the 4th day of October, the Feast of St. Francis of Assisi, in the year 1918, the 5th of Our Pontificate.

P. Card. Gasparri,
Secretary of State.



THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

CHAPTER VII

(Concluded)

*Coronado with Fr. Padilla in Search of Quivira—Arellano Returns—
Coronado Arrives at Quivira—What and where it was—The In-
habitants—The "Turk's" End—A Cross Raised—Coronado
Returns to Tiguex—Arellano's Explorations—Coronado
Abandons New Mexico*

ON May 5, 1541, Coronado with his whole force and accompanied by Fr. Juan de Padilla, set out in search of the reported wealth. At Cicuye (Pecos) the Spaniards were received as friends, and another guide was secured. He claimed to be a native of Quivira. The "Turk" by this time had rendered himself open to suspicion; but as the new guide, named Xabe, to some extent confirmed his reports about gold and silver, the fortune hunters were much elated at the prospective conquest. A march of three or four days over a mountainous country brought them to "a great and very deep river which flows also near Cicuye, and was therefore called Rio de Cicuye."¹⁵ It took the soldiers four days to construct a bridge. A little later Coronado's expedition, going southeast,¹⁶ entered the great buffalo plains, and in ten days came to the first habitations of roving tribes on its way to the fabled gold of Quivira. The Spaniards now changed their course

to the rising sun, that is to say, almost due east. Very soon they came upon enormous herds of American bison or buffaloes. After thirty-seven days of marching, the expedition halted on the banks of a stream which flowed at the bottom of a deep ravine.

There was with the Spanish troops a man especially charged with the counting of the steps, the *pilotin*, in order to keep a record of the distances travelled. According to him, at the end of thirty-seven days, the expedition had covered two hundred and fifty leagues,¹⁷ or approximately six hundred and seventy-miles from Tiguex. Hence, according to Bandelier,¹⁸ the Spaniards had reached the central part of the Indian Territory, or, as Coues believes, they had entered Texas.¹⁹ The Indians encountered here, called Teyas, gave the commander to understand that he had been led astray, as Quivira lay far to the north. A council of war, held about the middle of June, 1541, then decided that the General

15. The Rio Pecos.

16. Jaramillo has northeast, which Hodge and Coues with good reason declare to be an error.

17. The Spanish league was equivalent to 2.63 miles.

18. Bandelier in *Am. Cath. Quart. Review*, July, 1890, p. 558.

19. Coues writes (p. 520): "The Texan sweep must have been over a portion of the Llanos Estacados or Staked Plain; exactly how far will probably never be known. The chances are that Coronado reached some upper waters of the Rio Colorado or Red River of Texas, if not even the Nueces, before he sent his main army back and pushed on north." See also *14th Annual Report*, p. 398.

should continue with thirty-six picked men in search of Quivira, while the main army under Captain Arellano returned to Tiguex. The principal reason for this decision was the lack of other food than buffalo meat. The two guides had also confessed that they had deceived him with regard to the buildings of Quivira, which in reality were nothing but straw huts. After remaining in that region fifteen days for the purpose of hunting buffaloes, Arellano and his men took a shorter route, and arrived at Tiguex before the end of July, having marched only twenty-five days.

With thirty horsemen, and accompanied by Fr. Padilla,²⁰ Coronado pushed on towards the north for forty-two days, until he reached a large river, which for the feast of the day, June 29, was christened Rio de San Pedro y San Pablo—the Arkansas, according to Bandelier. The expedition crossed this river to the north bank,²¹ and for twenty days followed its course downward to the northeast. Then turning to the north, inland, after sixty-seven days of short marches and occasional delays, “having marched across these deserts for seventy-seven days in all,”²² the Spaniards arrived at the long sought Quivira about the middle of August.

The only place where the expedition could have forded and followed the Arkansas, Bandelier thinks, is the stretch from the vicinity of Ford, where Mulberry Creek comes in, some distance below Dodge City, past Larned, to Great Bend, in Barton County, Kansas. There was the first village of Quivira. It is,

therefore, in northeastern Kansas, perhaps not far from the boundary of Nebraska, that we must look for the homes of the Quiviras in the years 1540-1543.²³

Coronado himself reported: “The province of Quivira is situated nine hundred and fifty leagues from Mexico, where I came from, and in forty degrees. The soil is the best that can be found for all kinds of products of Spain; for in addition to being fat and black, it is well irrigated by brooks, by springs, and by rivers. I found prunes like those of Spain, nuts, very good sweet grapes and mulberries.”²⁴

Quivira proved nothing more than one of several Indian villages consisting of straw huts or wigwams. The inhabitants raised small quantities of maize; but they had no knowledge of precious metals. The “Turk” thereupon confessed that all his tales about gold and silver had been falsehoods; but he claimed he had been induced by the Cicyue to lie, in order to lead the Spaniards far out into the plains to perish, or to be so weakened that on their return they might easily be vanquished. “One night the ‘Turk’ called on all these people to attack us and kill us. We learned of it, and put him under guard and strangled him that night so that he never waked up,” Jaramillo relates.²⁵

“They had described to me houses of stone, with many stories,” Coronado wrote to the King under date of October 20, 1541. “Not only are they not of stone, but of straw, and the people are as barbarous as those whom I had seen and passed before this. They have no

20. “El Capitan Francisco Vásquez fué por los llanos adelante con treinta de á caballo, y Fr. Juan de Padilla con el,” (*Relacion Postrera de Sivola*, pp. 568, 571, in *14th Annual Report*).

21. Bandelier in *Am. Cath. Quart. Review*, p. 558.

22. *14th Annual Report*, p. 396, 582.

23. Bandelier *ut supra*.

24. *14th Annual Report*, p. 582.

25. *14th An. Rep.*, p. 590.

mantles, nor cotton with which to make them, but use the skins of the cattle they kill, which they tan. . . . They eat the flesh raw like the Querechos and Teyas. They are at war with one another, but they are all of the same kind. . . . They received me peaceably. . . . There are not more than twenty-five villages of straw huts. . . . The people are tall. I had several Indians measured, and found them ten palms (spans) in height. The women are well proportioned, and their features are more like Moorish women than Indians. The natives gave me a piece of copper which one of the chiefs wore around his neck. I sent it to the viceroy. . . . The diversity of languages which exists in this country, and the fact that I had no one who understood them, because each village has its own language, hindered me. . . . I remained twenty-five days in this province of Quivira, to see and explore the country. . . . What I am sure of is that there is neither gold nor any other metal in all that country; and the other things they told me of are nothing but little villages. In many of these they plant nothing, and have no houses but merely huts of hides and reeds, and they change their abodes with the cows (buffaloes)."²⁶

The disappointed "general raised a cross at this place (Quivira) at the foot of which he made some letters with a chisel, which said that Francisco Vásquez de Coronado,

general of the army, had arrived here."²⁷

Mota Padilla writes that Fr. Padilla planted a cross at Quivira and promised to return there even if it cost him his life.²⁸ At the request of Fr. Padilla, Coronado probably had his men construct a large cross, and on a given day it was planted and then blessed in the presence of the soldiers and Indians. Thus both Coronado and Fr. Padilla may be said to have erected the Standard of Salvation in the heart of the continent some time in September, 1541, even before Martin Luther and Henry VIII had been called to give an account to the Eternal Judge for their apostasy and other misdeeds.

Captain Arellano had meanwhile sent out two exploring parties in the region of the Rio Grande. One of these ascended the valley north of Tiquex, first visiting the province of Jémez (Hémes)²⁹. From there the detachment turned to the province of Yuqueyunque, or the district embracing the present pueblos of San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, San Juan, Puiuaque, Nambé, and Tesuque. About fifty-two miles northeast of what is now Santa Fe, they came to a large town built on both banks of a stream, with wooden bridges connecting the two parts. Its name was Braba or Yuraba, which the Spaniards changed to Valladolid.³⁰

Another expedition explored the country south of Tiquex or Berna-

26. *14th Annual Report*, pp. 582-583; *Bandelier, A. C. Q. Review*, pp. 559-560.

27. *14th An. Rep.*, p. 591.

28. "Pero porque el Padre Fr. Juan de Padilla, cuando acompañó á Don Francisco Vásquez Coronado hasta el pueblo de Quivira, puso en el una cruz, protestando no desampararla aunque le costase la vida, por tener entendido hacer fruto en aquellos Indios, y en los comarcanos, determinó volverse." (*Historia*, cap. xxxii, no. 7, p. 167.)

29. "From the Queres name Hemishatsi, or Hemishitsi; their own name is Tawa, or Walatuwa, situated on the Jémez River, a tributary of the Rio Grande. Castañeda speaks of seven pueblos of the Jémez Indians, in 1541, in addition to three in the Province of Aguas Calientes, identified with the Jémez Hot Springs." (*Hodge in Land of Sunshine*, Nov. 1900, p. 357.)

30. Taos on the Taos River. It is divided into two sections, popularly known as the North and the South Town. (*Hodge*, ut supra.)

lillo. They advanced about eighty leagues, and may have reached the Piro in the Socorro region. It can hardly be doubted that the Franciscans took an active part in these expeditions as chaplains, with a view to laying the foundations for future missions, or at least to benefiting such Indians as were at the point of death.

Although bitterly disappointed at the result of the journey to Quivira, Coronado intended to renew explorations in the coming year; but in a tournament he was thrown from his horse, and so seriously in-

jured that a council of war decided to abandon further attempts at conquest, and to leave the territory altogether. The homeward march was begun in April, 1542, and ended at Culiacán in June, when the greater part of the army disbanded. Coronado finally arrived at the Capital with barely one hundred men.³¹

Not all, however, abandoned New Mexico. True to their calling and zeal the Franciscans remained firm in their resolution to devote themselves to the conversion of its inhabitants; but that story belongs to the next chapter.

31. *14th Annual Report*, pp. 400-403; Castañeda, *ibid.* pp. 530-538; *Relacion del Suceso*, *ibid.* pp. 578-579; Jaramillo, *ibid.* p. 592; Bandelier, *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, July, 1890, pp. 560-561; Mota Padilla, pp. 166, 169; Tello, pp. 439-441; Salmeron, nos. 5-8; Bancroft, *Arizona*, 63-66; Shea, vol. i, pp. 118-120; Whipple, 111; Coues, 513-520; Lowery, vol. 300-336.

PEP

By L. M. Wallace
(Concluded)

ON the fifth day after the affair of the cattle cars, Eb's buckboard rattled out of the county town with Pep on the seat, rejoicing in the possession of a flapping sombrero and brown overalls.

The smoke and clatter of the new born city died. The rolling slopes of Pine Forest rustled by. Pep's eyes were alight. "There used to be sure-thing Indians right here in these woods; didn't there, Mr. Mudd?"

"Shor, d'ye see thet bluff out yon? Right back thur, the 'Patchies roasted Lem Walker."

"Gee!" whistled Pep leaning forward. "Tell me about that!"

"Nothin' much ter tell. Geronimo caught Lem an' thet's whut he done ter him. Say, sonny, when yo want Indian stories, yo shud hunt up some feller in Boston; he kin set in a mehogny cheer an' spin Indian yarns thet'll stiff yer hair

fer yo; but them thet knows,—say, now, old man Ecker thet wuz borned in the Sierras in forty-eight, them thet knows, they don't tell no Indian stories."

"Does Mr. Ecker know about Lem Walker?"

"Well I somewhat slightly reckon he does. Joe Ecker, he made a dozen er so 'Patchies inter good Indians thet day; an' chiefly owen ter him, the boys wuz in time ter lay Lem on some saddle blankets before he caved in. There wuz a picter in whut wuz left of his coat, a little old tintype of his mother on her weddin' day, not burned none, only blistered. Lem hed kept his hand over it plumb through the hull shebang. He made Ecker promise ter take it ter old Misury an' tell the pore old woman he hed kept his word ter her and made his peace with God afore he went over the big divide; an' thet's the long an' the short of it all."

"But you know other stories, Mr. Mudd?" Pep paused and stared;—a gray shadow had slipped over Eb's face; his mouth twisted; his eyes were on the distant hills. A rising fear gripped Pep; he reached down for the canteen. "Don't you want a drink of water, Mr. Mudd, you're sick or—"

"Nothin', kid, nothin'! I shudn't hev sed so dern much about 'Patchies; that's the one thing I kain't stand." Then seeing the disappointment in the boy's eyes, he said slowly, "Ef yo want ter know why, some day yo kin go up little Silver Creek, not fer, jist a ways up where the aspins grow; there's a pile of rocks, an' a cedar cross; writ on it, burned thur with a brandin' iron, is 'Stan Mudd, Theresie Mudd, an' little Molly.' No, I don't know whut the 'Patchies done ter them; old man Ecker he'd too much sense ter let 'em bring me nigh the grave till every thing was covered with saddle blankets.

"I wuz three year younger than yo be now, Pep. Reckon it wuz the memr'y of them thet made me want ter jerk yo out of danger, when I seen yo in thet cattle ker—seen yo startin' down the road thet leads ter breakin' yore mother's heart. Well, yo didn't know whut yo wuz doin'; but I'm tellin' yo now, the boy er man thet by his diviltry brings tears ter the eyes of the mother thet borned him, he's a rattlesnake, he is; he ain't fit fer the skunks ter eat." Then the gray shadow settled down and for long hours Eb Mudd ceased to speak.

Tille ille alle ille

Oo eh oh

Oo eh oh oo eh oh

The rollicking chorus sounded in the rear. Pep turned; there was a cloud of dust from which the "Oo eh oh" still poured. Mudd seemed to waken and drawing up the team

he yelled back. In a moment they were surrounded by a dozen shying, prancing ponies; a dozen brawny hands were outstretched, and a dozen voices were heard:

"Hello, Eb!"

"So long, Mudd!"

"Howdy, Jim!"

"Tain't Jim!"

"Who's the kid?"

"Welcome, young un!"

"Glad ter see yo!"

Then they were gone and the song floated back to the tune of galloping feet.

"Gee!" gasped Pep, "they are sure enough cowboys, aren't they?"

Mudd laughed; his old spirit was in command again. Many a joke he told as the hot day wore to its close, but never a word of Indians.

Pep also was himself again as he tumbled out over the wheel by the corral at Mudd's ranch. He shook hands with Mrs. Mudd like a young Chesterfield; grinned at the girls; and with his eyes narrowed to a slit studied Jim. Half a head shorter and a year and a half younger than Pep was Jim.

The greeting festivities were short, ending in a general hurry to prepare supper for Dad. Pep, never deeply in love with work, took his visitor's rights by seating himself on the porch to watch operations. Suddenly the smallness, the plain poverty of the ranch struck him,—a clap-boarded log cabin of four rooms, everything in sight handmade. Jim in his often washed and oftener patched blue overalls coming out of the shed door, and not knowing he was part of a picture, yelled, "Oh, say, Pep! d'ye want ter come out ter the barn with me?—I'll show yo my—"

"Barn?—where's the barn? Oh, that thing! I thought that was a chicken coop."

"Reckon yo lived in a chicken

coop!" bristled Jim. "Wow ough!" He spun about, the floury imprint of his mother's hand upon his cheek. "Ain't yo got no manners? Never seen the beat of yo, boy, jist like a banty rooster, kain't see another un come in the yard but it has ter ruffle up its neck feathers fer a fight."

"Oh, Lyddie, aer yo busy?" Eb was standing in the doorway. "I jist finished thet letter about the ir'gation right; kin yo look it over fer spellin'? Yo, Mattie, put them biscuits in the oven fer yore mother; Sue an' Sis kin help yo set the table; Jim, yo better pump thet water."

When Eb came into the front room and closed the door, his wife looked up laughing. "Now, whut aer yo plannin'?"

"Well, ef yo ain't the beatenist woman!—how'd yo know I was plannin' anything?"

"Get me in the front room with the door shet, send all the children huntin' a needle without an eye, an' then wonder I see yo has a calf on the end of yore lariat; takes a man ter be stupid."

Eb chuckled. "Well, hyre is whut I got on my lass-rop; yo know whut I wrote yo about this hyre Pep?"

"Shor, Eb, an' while I'm willin' ter give him a chance, I lays one law down right hyre,—I kain't hev thet thur Pep teachin' Jim an' Joe no city meanness. Ef he begins his shennannygans, I'll take a stick ter him, Mrs. Pelegrin er no Mrs. Pelegrin!"

"Thet's jist whut's on my lariat, Lyddie; this hyre Pep is spilin' fer a lickin' an' Jim is spilin' fer ter give it ter him."

"Yo, Eb Mudd, yo don't mean fer ter sic them two boys on fer a fight—"

"Sic! aint no cause fer sicin' em! jist let 'em alone. It's goin' ter come off any way,—boys is boys;

but we might as well let one lickin' do the job. Jim's layin' fer ter night after supper. Yo'd a died laffin' ter see Joe goin' from the kitchin' ter the pump an' back again bribin' the girls not ter tell on Jim."

"May be yo aer right, Eb; but Pep, he is so much bigger."

"No need ter worry about Jim, a tough-fisted little Arizona kicker is thet kid."

So it happened that after supper mother and father were out in front stepping off the foundations of the long planned and never built side wing. The girls and Joe hung about in nervous eagerness to keep their elders busy, and said elders were most docile and blind.

Later on the pump handle sounded and Joe crept out of sight; but Eb only looked out of the corner of his eye at Lyddie, and said under his breath, "Reckon thet's the wash up after the finish?"

Next morning at breakfast there was some delay about the entrance of Pep and Jim,—an evident desire to see if two boys could hide behind each other at the same time. Eb set down his coffee cup.

"Look hyre, Jim," he said, "when yo is playin' hide an' seek of nights, yo orter tell a new kid whur the stumps an' snags aer; Pep, he seems ter hev run agenst suthin' er other an hurt his upper lip."

"Augh, I'm all right," grinned that worthy, as he slid into his place on the bench by the wall.

A little after seven, the light buckboard was out by the corral; Mattie came from the kitchen with a goodly covered basket.

"What's that?" called Pep, a picnic suddenly looming up on the horizon.

"Lunch fer school," answered Mattie. "Hurry up! We aer late this mornin'."

Into the buckboard they piled; the three girls on the seat, Jim

standing behind to drive, Joe and Pep and the lunch basket in the wagon box. Boggs jogged along at that rolly-polly trot beloved of trusty horses, and the children covered the four miles in time to hear Miss Dent jingling the hand bell.

No, it was not a war-scarred log cabin. Arizona is proud of the neat school houses that dot every county in the state; and the younger generation make as good use of their educational advantages as the children of longer cultivated lands: at least, so Paul Eugene Pelegrin found the case to be.

At first, in the leisurely security of the city boy, Pep surveyed the handmade desks and their occupants; twenty pupils he counted: the Mudds, three little Swedes, a stair-step Irish family, four Mexicans, a shifty little half-breed, a few "pore whites," and a loose-jointed Mormon youth who never ceased the noisy conning of a second reader. "Some Rubes!" muttered Pep, "Gee!"

"Paul!"—The teacher was speaking, "now that the others are busy, I have time to examine you. Have you studied fractions yet?"

"Yes, ma'm, I passed them; got ninety-nine on my examination."

"Good. How about decimals?"

"Oh, I know all about them; we finished decimals two quarters ago; yes, ma'm!"

Jim's eyes looked his envy; but he buckled down to his slate with mighty exertion.

"Very well," went on Miss Dent, "you may review for a few days; if I find you thorough, you may begin advance work next week. For to-day you may work with Jim; take the exercise he is doing; you take the seventh and Jim the eighth."

Little Mudd sprang for the chalk. There was that in his face which said, "I beat you last night

and I'll do it again!"

Over the top of books and slates the eyes of the school were on the battle. Pep felt them burning to the bottom of his soul; for once he raised his chalk with intent to work.

Three scratching moments on the old blackboard, or rather gray board; Jim was getting the answer; his shining eyes told the tale; Pep, that never had done an honest hour's school work, was at sea. He couldn't fail before the crowd; quickly he erased the few scattered figures, wrote the answer in the book, and drew a bird warbling "Slow Rube Jim."

"Got it!" gasped little Mudd.

"Gee, you're pokey! I've been finished for an age." Pep's sheepskin eraser stood shielding the bird from Miss Dent but revealing it to Jim.

"You are correct, Jim," began the teacher. "Paul, if you can solve that problem, put the work on the board; if not, you will do better to enter the class with Sue and Sis Mudd."

"I did do it! There's my answer. We always work little easy examples like that in our heads; that's the way they do in city schools—Wow! what's the matter with you?" for in the moment the lank Mormon had sprung from his seat. "Yo little sneakin' skunk of a tenderfoot," he bawled.

"Don't get excited, Jeff."

"No offence, Miss Dent, but thur ain't been a boy this term dust sass yo. I ain't goin' ter set hyre an' stan' fer thet. Ye whut hes kept 'em from laffen et me, an' helped me till I'm nigh through the second reader."

Pep took the opportunity to erase his bird while Miss Dent quieted the knightly Mormon. "Thank you, Jeff, but when a boy needs punishment, it is the teacher who must give it."

"Shor! I'll hold him down while yo lick him!"

"So will I!" rang the chorus.

In spite of herself Bella Dent found she was laughing; they were so loyal, this noisy crew. "We shall give Paul one more chance. Now can you work that problem, or can't you?"

"You bet I can, but I wo—" The gleam in the Mormon's eyes caught Pep. The memory of Jim's fist was fresh and stinging; what if he roused the whole hornet's nest? "I mean, how can a feller work with a gang of guys laffin' at him?"

"Oh, shyness in a new school is causing the trouble,—very well, go there to the seat by the wall; prove you can do the work Jim does, or go back with Sue and Sis."

For half an hour Pep struggled with that page; then he dropped his pencil. "I'll say 'I won't,' if they kill me; I'm not goin' to own I can't do 'em; an' I'm not goin' back with Sue and Sis Mudd."

Just before recess Miss Dent paused by Pep's seat. "Can you do them?"

"You bet I can, but I won't!" he growled, with one eye on the Mormon, "an' nobody can make me!"

A smile twitched Miss Bella's lips, "Very well, you silly boy, but you will sit in that seat till you solve that problem or own you can't."

When the children separated in the evening, the young Mormon lingered to offer his fists to do a knight's part for the school-ma'm; but Miss Bella sent him on his way and sat at her desk reading while her saddle horse stamped and pawed outside.

There came at last through the lengthening silence the clip-clap of hoofs upon the road, a short halt, the jingle of spurs on the door step, and a man strode into the room, quirt in hand. A powerful man

when at his prime, but bent now and lean with muscles of corded and knotted iron; the face beneath the grizzled hair was scored and scarred and twisted. A livid spot on his forehead palpitated as he spoke and he marked each word with a pop of his quirt that sounded like a pistol shot.

"Step out hyre, yo little low-down tenderfoot, step out hyre!" Pep sunk behind the desk.

"Mr. Ecker," began Miss Dent.

"Ecker!" gasped Pep, "old man Ecker, the man that killed a dozen Indians in one day!"

"Take off yore coat an' step out hyre! The more yo plays the coward the more I'll give yo!"

Pep with his eyes wild with terror, obeyed; and the knotty old fingers gripped his shoulders while the quirt popped louder than before.

"Now, young sass-box, I'm trustee of this hyre school. Larn thet! I'm goin' ter knock one lesson inter yo. Larn thet!"

"Oh, please, sir!—just one more chance, sir! I'll go in Sis Mudd's class or—"

"Dry up thet squallin'! Ef yore a man, stand up an' take your desarts when yo knows yo desarves them."

"Mr. Ecker," Bella Dent's voice could be heard at last through the tumult, "thank you for your interest in the school and the way you stand behind my discipline, but there is a mistake here. Paul has merely been acting foolishly. He began by boasting that he knew more than he did; and when he found his mistake, he did not have sufficient common sense to enter the class in which he belongs."

"Jist a plumb dern loceed fool, an iijit, is thet whut yo be?"

"Ye-e-s-s, si-r-r! an' I'll do wh-a-t-t e-ev-ev-er teacher wa-a-wa-ants now, sssir!"

"Beg your teacher's parding,

now an' termorrie mornin' before the hull schebang of kids."

"Yes, sir, an' thank yo, sir, for not lickin' me; an' I'm awful sorry Miss Dent—but—oh, lookie!—the Mudds!—how will I ever get home?—the Mudds have gone with the buckboard!"

"Git home?—ain't yo got two feet? Thur's the road: ain't but four mile." Then with that gentleness born of a pioneer's reverence for womanhood, old man Eck-er turned to Miss Dent. "May I hep yo on yore hawss, Miss Bella, an' ride over with yo; hit's gittin' tolerable late."

Once free of that terrible popping quirt in the hands of that horrible man-killer, Pep walked along the road meditating dark deeds. He was not going to Mudd's to be laughed at by Jim. Straight into those deep mysterious cañons beyond the river would he go and be a horse thief; but—hunger stared him in the face, the thought of the miles to be walked sickened him. Hunger was in command; toward Mudd's ranch he tramped.

When Pep dragged his weary feet through the big gate, another idea had possession. Hadn't Bruester crumpled at the very mention of Mrs. Pelegrin's name? Seeing Eb by the corral, Pep stepped forward with a half defiant, half fearful face. His words were icily polite. "Mr. Mudd, my mother didn't send me here to be rickaculed an' scuffed at an' turned down in my grade!"

"Why don't yo write an' tell her about it? Thur's ink an' pen an' paper an' stamps in the desk in the front room. Ef yo aer amin' ter git it on the next mail, I reckon yo better hoof it in ter town ter night; moon's nigh full; yo kin trace the trail clear an' easy fer the hull eight mile—"

"Oh, Jim," called Mattie from the doorway, "go tell dad supper is

ready."

Pep thought it would accord with his wounded feelings to refuse all nourishment; but fear that these matter-of-fact Mudds might take him at his word, made him decide to eat in gloomy silence. He did and no one even noticed it.—Oh, insult piled upon injury!

After supper, Pep walked with the utmost dignity into the front room, closed the door, and seated himself at the rough desk. No one molested him; no one even "peeked."

Sounds floated through the closed door: Mrs. Mudd had made pop corn; the little Mudds were eating it. The white sheet stared up at Pep:

Deer Mother:—I can't stand this rotten ranch another day—

Following this was a skull and crossbones, three skeletons in a fight, and a few talking birds.

"Gee! an' I got to walk eight whole miles to post it!"

The voices in the kitchen were hushed. "Talkin' about me, I bet!" Pep slipped over to the door and opened it cautiously. No one was even thinking of him. Oh, misery of the forgotten!

Mrs. Mudd was hearing Joe's spelling. Eb was scratching his head over Mattie's arithmetic. The others were conning something half aloud. Pep would have slid out of sight again; but Jim, glancing up, saw him. There was pity in Jim's eyes,—pity of the victor for the vanquished. He stole from his place and put his arm around Pep's neck. "Why don't yo pitch in an' do it?" he urged. "Start with Sue an' Sis an' work up; meb-be yo kin ketch me. I never did hev a boy in class with me; they's allers ahead er behind. We could race an' everythin'. I'll hep yo ketch up; an' meb-be ef yo'd quit playin' the mule, dad w'd hep yo of nights."

"Would he?" gulped Pep.

"Shor," called Eb. "Thet is, so be yo's made up yore mind ter be a good boy."

Seated at Eb's side eating of the pop corn, Pep worked with a vengeance, although he had need of eye proppers to aid him; and when for the third time he had fallen asleep, Mrs. Mudd whispered, "Send thet child ter bed; he's plumb wore out trampin' them four up-hill miles." Eb did so but first he whispered something in Pep's ear, to which that worthy answered, "Gee!—will you?"

The following Saturday, Eb came out of the corral with two saddled horses, his own roan and a certain good natured pie-faced pinto. Jim was out of the swing in a bound. "No," said Eb, "Jist only Pep is goin' ridin with me ter day."

Toward sundown they returned. Pep was riding at a lope, loose set in his saddle, never so much as a finger touching the horn.

"Gee! Some ride, Mr. Mudd! Thank you!" He swung off the horse with a good imitation of Eb's dismount and walked after him to the corral with a bowlegged cowboy wobble that sent Lyddie into the front room to hide her shaking shoulders.

Only to Jim did Pep confide two secrets of that day: first, that Eb had said he might call the pinto his horse as long as he stayed on the ranch; second, that the insides of his legs were raw, no skin at all to be found on his knees and ankles.

* * *

Arizona's August glare was blinding the valley as Pep and Jim and Joe loped along the flats half a dozen miles from home. Here and there a jackrabbit sky-hopped and fled. The wind swept the sand in whirlygigs about the dry yuccas.

"What's that?" called Pep.

"Calf, yo geek, whut did yo take it fer?"

"Sure a calf, but what brand is on it? I don't see any."

"Mebbe it's a doegie."

"Mine then!" yelled Jim, "I saw it first."

"Not by a long shot! You didn't see that it wasn't branded," retorted Pep.

"Lass fer it, why don't ye?" suggested Joe.

"Good and well. Get out your lariat!"

"Ready?"

"Go it!" refereed Joe.

Jim's lasso touched the calf's hind quarters, Pep's fell short.

"Coil 'em up agin!" bellowed Joe. "Ready? Go it!"

Jim's touched the nose, but Pep's went well over the head. "Round yer horn!—quick!—wind it!" Too late! the jerking rope burned itself out of Pep's hand. Off ran the doegie trailing the lariat.

"Lead my horse for me, Jim!" called Pep, swinging off his mount and throwing the reins to Jim. "Foller me up while I chase her. You, Joe—head 'er off!"

The calf harassed by Joe, turned into a dry arroyo. "Gee! The horses can't come in here; too derved rough!" wailed Pep.

"Go ahead an' trail 'er," encouraged Jim. "We'll foller along the hog-back."

Pep struggled onward, now gaining on the calf, almost at the point of stepping on that bobbing end of the lariat, again hopelessly behind. Howls and squeals from above followed his varying success as he puffed and panted a weary mile in the wake of that doegie calf.

The arroyo merged into the cañon as it neared the mesa side; but the calf was at Pep's mercy at last, for the lariat was fast in the rocks and the panting doegie tugged in vain.

Pep's hand reached out for the rope, when a sound came from the ledge before him,—a sound that

sent a sickening horror through him. There was a beast,—a mighty, groveling, cat-like thing with muscles that swelled and twisted and fell under a tawny velvet hide. He heard Jim's scream from the cliff above, "Run fer it!" but from across the cañon came a stern order, "Stand plumb still!" It was Eb's voice and the very sound gave Pep courage to stiffen every muscle and stare at the thing as it drew its mighty forces together for the spring.

A clap of thunder, a burning sting in Pep's shoulder,—the puma plunged forward,—rose in his wrath,—crumpled sidewise and fell in the sand writhing.

"All right, kid! Git up on them rocks outen his reach!"

From his perch, Pep watched Mr. Mudd running with monster strides down the cañon side. As he passed him, Pep saw the grey look that had startled him on the trip to the ranch. Eb leaned over the writhing brute and with one sure bullet ended the battle.

"Gee, but that was some shot!" gurgled Pep. "Way from over in them rocks, right over my shoulder and you hit him—all right, all right!"

"Dern risky shot!" growled Eb as he sprang up the rocks toward Pep, "couldn't git his head er heart withouten comin' too nigh yorn! Nothin left but ter break his back fer him. Now whut hev I done ter yo?"

The fingers, so firm before, were trembling now as he tore the boy's shirt open; then the grey look fell from his face and he smiled, "Clipped the muscle a bit, eh?—no leaders cut ner nothin'," he commented as the white shoulder rolled under his hand. "Bled perty smart; thet's good; won't hev no pison in it. Yo was a good boy ter stand so still."

"Oh, say, Mr. Mudd, will you
(The End)

teach me to shoot like that?"

"Shor, now I knows yo kin do as yore told. Jim hes the doegie calf. Hev yo thought out yore brand yit?"

"You bet; it's Pep bar,—like this—see?" and he traced upon the sand PXP.

"Good," laughed Mudd, "I'm goin' ter give yo the pinto fer keeps, so yo is set up in the cattle biznuz right hyre an' now."

"So long, Eb," came a call from above.

"Well, ef thur aint old man Ecker up yon by the trail,—hello!—howdy, Joe, howdy!"

Ecker's black was seesawing down the cliff toward them. "Yo hed a bunch o' mail, I brought it along,—comin' this way anyhow. Dumb ijits!—whut's up now?"

"Oagh! yo never kin tell when the kids is safe!" growled Eb. "Ain't seen nothin' worse ner a coyote on this mesa since Mattie wuz a baby; an' look whut the little uns run up agenst this mornin! Reckon it come down frum the Rim Rocks scentin' thet thur doegie calf."

"Kinder large huntins fer kids," said Ecker. "Well, hyre's yore mail. Letter thur fer Pep. Schoolmarm sez he aint so doggoned lo-coed as he uster wuz,—sorter takin' out his civilizashun papers. Wu'l, hyre yo aer, kid."

Pep tore open the letter in high glee; then his face darkened.

"Whut's the matter, kid?"

"Reckon I'll have to give my pinto horse to Jim an' my doegie calf to Joe. Mother says she's lonesome and wants me, so I aughter go home!"

"Put it thur!" Eb stretched out his hairy hand, "Pep Pelegrin, put it thur! The day yo kin look on the thing yo don't want ter do, an' say, 'I will fer I hed orter!' thet day yo is a man, Pep!"

A THIRD ORDER DAY NURSERY

THE Third Order fraternity of St. Francis, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has entered on a new field of Christian charity. The pressing need of a Catholic day nursery had long been felt. Finally, the Tertiaries took the matter in hand and, on October 8, 1917, they opened the first Catholic institution of this kind in Milwaukee, and called it the St. Francis Day Nursery. The management was entrusted to a board of officers, who are all connected with the Third Order. The chairman of this board is the Rev. Fr. Director; the other officers are: Mr. Fred Esser, president; Mr. John Grow, first vice president; Mrs. Mary Nickel, second vice president; Mr. John J. Meyer, treasurer; Mr. Christ Derra, first secretary; Miss Elizabeth Ruf, second secretary; Miss Rose Friesch, Miss Teresa Dicke, Miss Elizabeth Durnin, and Mrs. Mary Conway, consultants.

The nursery admits children ranging from three months to twelve years, and of every creed and nationality. During the first three days, it harbored only one child; at the end of the second week, the number of children had increased to three, and it continued to increase, so that in July, 1918, several applicants had to be denied admission for lack of accommodations. The highest attendance on one day was forty-four. The average daily attendance during the summer months was thirty-one. The first annual report shows a total of 4003 cared for at the nursery during the 305 days on which the institution was open to the public. The number of children admitted during this first year was 153, representing 86 families. During the four months from June 1 to Octo-

ber 1, 1918, 2336 meals were served the children.

At first, the children were placed in charge of a matron, who had the general supervision of the institution. She was assisted by Tertiary women, who volunteered to lend a helping hand either for a day or a half-day each week. Soon the matron was replaced by a trained nurse, who rendering the institution perfectly sanitary in every respect, called forth the unqualified approval and commendation of the City Health Department. The present nurse, Miss Catherine Stafford, is assisted by a domestic and by the Tertiary volunteers. Both the nurse and the domestic receive a competent salary. The children receive medical care through the courtesy of Dr. Felix Schmit, M.D., a member of St. Francis parish.

When a child is admitted to the nursery, it is examined as to its physical condition. A record is also made of its name, address, and age, of the religious affiliation and social standing of its family. These items afford greater facility in exercising a salutary influence on the families of the respective children. Monthly reports are issued, giving a statistical review of the work that has been carried on. All these measures conform to the plan of The Association of Catholic Day Nurseries of New York. Meals are given to the children according to the needs of their age, while ample opportunity is allowed for healthful recreation. The older children attend the parish school.

The nursery building belongs to the parish of St. Francis, which has generously given the Third Order the use of it. It is situated opposite the church. The front



St. Francis Day Nursery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

room, 30 by 18 feet, is used for office purposes. The adjoining apartment, 30 by 30 feet, is a large play room, which is always invitingly decorated. Besides these rooms, the nursery contains two bed rooms, a dining room, a kitchen, and a nurse's room. Since it occupies only the ground floor of the building, the accommodations are fast becoming too small for the constantly growing needs; and plans are under consideration for securing larger quarters. The expenses of the institution, which are not inconsiderable, are partly defrayed by occasional charitable donations, partly by the nominal fee of ten cents paid each day by the mothers who are able to do so. The deficit is made up by the Third Order.

It is greatly to be regretted that there are so few Catholic day nurseries in our big cities at the present day. In not a few families, the mother is either the only breadwinner or she must assist the father in his struggle for a livelihood. Many mothers, too, can not attend

Mass on Sundays on account of their little ones. Other mothers, as a rule, can not or will not take care of other children. Again, many a mother can not find a reliable person to whom she can safely entrust her child. All this goes to show how necessary day nurseries are. A day nursery would certainly be an inestimable boon for every community even though its scope were only negative; namely, to keep the children out of physical and moral dangers. But the purpose of a Catholic day nursery is far more practical and the good results of still greater consequence. Here the child lives continually in a Catholic atmosphere, imbibes from infancy Catholic principles, learns to know and love Jesus, the Friend of children, learns to obey, to say its prayers—in short receives that training of body, soul, and mind which a non-Catholic nursery could not give. What a consolation for a good mother if she can leave her child for the day at such a nursery.

The St. Francis Day Nursery

has been true to its exalted purpose. The good it has achieved in the one short year of its existence is inestimable. It has converted untidy, neglected little ones into clean, neat, and devout children. But for it, many of them would never have frequented a Catholic school. A goodly number were gained for Christ in the saving laver of Baptism. Many homes have been made cleaner, brighter, happier through it. Marriages have been revalidated, parents brought back to their religious duties, and



Tertiary Day Nursery—Exterior

countless other good results have been brought about through their day nursery by the Tertiaries of Milwaukee.—*Communicated.*

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HOW ST. CLARE BLESSED THE LOAVES

Pope Gregory IX visited St. Clare's monastery that he might hear heavenly words from her. While they were talking together, St. Clare had loaves made ready on all the tables for the Sisters, and, having finished their conversation, St. Clare besought the Pope on her knees to bless the bread. But he answered, "Most faithful Sister Clare, I would have thee bless these loaves by making the sign of the cross over them." "Forgive me, most holy Father," she said humbly, "for herein I were much to be blamed if I, a worthless woman, presumed to give a blessing in this wise in the presence of Christ's Vicar." The Pope answered, "Well then, that it be not set down to presumption, and, further, that merit may be thine, I bid thee by holy obedience to bless these loaves by making with thine hand the sign of the cross." She, like a truly obedient daughter, raised her hands in blessing, and made the sign of the cross in the air over the loaves, when forthwith the sign of the cross appeared on all the loaves; some of which were devoutly eaten, and others put by, on account of the miracle.—*Annales Minorum.*

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College.—Our Most Rev. Fr. General returned to Rome from his canonical visitation in Umbria on the vigil of the feast of the Subtle Doctor, the Ven. John Duns Scotus, Nov. 7. On the following morning, a solemn High Mass was celebrated in commemoration of this great champion of the Immaculate Conception. We are hoping that next year we shall have the great pleasure of saying holy Mass in honor of the Blessed Duns Scotus after an official and solemn declaration of the Church to this effect.

Most Rev. Fr. General is leaving nothing undone to assure the well documented rights of the Franciscans to the Holy Places in Palestine in the new political adjustment which is now to be made. In this connection the magnificent decree of the Holy Father on behalf of the rights and privileges of the Friars Minor in the Holy Land, filled the hearts of the sons of St. Francis with joy and consolation. In the name of the Order, Fr. General hastened to thank His Holiness for his fatherly words of praise and encouragement.

The solemn *Te Deum* for the victory of the Allies in Italy was chanted in the Franciscan Church of Ara Coeli, which, as the Senatorial Church, is regarded as the official church of the city of Rome. It is situated on the Capitol on the site of the ancient temple of Juno. The hymn of thanksgiving was intoned by the Cardinal Vicar, Cardinal Pompili, in the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Duke of Genoa, representative of the King of Italy, and all the civil and military authorities of the city.

Quebec, Canada.—*El Echo de St. Francois* is authority for the statement that His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec has been a member of the Third Order of St. Francis for the past ten years. While it was known that Sir Charles Fitzpatrick is a staunch Catholic, says *The Franciscan Review*, the fact that he is also a son of St. Francis will add fresh luster to his name and another glory to the Third Order.

Montreal, Canada.—The members of

the St. Patrick's Tertiary Fraternity of Montreal are accustomed to practice an annual charity that might well be imitated by fraternities in other cities. Each year, they distribute Christmas dinners to a number of worthy poor, the number of dinners depending on the amount of alms received by the fraternity for this purpose. This good work has been performed so quietly that many, even members of the Third Order, know nothing of it. The cheer that has been brought to many poverty-stricken families on Christmas day has been sufficient reward for the labor and expense that this act of Christian and Franciscan charity entails.

Boston, Mass., St. Leonard's Church.—The Italian parish of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, which is in charge of the Franciscans, turned out *en masse* on Sunday, December 15 last, to honor Our Lady of Peace in thanksgiving for the ending of the war. Solemn High Mass and sermon marked the forenoon services, while in the afternoon a grand parade of all the societies of the parish, including numerous Tertiaries, clad in the large habit of the Third Order, wended its way through all the streets of North End. Rev. Fr. Antony Sousa, O.F.M., pastor of St. Leonard's, carrying a relic of our Blessed Lady and attended by two Tertiaries, brought up the rear. It is estimated that upwards of 50,000 persons participated in the procession.

The Tertiaries of St. Leonard's are planning, with the approval of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, to purchase a large estate in the suburbs of Boston, to be used as a home for the orphan children of the parish and for needy and friendless Tertiaries. Moreover, the Home will be open to pious women, who desire to live a community life but who for some reason or other are not eligible as Sisters in a religious congregation. These women, while leading a life not unlike that of Sisters in a convent, will have charge of the orphanage.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—During the past year, the St. Francis and the St. Louis Fraternities made special efforts to aid the home as well as the for-

oign missions. The financial report proves how well they succeeded in this. \$500 were sent to the Church Extension Society, \$800 to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for the foreign missions, and another \$800 to our Very Rev. Father Provincial Samuel Macke for the Franciscan missions in Arizona. Besides this, two large boxes of mission goods were sent to the Arizona missions by the Tertiaries. The two fraternities have undertaken also to establish a scholarship to enable a worthy young man, who wishes to become a Franciscan priest, to meet the necessary expenses of his education. Thus far, \$3,300.00, mostly in Liberty Bonds, have been secured; the remainder of \$1,700.00 will soon be paid, so that by next September, our Tertiaries will be able to send their first student to St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., and to defray all his expenses. Our Third Order library is in a very flourishing condition. Each month, new names are added to the long list of patrons. The librarians deserve much praise for the faithful discharge of their trying duties.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—The regular monthly meeting of the Third Order took place on Sunday, January 5. Fifteen postulants received the cord and scapular and fourteen were professed. In his New Year's greeting to the Tertiaries, our Rev. Director thanked them for their faithful attendance at the meetings during the past year, and expressed his deep appreciation of the cordial cooperation of the officers of the fraternity in his various endeavors for the good of the Tertiaries. He then delivered a forceful discourse on the necessity of spreading Catholic literature and assisting the Catholic press, and urged his hearers to support to the utmost the strenuous endeavors of Rev. Father Noll to extend the number of readers of the only Catholic penny weekly in this country, *Our Sunday Visitor*.—In regard to the formal opening of our beautiful St. Francis Springs, we shall soon have an important announcement to make. Watch the next issue of the *Herald*.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Convent.—On December 21. Rev. Fr. Louis Dunning, O.F.M., and Rev. Fr. Bernard Cuneo, O.F.M., were raised to the holy

priesthood by the Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon. Rev. Fr. Louis repaired to his home in Lansing, Mich., to celebrate his first holy Mass on Christmas day. He was assisted by the Rev. John W. O'Rafferty, and Rev. Wm. Flanagan as deacon and subdeacon, while Rev. Leo Szybowicz acted as master of ceremonies. An inspiring sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Chas. Miltner, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, Indiana.—Rev. Fr. Bernard, who hails from San Jose, California, had the pleasure of offering the holy Sacrifice in the midst of his relatives and friends in that city. The impressive ceremony occurred on December 29, in the church of the Holy Family, which is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers. Rev. Fathers Turibius Deaver, Florian Zettel, and Modesto Muenneemann, all of the Franciscan Province of Santa Barbara, officiated as assistant priest, deacon, and subdeacon respectively. Rev. Fr. Florian likewise delivered an eloquent discourse on the dignity of the Catholic priesthood. On January 1, Fr. Bernard celebrated another solemn High Mass in the Italian church of the Immaculate Conception in San Francisco. To both young priests, *Franciscan Herald* extends heartiest congratulations.

San Francisco, California, St. Antony's Church.—Saturday afternoon, December 14, death came to Rev. Seraphin Lampe, O.F.M., Custos of the Province of Santa Barbara. Though ailing for many years, he had remained manfully at his post, giving no outward sign of ill health, so that his death, after a short stay in St. Joseph's Hospital, came as a surprise even to his brethren in the Order. He was born in Germany, March 19, 1848, and entered the Seraphic Order on August 12, 1870. Father Seraphin was a zealous religious, and after his ordination to the priesthood, was frequently entrusted with the office of superior in positions of peculiar responsibility. When the new Province of Santa Barbara was established, he was made its first Custos. R. I. P.

Rev. Fr. Maximilian, O.F.M., was elected at a special meeting of the electors of the Santa Barbara Province to succeed Rev. Fr. Seraphin as Custos, while Rev. Fr. Justin, O.F.M., superior of the mission center at San Solano, Arizona, was elected Definitor.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—Owing to the epidemic, the attendance at the annual meeting of the Immaculate Conception Fraternity on December 22, was not so large as might have been expected. The annual reception and profession, which took place on this occasion, was very impressive, owing to the fact that so many young people were enrolled. At the councilors' meeting, on December 30, our Rev. Director spoke of the urgent needs of the Arizona Indian missions. He requested that not only the young ladies appointed by him as solicitors for *Franciscan Herald*; namely, the Misses Dettling, Offner, and Whitmer, but the assistant prefects as well, make an honest effort to persuade every Tertiary in their respective parish to subscribe for the *Herald*, and by so doing show their practical interest in the Indian missions.

The annual report of the fraternities of St. Antony's Church, contains among others, the following interesting items. Continuing their laudable work of teaching the catechism to neglected children, our Tertiaries have now 2,000 children under instruction, a gain of 400 hundred within the year. As this work conducted under various conditions necessitates in many instances small classes, the teachers' roster has almost 200 names. A division of Tertiaries known as "The Fishers," has produced wonderful results, and it is credited with the above mentioned increase of attendance at the catechetical instructions. Many of our foreign born fathers and mothers are neglectful in matters of religion, others again are suspicious, although otherwise well disposed. Here the "Fishers" prove their worth. Frequently, they not only gain the children for instruction but succeed in regaining the parents for the Church as well. It is owing to the "Fishers" also that forty children are now enrolled in parish schools who formerly frequented the public schools. The night and Sunday classes at the State institutions have been continued as heretofore, with the usual good results. Many of these children are advanced in matters secular, while backward in their religious education, owing to their non-Catholic surroundings. Much consoling work was accomplished by our Tertiaries engaged in hospital work and many

neglectful Catholics owe it to them that they died reconciled to their God. Moreover, four converts were made and fourteen other persons are receiving instruction in preparation for entering the Church. The Boy Scout work carried on among the foreign born element by our Tertiaries is having good results. Two Scouts have proved themselves and are now scouting for souls—one of them is making preparatory studies for the priesthood. The three fraternities at St. Louis had a combined increase of 330 new members, while 188 novices were professed. Fifty-five Tertiaries were called by death and nine entered the cloister.

Chaska, Minn., Guardian Angel Church.—The Tertiary fraternity at Chaska received a very notable increase on January 5, when sixty new members were enrolled in the Third Order. The fraternity is in charge of the Rev. Fr. Bernard, O.F.M., and he writes that the prospects for a continued increase in its number of Tertiaries are very bright.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis' Church.—The large gathering of Tertiaries at the regular monthly meeting, December 1, evinced the zeal of the members. It is with deep regret that we announce the death of one of our Tertiaries, Mr. Emmanuel Roch Hlavac, who passed to his reward on December 4, in the 24th year of his age. His death followed an attack of influenza and pneumonia while nursing his brother, who died just one week before him. Brother Roch, in imitation of his Tertiary patron, made the supreme sacrifice in a true Franciscan spirit, and his last request made to the Rev. Director to be accorded the privilege of being buried in the large habit of the Third Order was most touching and edifying. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to his bereaved parents and relatives. R. I. P.

Our Tertiaries are rejoicing that another illustrious name has been permanently added to their fraternity in the person of His Grace the Most Rev. Sebastian Fidelis Messmer, D.D., Archbishop of Milwaukee. Having been admitted to the Third Order novitiate on October 4, 1917, he made his holy profession, together with seventy-eight other Tertiary novices, in the hands of the Very Rev. Antonine Wilmer, O.M. Cap,

ex-Provincial, on the evening of December 22, in the presence of a large gathering of the secular and regular clergy, and of Tertiaries from all over the city. At 7:30 P. M., His Grace was led in solemn procession to the sanctuary. He was assisted by Rev. M. M. Gerend and Rev. Oscar Ziegler, two Tertiary priests of our Conference. Rev. Felix Baran, o.m. conv., and Rev. Leo Steinberg, o.m. cap., were deacon and subdeacon respectively, while our Rev. Fr. Director acted as master of ceremonies. After the Archbishop had humbly petitioned to be admitted to holy profession in the Third Order, Very Rev. Fr. Antonine addressed him in a few words of appreciation for the noble example he was giving on this occasion to the clergy as well as to the laity of his vast diocese. He showed how His Grace by this step was furthering most effectively the ideal that he has so faithfully fostered throughout his episcopate; namely, to animate his flock with true Catholic principles; for, by imbuing them with the spirit of St. Francis, he would succeed in making them, after the example of St. Francis himself, "Catholic and wholly Apostolic." After the ceremony of profession, His Grace imparted sacramental benediction. The Tertiaries of St. Francis Conference wish to express their sincere congratulations to their beloved Archbishop. They pray God to impart to His Grace the fullness of blessings for his spiritual and temporal welfare, and they pledge him, their Most Rev. Brother in St. Francis, as true children of the Seraphic Father, unswerving loyalty and filial affection. *Franciscan Herald* joins with the Milwaukee Tertiaries, in congratulating His Grace for following the example of his illustrious predecessors in the See of Milwaukee, the Most Rev. Michael Heiss and the Most Rev. Fredric X. Katzer, both of whom were fervent Tertiaries of St. Francis.

The annual meeting of the English-speaking conference will be held Sunday, February 2, at 3:45 P. M. All the members are urgently requested to attend, as matters of great importance will be discussed at this meeting.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church.—During the golden jubilee year of 1918, 303 persons were received into the Third Order in St. Joseph's Church, while 362

were admitted to their holy profession. Since January 8, of last year, the men and young men form a separate fraternity. Their meetings were regularly held in the monastery chapel on the Tuesday after the first Sunday of the month, at 8 P. M. Henceforth, the men's fraternity will have its monthly meetings on the second Sunday of the month, at 3.30 P. M. For the present, the chapel will be used for these meetings until it becomes too small for the purpose, which we devoutly hope will soon be the case. At all the Tertiary meetings, six young men serve, garbed in the large Third Order habit. The English and the German-speaking fraternities of St. Joseph's donated, as a lasting souvenir of their golden jubilee, two beautiful shrines to the church for the statues of St. Francis and St. Antony; at the same time they chose those two Saints as their special patrons, and by their names the fraternities are now known. The Fraternity of St. Francis likewise presented a large stained glass window, representing St. Francis receiving the sacred stigmata, to the chapel of perpetual adoration adjoining the monastery of the Poor Clares in Chicago. *The Life and Legends of St. Francis of Assisi*, by Fr. Candide Chalippe, O.F.M., which was reprinted as a golden jubilee souvenir for the Tertiaries, met with such favor, that a second Cleveland jubilee edition has become necessary. We are proud to say that this revised *Life of St. Francis* received enthusiastic commendations from all the Franciscan magazines in this country and Canada; even from England came letters of congratulation and approval. To assist in spreading Franciscan ideals among the people at large and to draw their attention to the Third Order, our Tertiaries published lives of St. Louis IX of France and of the V. n. Duns Scotus, in attractive pamphlet form with many illustrations. For the same reason, *Franciscan Herald* for the year 1918 was available for Cleveland subscribers at the low cost of 50c, the remainder of the subscription price being made up from the Tertiary treasury. More than 1200 persons made use of this offer. By special arrangement with the publishers of the *Herald*, we were enabled to offer the Cleveland readers eight special pages of reading matter of local interest, the

expense of the venture being borne by the Third Order treasury.—The Tertiary Mission Section donated, during the past year, to the home and foreign missions \$1300, and \$1000 to the Extension Society for two mission chapels.—Of our Tertiaries, forty-three passed to their reward during the year 1918, while nine hearkened to the Master's call and chose the better part.

Washington, D. C., Mt. St. Sepulchre.—In willing obedience to the letter of instruction from the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Franciscan Order, which ordained that in every Franciscan church throughout the world, suitable services should be held in commemoration of the seventh centennial of the coming of St. Francis to the Holy Land, the Friars Minor at the National Capital surpassed, on Sunday, January 5, many a previous effort in conducting the services for such special occasions. The day was marked by a triple solemnity. In the morning, the Right Rev. Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, assisted by Franciscan, Dominican, and visiting clergy, celebrated a pontifical High Mass, using the episcopal throne by special privilege of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. At the close of the impressive ceremony, Rev. Ethelbert Sambrooke, O.F.M., of the Canadian province, preached an inspiring sermon on the work of St. Francis and his successors in the Holy Land as the official guardians of the sacred shrines in behalf of holy Mother Church. The second celebration took place when the entire community visited in solemn procession each of the newly indulgenced shrines in the church, where, after they had been blessed, appropriate prayers were chanted, and an Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory recited for the gaining of the plenary indulgence, thus formally inaugurating this privilege. The third ceremony on this notable occasion occurred in the afternoon, when the annual Epiphany procession was held from the Grotto of Bethlehem, as in Palestine itself. This beautiful and touching ceremony in memory of the manifestation of our Divine Lord to the Magi, closed with the presentation of the figure of the Divine Infant for the veneration of the faithful. Each year it forms, as it were, the closing ceremony of the Christmas solemnities, which, opening with the sol-

emn Matins on Christmas eve, are, perhaps, nowhere surpassed in this country.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.—At the special request of the German-speaking Tertiaries, their fraternity was amalgamated with the English-speaking branch, and since October last, joint meetings in English have been held to the great satisfaction of all concerned. As a result, the attendance at the monthly meetings is constantly growing, interest in things Tertiary and sociability among the members is increasing. To have *Franciscan Herald* in the homes of all the local Tertiaries, the Rev. Director has placed their names on the mailing list. The subscription price of \$1.00, will be requested at the next meeting, February 9, when a special collection for this purpose will be taken up. At a meeting of the officers and promoters on January 9, the report of the Provincial Board and the project of a national Tertiary convention in 1921 were discussed. Also, needed improvements in our fraternity were proposed and plans for earnest work laid out. On February 9, our fraternity will have for the first time a canonical visitation. It will be held by the Rev. Roger Middendorf, O.F.M., of Cleveland, Ohio, Commissary of the Tertiary Province. All Tertiaries should make it a point to attend. They are requested to assemble at 2.30 P. M., in the school hall.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church.—Twenty-eight novices were admitted to their holy profession in the Third Order on December 23. On the following Sunday, a special meeting was held for the purpose of solemnly blessing our new Third Order banner. The obverse side bears the image of St. Antony, patron of the fraternity, while the reverse is ornamented with an artistic imitation of the Tertiary emblem. The Rev. Pastor, Fr. Donulus, O.F.M., addressed the assembly, explaining the meaning of the banner, which he then proceeded to bless. He was assisted by Rev. Fr. Alphonse, O.F.M., of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., and by the Rev. Director, Fr. Ignatius, O.F.M. After sacramental benediction, a business meeting was held, at which the annual report was read. It was decided that in future the Tertiaries should approach the Holy Table in a body on the fourth Sunday of each

month. Active steps have been made by our Tertiaries to aid needy students preparing for the priesthood. The year 1918 has, by the grace of God, been very prosperous for our fraternity, owing in a great measure to the kind assistance of the Rev. Pastor and the hearty cooperation of the Tertiaries.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Francis de Sales Church.—The Rev. F. Holweck, a Tertiary priest and pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, filled with enthusiasm for the Third Order, of which he has been a member since 1881, and having a goodly number of Tertiaries among his parishioners, recently conceived the idea of establishing a fraternity in his parish. A preparatory retreat was preached on November 13, 14, and 15, by Rev. Fr. Josaphat, Director of the Third Order in St. Antony's parish. On Sunday, November 17, the new fraternity was solemnly and canonically erected, and eighty-one new members were enrolled among the children of St. Francis, of whom twenty were men. The new branch, which is known as the Fraternity of St. Francis of Assisi, will have its regular monthly meetings in the parish church on the third Sunday of every month, at which Rev. Father Holweck will preside.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.—Christmas was a day of unmixed joy for the inmates of the college. At the midnight hour, the students assisted at a solemn High Mass in the chapel, cele-

brated by Rev. Fr. Rector, assisted by Rev. FF. Paulinus and Silas. The next morning, after hearing a low Mass and enjoying the good things prepared by our genial Brother Cook, the boys marched in a body to the parish church where they attended a second solemn High Mass. In the afternoon, twenty-four new members were received into the college Third Order fraternity. A charming Christmas Tree celebration took place in the evening in the dramatic hall. On Thursday night, December 26, the students presented the three-act drama, *Fernando*, with considerable credit to themselves.

The annual spiritual exercises for the students began on Saturday evening, Dec. 28, and closed on New Year's Day. They were conducted by Rev. Fr. Didacus, O.F.M., of St. Louis, Mo.

On New Year's night and on the following Sunday night, the college Thespians presented a number of rollicking comedies that kept their audience laughing from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Regular classes were resumed on January 6, after a solemn High Mass. In the evening of the same day, special services were held in the college chapel to commemorate the seventh centenary of the coming of the Franciscan Friars to the Holy Land as guardians of the Holy Places. On January 12, 17 student novices were admitted to holy profession in the Third Order.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Johanna (Mary) Sullivan; Catherine (Gertrude) Bowen; Honora (Elizabeth) Ryan; Alice (Louise) Downey.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Anna (Elizabeth) Rowan; Mary (Frances) Burke; Mary Zidek, a novice.

St. Elizabeth Fraternity:—Elizabeth (Colette) Goettel; Catherine (Angela) Schneider; Barbara (Ludovica) Schmitt; Anna (Teresa) Klingenmeier.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Anna (Colette) Riley; Frances (Matilda) Goldsmith; Mary (Frances) Donnelly; Helen (Mary) Johnson; Catherine (Frances) Hardy.

Dubuque, Iowa, St. Francis Home:—Otto (Louis) Venhaus.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:—Anna (Martina) Gorius.

San Francisco, Cal., St., Antony's Church:—Teresa (Felicia) Rust; Mary (Clare) Rise; Catherine (Barbara) Kremer.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—Margaret Clohesy.

Effingham, Ill., St. Antony's Church:—Phillepena (Eleonora) Adams.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—Mary Cooney; A. Bittenmuth; M. Joseph; Ellen Walsh; Teresa Schmiedermeier; Teresa Birkenmeier; M. Buettmann; Caroline Herdler; Margaret Walsh.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:—C-cilia (Veronica) Voss.

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

THE WHY OF A NATIONAL THIRD ORDER CONVENTION

Within the last few decades, the Christian world has witnessed a revival, on a large scale, of what is conventionally known as Franciscanism. On all sides renewed interest in everything connected with St. Francis and his institutions is developing. This movement is not confined to the brethren of the Little Poor Man nor even to the children of Holy Church. Non-Catholics, too, have fallen under the spell of the charming personality of the Saint. Of late his gentle influence has made itself felt also in this country, with the result that men and women by the thousands are hastening to enroll themselves under his banner. The Third Order in particular has received a most notable increase in membership.

These sons and daughters of St. Francis are scattered all over this wide country, and while they are united by the bond of spiritual kinship in St. Francis, they lack all physical contact. Each Tertiary is more or less intent on saving his own soul. He knows little and recks little of his companions-in-arms, who like him are conducting an independent and irregular warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil. This is evidently not the will of the Church nor the intention of the holy Founder. For the Third Order is not a mere pious sodality or confraternity lacking all organization and uniting its members by nothing more than a common interest in some pious work. The Tertiaries should be one in the charity of their Seraphic Father and in the organization the Church has established for them. That the Church desires the unity resulting from organization is evident from the letter *Tertium Franciscanum Ordinem* of Pius X:

There never has been a time when the cares and thoughts of the Roman Pontiffs Our Predecessors have not been directed to making all the Franciscan Tertiaries one body, as it were, illustrating the charity of the Seraphic Father by their union of hearts. . . . And this same charity should flourish not only among the Tertiaries of each Sodality but also among the different Sodalities of Tertiaries; just as is the case with various monasteries of all Orders of Religious, so the Sodalities are by their nature bound together in a friendly federation. Here it is well to repeat what we wrote to the Tertiaries of Rome on December 17, 1909: "It is known that united forces are more effective than individual forces, and We see how earnestly the enemies of Catholicism combine together in order the better to carry out their evil

purposes. Therefore, to resist them properly, it is necessary that all the good unite, and chief among these all who by their membership in the Institute of the Patriarch of Assisi should be an example of Christian life and feeling and promote and maintain Christian faith and morals among the people."

There can be no doubt, therefore, that the Church wishes Franciscan Tertiaries to federate. If until now they have not done so in this country, it is owing to the fact that they have had no occasion to get together. An opportunity will present itself, however, at the national convention which we have reason to hope will be held somewhere in the United States two years hence. In our opinion there is only one thing that can give the Third Order the federation it needs, and that is a national gathering of Tertiaries. Only it must be a *national* union. It will not do for the Tertiaries or the Directors or Visitors of one district to dictate to those of another. That would only breed ill-feeling and confusion. All Tertiaries in all sections of the country should know that they are welcome to attend and to offer any suggestions for the advancement of the Third Order. Therefore, no time should be lost in informing Tertiaries, clerical and lay, wherever they may be of the proposal to hold a national convention. To this end, might it not be well to take up a census of the Tertiary fraternities? It will be impossible otherwise to arouse the interest of isolated branches and to keep them informed of the progress of events. A postal card addressed to every parish priest in the country should bring much useful information regarding the location of fraternities, their membership, etc. In our opinion, this work of remote preparation should be undertaken as soon as it has been definitely decided to hold a national convention of Franciscan Tertiaries.



TWO SOULS AND ONE THOUGHT

Wonders never cease. So desperate has been the conflict of arms and opinions between the Britains and the Germans that we were inclined to believe there never could be any sort of agreement between the leading statesmen of these estranged peoples. We had forgotten that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, and that, contrary to all the laws of nature and logic, miracles sometimes happen. It certainly struck us as little short of miraculous when some time since we came across the following statement of Lord Robert Cecil made in an address on world peace at Birmingham University, and when not long after we had occasion to compare his words with a passage in a book on the same subject, by Matthias Erzberger. Said the British statesman on November 13, 1918:

It is more than questionable whether permanent peace can be established on the basis of world domination of the Entente or any other group of Powers. To such a settlement I do not believe that the peoples of the world will ever be brought to submit for any length of time, and I must add that, in my heart, I do not wish that they should do so. World domination is, after all, only another word for international despotism, and however benevolent such a despotism might be, it must be inconsistent with that liberty without which all other political advantages are insipid and not infrequently degrading.

The German statesman writing on the same subject unbosoms himself thus:

Neither the German Government nor the overwhelming majority of the German people desire the domination of the world; but just as unendurable would be British or American supremacy concentered in a league of nations. A British world empire or, which is the same, a league of nations under English leadership would be no guaranty of peace, any more than the domination of German imperialism would prevent the peoples from waging wars of liberation. History shows that all attempts to secure the peace by means of world empires have succeeded only in creating new oceans of blood. Let us learn from history.

This admirable concurrence of two of the foremost statesmen in their respective countries augurs well for the peace of the world. How refreshing to know that at least two representatives of supposedly irreconcilable nations have agreed on one single point. Who knows, perhaps, the peace conferees, whose views seem to be in hopeless and endless conflict, may yet succeed in giving the world the peace it so ardently longs for and the league of nations to boot.



A BOON OR A BANE?

The sovereign people of these United States have lately declared in favor of a constitutional amendment prohibiting "the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes." Accordingly, some cold day in January, 1920, if not before, these same people will awake and find themselves without their customary morning libation. Whether the awaking will be altogether pleasant, is a thing that for the present gives them little concern. They are happy. And why not? Have not they through their state legislatures exercised their sovereign rights? Have not they declared in unmistakable terms their supreme will? Have not they forever and for aye settled the perplexing question whether it is better to drink or not to drink anything stronger than Peruna? Have not they fought a stubborn battle against the rum-thirsty forces of iniquity and utterly routed them? Have not they, according to their own account, forced his Satanic Majesty to discard the key of his infernal prison? After making the world safe for democracy what more glorious, what more becoming, what more necessary than to make democracy dry for the Anti-Saloon League? Such a heroic example of sobriety as the American people have given to the world can not fail to convert to prohibition the other democracies, including the vodka-soaked and ultra-democratic republic of Russia.

Let no man say Americans are without virtue. We do not deny that virtue may be found elsewhere. Valiant Jack Falstaff discovered it even in good sherris-sack. But what of him and others of his ilk? They form but a paltry minority of the American people, and minorities are always negligible in well-regulated democracies. What right can a minority hope to assert in the face of an overwhelming majority? Kings, of course, can do wrong. But a majority of democratic citizens? Never.

Vox populi, vox Dei. If the majority of the American people, therefore, decree that the Holy Eucharist is out of date and out of place in this enlightened age and country of ours, what choice has a benighted minority, who persist in making use of wine for purposes of worship, but to submit tamely to the infallible majority, which in this case some have rashly supposed to be an exceedingly noisy and active politico-religious organization of familiar breath and strong anti-alcoholic convictions? At any rate, the people should allow nothing, not even the Sacraments of the Church, to come between them and the blessings of prohibition. Who will have the hardihood to deny that alcohol is the root of all evils—physical, moral, mental, social, political, economical? Who can fail to see that with the dawn of prohibition there will be dispelled the nocturnal shades of disease and sin and pauperism and insanity and corrupt politics and labor disturbances and bolshevist propaganda, etc.? What a delightful world this will be when prohibition is once in full swing?

True, there may be some slight inconveniences to be endured by a bone-dry democracy, such as loss of revenue and consequent increase of taxes, clashes between the federal and the state authorities over "concurrent power," attempts at nullification and threats of secession on the part of individual states, infringements of personal liberty, and violations of the privacy of the home by the federal agents. But why worry over trifles with the millenium so near at hand? Considering all this how can any man of sound mind refuse to admit that the bone-dry federal amendment, far from being a dangerous experiment, will prove to be an unmixed blessing? Yet there are people so obtuse as to believe that soldiers' and working-men's councils, and not sumptuary legislation, will renew the face of the earth.

A GOOD WORK—HELP IT ALONG

About a year ago, a Catholic magazine agency was founded on the Pacific Coast by Mr. Harry Wilson, a convert minister of the Episcopalian Church, for the purpose of spreading Catholic literature and of giving financial aid to other clerical converts. He feels confident "that sufficient profit can be made from the commissions allowed by magazines to agents to support a considerable number of workers in his agency, if only it receives sufficient support from Catholics." The plan has the approbation of Bishop Cantwell of Monterey and Los Angeles and deserves the whole-hearted support of our readers. We ask them kindly to order all their magazines, whether religious or secular, through the Harry Wilson Agency, 1824 South Kingsbury Drive, Los Angeles, Cal.

AN ENDORSEMENT

The Third Order of St. Francis, as we have remarked before, is entitled and in duty bound to take a share in the great movement of reconstruction now under way all over the world, and if its members will live up to their high mission, the future will be brighter because of their fidelity to the spirit of the "Poverello."—*The Fortnightly Review.*

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Antony the Black.—He was born of Moorish parents and in his youth was brought as a slave to Sicily. After his conversion to the Catholic religion, he soon distinguished himself by his extraordinary piety and virtue. He was, in consequence, set free, and after some time went to Noto, where he served the sick in the hospital with the greatest charity. He died the death of a saint on March 14, 1549.

Bl. Bartolo.—He belonged to the illustrious house of the Counts of Mucchio. When he made known his resolve to consecrate his life to the service of God as a priest, he incurred the displeasure of his father, and to escape ill-treatment, he betook himself to Pisa, where he nursed the lepers and others afflicted with the most loathsome diseases. Here he entered the Third Order of St. Francis and soon after was ordained a priest. As parish priest, first at Pucoli and after at Pichena, he not only labored with the greatest zeal for the spiritual interests of those entrusted to his care, but strove in every way to assist them in their temporal needs. The poor and the sick especially experienced his unbounded charity; to aid them, he gave away all he possessed so that he himself suffered want. He delighted in giving hospitality to travelers and pilgrims and rendered them every service. He may be said to have died a victim of charity, for in consequence of his kind ministrations to a leper, he himself contracted the incurable disease. After suffering the greatest pains for twenty-five years, he

was called to his heavenly reward on December 12, 1300.

Beatrice of Moliterno.—This pious Tertiary distinguished herself especially by her heroic patience in sufferings and temptations. She interested herself in the welfare of young girls, many of whom she guided in the practices of piety and virtue. She also instructed them in needlework and other useful accomplishments. She passed away on November 5, 1685.

Beatrice of Rusconi.—Beatrice was born of the noble family of the Rusconi and married the Count of Locarno. After the death of her husband, she entered the Third Order of St. Francis and gave herself up to the practice of piety and charity. God frequently rewarded her love for the poor by wonderful signs and miracles. She died at Milan, on March 16, 1490.

Bela IV, King of Hungary.—This saintly king is the brother of St. Elizabeth of Hungary and father of Bl. Margaret, Bl. Cunegundis, and Bl. Jolande. By his munificent charity he contributed much toward the founding and the spread of the Order of Friars Minor in Hungary, and in his desire for perfection, he asked to be clothed with the habit of the Third Order. He died in the odor of sanctity, in 1275. His body was interred at Gran in the church which he had built for the Friars Minor.

Benvenuta of Ancona.—Benvenuta was born of a distinguished family at Ancona, in Italy, and already in her youth she joined the Third Order of St. Francis, in which she soon reached a high de-

gree of perfection. She distinguished herself by her charity toward her needy fellow men. It was her delight to offer hospitality to the poor and to religious. God rewarded her charity by miracles. She died at Ancona, about the year 1300.

Bernard of Baden.—He was the son of Prince Charles of Baden. To satisfy his desire to relieve the needs of others, he divided his revenues into three portions: the first was devoted to the relief of the poor; the second to pious foundations; and the third to the needs of his house. He passed to his heavenly reward on July 15, 1485.

Boleslas the Chaste, King of Poland.—Amid the disorders and wars which disturbed his reign, this pious king and Tertiary endeavored to alleviate the sufferings of his people, especially of the poor. For this purpose he distributed large sums of money and made many charitable foundations. His death occurred at Cracow, on December 10, 1279.

Bonavita of Lugo.—A blacksmith by trade, this humble Tertiary was a model of Christian charity. He supplied the wants of many poor, assisted the afflicted in their homes, consoled prisoners, and buried the dead. In winter, he frequently took off his coat to clothe the poor persons who were suffering from the cold. God manifested his pleasure in Bonavita's charity by numerous signs and miracles. He closed his saintly life at Lugo, his native city, in 1375.

St. Bridget of Sweden.—She belonged to the royal house of Sweden. At the age of sixteen, she

married Ulpho, Prince of Nericia, with whom she received the habit of the Third Order. She was a model wife and mother, and in no way allowed the cares of her household and the duties of her station to hinder her in the practice of virtue in the most exalted degree. She exercised the most tender charity toward the poor and the sick. With the permission of her husband, she built a hospital in which she at certain hours of the day, waited on the sick with wonderful humility and devotion. Daily she invited twelve poor to her palace and waited on them at table. She also built a convent for nuns, which formed the beginning of the Order of the Brigittines. She was favored with several apparitions of St. Francis, and was to a great extent instrumental in bringing about the return of the Papal court from Avignon to Rome in 1376. St. Bridget died in Rome, on July 23, 1373, and was buried in the Poor Clare's convent of St. Lawrence.

Catherine, Queen of Bosnia.—Catherine's husband was taken prisoner by the Turks, in 1468, and rather than deny his faith, he was cruelly martyred. His son, won over by promises of worldly greatness, apostatized, and his unhappy mother fled the country. She found an asylum in Rome, where she was cordially received by Pope Sixtus IV. Admitted by him to the Third Order, she spent her days in works of charity and soon became known throughout the city as the mother of the poor. On Oct. 25, 1487, she died the death of a saint and was buried in the Franciscan church of Aracoeli in Rome.

VEN. JOHN BAPTIST BULLAKER, O. F. M.

(Continued)

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O. F. M.

IN a letter to a fellow priest, Fr. John Baptist recounts the particulars of his arrest and trial.¹ "In 1642, on September 11, which fell on a Sunday," he writes, "it pleased the Most High and Almighty to soothe my anguish and to console me, his unworthiest servant, with the prospect of obtaining what I had so long yearned and prayed for." At the time of his seizure he was staying in the house of lady Powel, a very pious and charitable gentlewoman. One of her maids, however, was secretly in league with the anti-Catholic party, and it was through her greed and treachery that Fr. John fell into the hands of the priest-catchers.² Having finished his breviary and morning meditation on the above-mentioned day, the saintly friar vested for holy Mass. Little did he think that at that very moment the pursuivants were standing in the street below, ready to enter the house at a given signal and surprise him at the sacred functions. Just as he was intoning the *Gloria*, Wadsworth³ rushed in and dragged him from the altar.

"Oh, why didst thou not wait till after the consecration?" exclaimed the friar. "The precious body of my Savior would have strengthened me against thy violence, un-

der which my weakness may now succumb."

Blinded with hatred and rage the heartless zealot insisted that his victim accompany him through the streets of London, clad in the priestly vestments. Only after being warned of the possible danger to himself, did the base informer relent. Thereupon, he confiscated all the vestments, books, rosaries, pictures, and oilstocks, and ordered the friar to follow him to headquarters.⁴

A half-hour after their arrival, the sheriff entered and asked Fr. John whether he was a priest. Glad that his hour had come, the man of God assured him that he was.

"What! Durst thou violate the laws of the kingdom, which strictly forbid any person of that profession to set foot on English soil?"

"Those laws are wicked and opposed to Christian justice; therefore, I cared not a straw for them. If you pursue the course you have begun," he added fearlessly, "I dare say, before the lapse of many years, you will pass a law making it treason to believe in Jesus Christ."

Then, to bear out his assertion, he referred with glowing indignation to the recent outrage which the intolerant Puritans had committed against Christ by defacing

1. Mason: *Certamen Seraphicum* (Quaracchi, 1885), pp. 53-63.

2. This we learn from M. de Marsys, who at the time of the Puritan Revolution was in the service of Comte d'Harcourt, the French ambassador at the English court. He was present at the trial and execution of Ven. John Baptist. See Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England* (London, 1878), pp. 140 sqq.

3. The same who captured the Ven. William Ward. See *Franciscan Herald*, December, 1918.

4. Lady Powel and her twelve year old son who had been serving the martyr's Mass on the morning of his seizure, were likewise arrested and brought before the sheriff. According to de Marsys, the three prisoners were subsequently thrown into different prisons. Hope, l. c., p. 143.

and pulling down the crucifix in Cheapside. This reproach, of course, infuriated the sheriff and his attendants.

"Where in Holy Writ does Christ command that a picture or a statue of himself be made?"

"Albeit, in the sacred pages, he does not command it expressly," the friar explained, "still, the custom is sanctioned by the natural law with which the divine by no means conflicts. Sound reason, and experience, however, tell us that the insult offered an image touches him whom the image represents." Then asking whether they would prosecute for treason the man who would outrage the king's image, he argued that more traitorous by far is one who abuses Christ's image, as they had done.

"What has brought thee to England?" demanded the sheriff, eager to change the subject.

"To lead back my countrymen to the fold of Christ, whence they have strayed; this was the purpose of my sending and of my coming?"

"By whom hast thou been sent? By the Pope?"

"By those whom the Sovereign Pontiff has vested with due authority and power."

Satisfied that the prisoner was a priest, the sheriff gave the pursuivants the necessary instructions and departed. What followed we will let Fr. John relate.

"What now troubled them above all," he writes, "was how to lead me off without danger of death through the dense throng that had gathered at the door and was waiting for me. For this reason, the pursuivants decided to ask for an escort, so that I might safely accompany them to prison. Accordingly, to avoid the fury of the mob, I was taken through a rear door that led into another street. On the way to the prison known as Newgate, we passed by the house

of the constable, who together with my captors gave me company. Now this house happened to be a tavern, and thither they brought me that I might get something to drink. While we were here, Wadsworth, the head of the pursuivants, asked me all kinds of questions regarding my name and birthplace. On all these points, I openly confessed the truth, because I had made up my mind to conceal nothing. He further asked me with which gentlemen of the county of Sussex I was acquainted. I told him that years ago I had known two, who at one time were schoolmates of mine, but now belonged to the parliamentarians; that one of them was Mr. William Morley, and the other Mr. William Cauley, both of whom had been decorated with the order of knighthood. Then he asked me where I had studied. For some time, I answered, with the Fathers of the Society of Jesus at Valladolid in Spain; then, through the kindness of the said Fathers, I went to the friary at Abrojo, where I received the habit of the Seraphic Father Saint Francis, passed my novitiate, and made my profession. These things I told him quite freely, all of which he faithfully reported to parliament."

The next day, Fr. John Baptist was informed that parliamentary proceedings against him would begin on Tuesday, and that his two former schoolmates would preside as commissioners of parliament. Accordingly, on the following morning at seven o'clock, he was led from Newgate to Westminster. On a table in the courtroom, Wadsworth had spread out the sacred vestments and other articles he had seized in the house of lady Powel. After examining them; one of the bystanders remarked that they were of rather ordinary grade.

"By my troth, much too precious for those who now possess them," returned the friar; "I'd have you know, however," he continued good-humoredly, "that I could have procured more costly things, had I not apprehended what has already come to pass."

"Despite the inferior quality of those vestments," sneered the presiding judge, "idolatry can be practiced as well in them as in more precious ones."

"Prithee, what sort of idolatry art thou referring to?"

"Is it not, indeed, criminal idolatry to worship bread as God?"

"We do not worship bread and wine in the august sacrifice of Mass. Under the appearances of bread and wine, we justly adore and pay homage to Christ our Lord. Such, from the days of the Apostles down to the time of Martin Luther, has ever been the unanimous teaching and practice of the entire Church."

Just then, while rummaging the articles on the table, someone accidentally discovered the altar stone. After closely examining the inscribed crosses, he shouted triumphantly that he had found the number of the beast.⁵ All eyes were turned on the speaker, while the friar could hardly refrain from laughing at the man's stupidity.

"Since there is such intimacy between thee and the beast," he quizzed, "have the goodness to tell me openly and plainly the beast's name."

The judge was evidently vexed at the prisoner's playful and fearless manner.

"On what grounds," he demanded sternly, "hast thou ventured to violate the laws of the country?"

"No other answer suggests itself to me just now than the one

St. Peter; the Prince of the Apostles, and St. John the Evangelist offered on a similar occasion. When they were called to account for having preached the name of Jesus contrary to the command of the Jews, they replied: Decide for yourselves, whether it is right in the sight of God to hear you rather than God."

"Mr. Bullaker," Cauley interposed, "knowest thou not that it is written: Fear God and honor the king?"

"In faith, I do know it; but I know, too," the martyr added, "that the same parliament which declared the priesthood treason, also established by law the episcopate, liturgy, and ecclesiastical offices and ceremonies, all of which you in the present parliament are undoing."

"What was wrongly ordered we are warranted to adjust."

"I certainly see you have tried and schemed to do so. But take my word for it, the very next parliament after this will reject and remodel the religion you are now striving to frame and establish."

"That day thou wilt never live to see."

"Fully do I realize that the time of my dissolution is at hand; yet, what I have just foretold will come to pass."⁶

"A traitor! a traitor! Who are to be blamed for the present disturbances in England but thou and others like thee?"

"Would to God there were in this kingdom no other sort of traitors who will put it in more real and serious dangers. Of a truth, it matters little how many treasonable practices base calumny has laid to the charge of Catholics; I defy you to point out to me one case that has been proved against

5. He refers to Apoc. 13: 18, where the Evangelist portrays the antichrist.

6. What he foretold came to pass in 1660, when the Puritan reign of terror ceased, and Charles II mounted the throne.

them."

Not daring to accept the challenge, they quickly retreated to safer ground.

"How old art thou," asked the judge, "and when didst thou receive holy orders?"

"There are a number of orders," the friar observed, "of which four are termed minor; then follow sub-deaconship, deaconship, and priesthood."

"We are speaking and inquiring about the last."

"That gentleman there, Mr. Cauley, knows my age better perhaps than I do."

"Thou art thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old."

"Deduct twenty-four, and the remainder will tell you how many years I've been a priest."

"How long hast thou been in England?"

"About twelve years."

"How many Franciscans are there in England?"

"Think you I'm going to turn traitor to my brethren? Take it for granted, herein you shall never succeed. If I answer freely to what concerns my own life, it is because I would have you know that I do not esteem my life more than myself. But in all that might injure others or imperil my brethren, I shall try to be extremely cautious."

"My lords," broke in Wadsworth, "this man is so obstinate and so resolute in what pertains to his duty and office, that if you were to send him into exile by one port, he would not hesitate to come back by another."

"You are quite correct in your conjecture," replied the martyr with a smile.

After putting a few more questions, the court officials sent a written account of the proceedings to the Chief Justice and remanded the martyr to Newgate, to await his final trial and sentence.

(To be concluded)

A VOICE FROM DISTANT CHINA

THE first apostolic vicariate in Shantung, China, was established by Pope Gregory XVI, in 1839. Up to that time, it had been subject to the vicariate of Peking. In 1848, the new vicariate was entrusted to the Franciscan Bishop Moccagatta, who set up his see in the small village of Shi eull li chuang, where he also founded a seminary for the education of native priests. After overcoming various difficulties, he later transferred his residence and seminary to the Catholic mission of Tsinanfu, the capital of the province.

In 1881, the southern portion of the province was separated and a

new vicariate formed, which was given to the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word. Still another vicariate was established, in 1894, in the western part of Shantung, with the episcopal residence at Chefoo. It is in charge of the Franciscans. The vicariate of North Shantung, as the first of the three is now styled, comprises the north-western portion of the province of Shantung, with the larger cities of Tsinanfu, Tungchangfu, Wutingfu, Lintsingchow, Techow, and Taianfu, where the sacred mountain Taischan is. Each year in spring, the heathen make a pilgrimage to this mountain. The

various sects have their own pagodas and convents there.

It is estimated that there are about thirteen million inhabitants in the vicariate of North Shantung. Of these, 40,903 are baptized Christians and 17,644 catechumens. The Christians are distributed in 764 parishes. In the larger parishes there is a church or chapel; in the smaller localities the house of some Christian must answer the purpose. From Easter 1917 to Easter 1918, we had 2,026 adult Baptisms. Usually a term of probation, lasting from two to three years must precede Baptism; as it is extremely difficult to explain even the fundamental truths of Christianity to the pagan Chinese. The native catechists render excellent service, but as they must earn a living for themselves and their families, they can not serve the missionaries without compensation. We have about 350 catechists in our mission. For the accommodation of the catechumens several catechumenates have been erected, and here they live entirely at the expense of the missionary from four to five months and receive religious instruction. Our mission counts at present 16 catechumenates with about 400 catechumens.

It sometimes happens that a catechumen during the period of probation loses his first zeal and returns to paganism, much to the grief of the missionary. But the graces spurned by these are given to others. Thus near the mission there lived a wealthy heathen. He had always been kind to the Fathers, and during the persecution of 1900 he had even dared to shelter the Christians. A year ago,

he fell seriously ill. The Father sent a catechist to prepare him for Baptism. After some deliberation, the old man decided to become a Christian, and the missionary hurried to his bedside. Calling about him his entire family, the dying man made a solemn profession of his faith, received Baptism, and after a few hours passed calmly into eternity. Many children, too, are baptized when at the point of death, and God alone knows how many little lambs are gained in this way for the fold of the Good Shepherd.

At present, we have about 600 children in our asylums for boys and girls. Some of these poor waifs have been abandoned, others have lost their parents by death. At the expense of the Catholic mission they are fed, dressed, and instructed in the faith. The girls learn household work, and they partly earn their living by washing, knitting, weaving, or making hair-nets. When they reach the marriageable age, they are married to good Christian young men. The boys learn farming or a trade. It is evident that the boarding and educating of these poor orphans means much work and expense, and it not infrequently happens that owing to lack of the necessary funds or accommodations, many a poor child seeking shelter at the mission must be turned away. If some of our brethren in Europe and America would know of the misery of these homeless children, turned away from the mission, they would certainly come to the assistance of the missionaries and would provide them with means to take care of all that knock at the mission gates. Besides these asy-

lums, we have also homes for the aged, which now have about 180 inmates. The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary have charge of these institutions.

Last spring, three clerics completed their studies in the seminary, after a course of fourteen years. Two of them have since been ordained priests. The third, after preparing himself most conscientiously for the holy priesthood, fell seriously ill but three days before the day set for the ordination, and while his two companions were receiving Holy Orders he received Extreme Unction and departed soon after fully resigned to the holy will of God. In our grand seminary we have ten seminarists: four students of philosophy and six of theology. After making their studies, the clerics are generally sent to some mission station for a year. This is done partly for the purpose of trying their vocation, partly to introduce them in a practical way to the labors of the priesthood in the missions. In our petit seminaire there are about fifty pupils. The missionaries assisted by some Christian Chinese laymen form the teaching staff. On an average, only about one-sixth of those who enter our seminaries are ordained priests. Native priests are badly needed, however, in these missions, as foreigners have great difficulty in understanding the Chinese character and in learning the language. At present, we have 27 native Chinese priests in our vicariate, all of whom are members of the Third Order of St. Francis. Besides our seminaries for priests, we conduct also normal schools for lay teachers. The men's normal school has

now 36 names on its roster, while that for the women has 26. These two schools are partly self-supporting. The course lasts ten years, and corresponds to that of the best European schools. As soon as these teachers have completed their studies, they receive appointments in our mission schools, where they are of invaluable assistance to the missionaries in the training of the young. Teachers educated in the heathen normal schools can not be used in our missions, as they usually become atheists.

Our missionaries are moreover obliged to contribute to the support of the primary schools. In the larger parishes, the Christians can afford to bear this expense themselves; but in the smaller parishes, where there are often only three or four Christian families, this is impossible. Hence these children are gathered together and housed in the missionary's own quarters, where during the winter months they receive, besides instruction in religion and in the elementary branches, also food, lodging, and clothing gratis, since the parents contribute little or nothing to their support. These primary schools in the houses of the missionary often number as many as sixty and even a hundred children, and are naturally a great drain on the missionary's resources.

Where do the missionaries procure the necessary funds to meet the vast expenses entailed by these various mission institutions? Before the Great War, Europe was our mainstay in this respect. But now, although their spirit of sacrifice and charity has by no means died out, our European friends can hardly think of the foreign mis-

sions when their own countries have so great a demand on their charity, and we must turn elsewhere for help. Meanwhile, villages where we had secured a foothold have had to be abandoned, because we were unable for lack of funds to send a catechist there to instruct the prospective catechumens. Thus we stand helpless and discouraged, while the Protestant missions, especially the American missions are daily making headway. Their schools, hospitals, and other institutions are rising on all sides, and but recently a large Protestant university was completed at Tsinanfu financed by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Here in China itself, disorder reigns supreme. Missionaries who have been laboring in these vast fields for the past thirty to forty years declare that never have conditions been in a worse state than now. Added to the constant horrors of civil war are the devastating raids of the bandits, who are becoming more bold and more numerous with each day. City after city is plundered by them and those

who try to resist are put to death, often with the most cruel tortures, while the rich are carried off as prisoners in order to extort great ransoms for their release. Nor are the missionaries safe from these ferocious robbers. Thus one Father was shot at seven times; but happily he made his escape unhurt. Another missionary was on his way to administer Extreme Unction to a dying man in a distant village, he was suddenly surrounded by the brigands, who first robbed him of all he had and then shot him to death. Fearing that he might rise from the dead to avenge himself on them, the superstitious heathen hacked his dead body into a thousand pieces. Thus the missionaries are hampered on all sides in their endeavors to propagate the true faith in this land of superstition and paganism. God grant that more propitious times may soon dawn for us and that the generous alms of our fellow Catholics throughout the world may make it possible for us to labor with daily increasing success in this portion of His vineyard.

ST. FRANCIS GIVES HIS CORD TO ST. DOMINIC

As the two servants of God, St. Francis and St. Dominic, were departing together from a visit to the Bishop of Ostia at Rome, St. Dominic asked St. Francis if he would deign to give him the cord wherewith he was girded. Francis showed reluctance at this, being moved by humility to refuse the request, even as the other was moved by love to make it. However, the happy devotion of the suppliant conquered, and Dominic most devoutly girded himself beneath his tunic with the cord that had been given him. At last they clasped hands, and commended themselves each to the other most sweetly; and the one holy man said to the other, "I would, Brother Francis, that thy Order and mine might be one, and that we might abide in the Church after the like pattern." And when at length they parted, Dominic said to several of the bystanders, "Verily, I say to you, that all religious ought to follow this holy man Francis, so great is the perfection of his sanctity."—*Speculum Perfectionis*.

THE CASTAWAY

By Zelma McDowell Penry, Tertiary

CHAPTER III

Synopsis of the preceding chapters— Senorita Ysobel Arguella and her aunt Josefa, of the rancho Las Rosas, Santa Barbara, Cal., discuss Antony Byrne, a young Irishman, who has recently purchased the neighboring rancho of Los Feliz. Ysobel, to the great horror of Tia Josefa, professes her love for him. Don Carlos, Ysobel's father appears with Antony, who causes a flurry in the household of the Arguellas by announcing the arrival of an English family. Ysobel, to Tia Josefa's consternation, goes to Padre Salvador to unburden her love-sick heart. The same evening, Antony repairs to the Mission with similar intent and astonishes the kind old Padre with the declaration that he can give Don Carlos no account of his family.

THREE years before the opening of this story, Antony Byrne counted himself the most enviable youth in Ireland. He was possessed of parents who loved him so tenderly that their presence breathed of affection, and of a brother, only two years his senior, yet already an ordained priest of God, and curate in the little home parish. Already the children and old people, not to speak of the youth of the parish, were speaking with warmest affection of "His Reverence, Father Paul, God love him."

To Antony, his family was a never failing source of joy, ever fresh and interesting, always a group to return to with the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon. It seemed to the young man that nothing could happen to break the joy of his life, because, as he told himself, "If crosses should come, there are always the dear ones at home. Even if God should take them away, there will always remain their memory and their love."

So he had passed his happy, care-free boyhood and had ripened

into young manhood without losing a whit of his sunny nature and filial love. His brother, Father Paul, too, represented to him all that was splendid and worthy of imitation in a young man.

Then two days before his graduation from the university on the continent, the world seemed suddenly to dissolve about him on the receipt of a message from Paul, announcing the death, within twenty-four hours of each other, of their beloved parents.

Sadly he left his classrooms as he thought that those two dear ones would be at the gate to greet him no longer. Yet in the very sharpness of his grief, he was consoled by the knowledge of the piety and beauty of those two lives, and he breathed a little prayer of thanksgiving to the good God, who had given him and Paul such parents as a memory.

Then, without warning, the blow had fallen. A little yellowed paper told it all—a bit of paper in an envelope, which also contained a curiously wrought gold medal, on which was impressed an image of the Blessed Mother of God, and on the reverse side was engraved the single word "Antony."

The day after the funeral he found the letter addressed to him while looking over the contents of the little house. For some moments after reading it he sat like one dazed, in the tiny room which had held for him such happy memories. The sweet twilight filtered through the white-curtained windows, and the indescribable scent of that soft spring evening clung to every corner of the cottage. Still the young man sat,

staring helplessly at the bit of paper before him even after it was too dark to see the words, for they had burned themselves into his very soul.

A door opened softly, and the erect cassocked figure of a priest stood in the entrance to the room. The faint rays of the dying sun fell across his uncovered head, and to Antony this man, who had been his brother, seemed aloof and separated from him, like one of the saints on the stained glass windows of the cathedral.

"Tony, boy," called the priest in his deep rich voice, "I can't let you sit with memories any longer. You're coming along to pass the night at the rectory, you know. I'd stay here, but Father Powers is obliged to be away, and hard it is to tell when some of the flock may be needing a shepherd."

Tony looked up, and even in the half-light, something of the dumb misery in his eyes must have communicated itself to the young priest; for with four quick strides, Father Paul Byrne was at Antony's side.

"It's no use, Paul," returned the young man almost roughly. "I haven't anything to hold to. To think that all these years I've been living in a fool's paradise, only to have it go to pieces like this."

Incredulity was stamped on the face of the priest as he took in the import of the other's words.

"I don't understand what you're talking about," he parried, "its you who're going to pieces—and for what?"

It was some moments before Antony could be convinced that Paul was not already aware of the news contained in the envelope. When he finally realized that such was the case, he handed it to him without a word.

Paul carried it to a light and examined it with that painstaking

care that marked his every action, and there in the dim light of the place hallowed by memories of their care-free childhood, the two young men faced for the first time the knowledge that they were not of the same flesh and blood.

The note was brief but clear, saying in part:

... We couldn't face you with the truth, Antony, after allowing you to grow up thinking you were our own. Still it is better that you should know, even if the knowledge comes after our death.

It was the year that we went to the coast, taking our little Paul with us, that we discovered you, a little waif, being cared for by some poor fisher folk, who had received you from the waves. They were ill able to provide for you, and to us, who longed for a companion for our Paul, you seemed sent by the good God.

Do not judge us too harshly, Tony, acushla, for we tried fervently to find trace of your parents, but you might have dropped straight from heaven for all the success we had. A gold chain about your neck on which was hung the little medal we're leaving for you, gave you your name, and told us that you were a child of our faith. We've always been sure that the wreck in which you were tossed onto our beautiful green isle, meant the death of your own parents, and that they look down from heaven and are glad that you came to us, dear son....

An expression of mingled pain and compassion was on the face of Father Paul, as he looked up from the note.

"But, Tony, it must make no difference with us!" he exclaimed.

"No difference!" Antony retorted bitterly, "no difference—that I have no parents, no brother, no name that I can call my own—that I've been living a lie all these years! Ah, and I was so proud of my family—my name—and you, Paul—"

He broke off to pass his hand wearily over his eyes. Paul seeing his distress urged him out of the little house, across the well-kept

garden to the rectory, where he had made his home since returning from the seminary to take up his duties of curate to the old pastor, Father Powers, in the little old church of his childhood.

Though stunned by the consciousness of his orphaned state, Tony, on the day following the receipt of the message that had destroyed his happiness, laid his plans with a decisiveness that surprised Paul, who had long regarded his brother as a mere lad, even though in truth they were not far from being of an age.

"I can't stay here, that's certain," Antony said. "There seems no possible way of finding out who I am—and for that matter, I don't care to find out. Being in the dark is better than some knowledge. So, the one course for me is to leave everything. It's odd," he continued ruminatively. "I've always had a longing to sail, and now I can remember that I used to wake up at night imagining I was on a ship, then struggling in the water."

Paul, after trying in vain to turn him from his purpose, finally gave in and watched the boy's preparations for departure sadly and with many prayers that whatever happened, Tony would never lose the faith that was his. Six days passed, and Antony Byrne's preparations for leaving were completed. The two were walking together for perhaps the last time, in the garden adjoining the little rectory.

"After all, Tony," Paul was saying, "we little know how many of our fellow men have strange stories behind apparently commonplace lives. The inside stories possibly they don't know themselves. I've always held that every one of us has a story that if put into print would make a piece of romantic fiction."

"Every one, Paul?" Tony demurred. "Even, say, that drab lit-

tle person coming down the path from the church?"

"Even she," persisted the priest; "she, perhaps, more than the general run of people." Then, at Tony's look of wonderment, he went on, "That little old woman comes every day and prays more devoutly than any one I've ever seen. I understand that she is a pensioned servant in a noble English family—Catholics,—and she is here on a little visit to the 'ould sod,' before the whole family, including herself, leaves England for a long journey. I think to America. Many of the English Catholics, and our own people, too, are turning their faces to that land, where they may worship God in peace according to their own consciences. Still, I wonder at that old soul, God love her, making the trip too, in the evening of her life. The devotion of some of those old servants is beautiful to behold. But—to get back to the point—isn't it possible that she is praying for something very interesting indeed?"

"Perhaps," answered Antony, but his tone implied that he deemed such a thing beyond the bounds of probability. Noting the swift-flying moments, the two then began to speak of more serious things and soon forgot the little old woman and her prayers.

A few days later, Antony Byrne, glowing beneath the blessing of the priest whom he had first loved as a brother, and now revered as a spiritual father, took his departure.

After traveling aimlessly about from port to port aboard a trading vessel, he finally landed on the shores of California, where he ate of the lotus—and remained.

California in all her beauty, "stretching down the middle of the world," had lured Antony Byrne with a potent and unmistakable at-

traction. Something in its very aloofness from the world he had known, charmed him; and almost before he realized it he had severed his connection with the owner of the vessel, and secured possession of a goodly Rancho, called Los Feliz, in the neighborhood of the Mission Santa Barbara. Here, with several hundred head of sheep, he began life anew.

He was fascinated by the noble, self-sacrificing lives of the gray-robed sons of St. Francis, who labored against such mighty odds for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls of their child-like charges, on the shores of this western country far from kith and kin. Then, too, it must be admitted that there was some connection between his ever-increasing love for the land of his adoption and certain glances that had been vouchsafed him by the Señorita Ysobel Maria y Incarnacion Arguella, the motherless daughter of the owner of the Rancho Las Rosas, which spread its mighty acreage among the hills not far from the Mission, and which adjoined the Rancho Los Feliz.

And as the days and months passed by, the care-free life of the Californians became his. So little did the question of his parentage seem to concern his newly found friends by the sunset sea, that he gradually came to look on his earlier grief as an emotion, somewhat childish, altogether unnecessary, yet, on the whole to be rejoiced in, since it was the means of leading him to his "Land of Heart's Desire." It was, perhaps only inevitable that, with his increasingly cordial relations with Don Carlos Arguella, he should see more and more of the beautiful Ysobel; and certain it is that with seeing her more and more, his early awakened admiration for her should surely, and not very slowly ripen into love.

Confidently, boyishly he had gone to the good Padre Salvador, that evening, with his confession of love for Ysobel Arguella, and then, when all the smiles of Heaven seemed ready to shine upon him, Antony Byrne was brought up squarely, face to face with that specter of his past.

As he made his astonishing statement to Padre Salvador, he had not considered the possibility of laying his whole story before the kindly priest. He was in fact a more than usually reticent youth; and his failure to take any one into his confidence heretofore had been not because of any disinclination to trust his new friends, but rather from his reasoning that they could hardly find anything in it to interest or enlighten them. Now, however, he realized that the time had come when he must admit to the white-haired missionary who looked after the welfare of souls in that community, that he, Antony Byrne, was not Antony Byrne at all; and worse than that, that just who he was, was so uncertain as to be not even a subject for conjecture.

With his impetuous burst of revelation, he had looked up quickly to see what would be the effect on Padre Salvador. But much to his relief, the priest, after his first involuntary look of amazement, had laid his hand gently on the young man's shoulder, sympathy submerging every emotion, and had gently urged him to one of the wooden benches near the wall. Then standing before him, with a glance that seemed to penetrate Antony's very soul, he waited.

He had but a moment to wait. With a little sigh, which held something of relief in it, Antony opened the book of his life at the chapter which had marked its turning point, and laid it without reserve before the gray-robed son of the

Poverello standing there in the moonlight.

Padre Salvador heard him to the end without interruption, and even as the deep voice of the young man ceased to sound, he did not comment for the space of two or three minutes. Finally, he turned and looked down on the narrator, and an intuitive flash told Antony that those two or three minutes had been given over to a swift silent communication with Heaven on his behalf.

"Thy story is indeed a strange one, my son," observed the Franciscan musingly, "stranger, indeed, than any I have heard these many years. It is easy to see, however, that thou art of more than ordinary gentle birth, else thy face and bearing belie thee. How Don Carlos will consider it, is another matter. Hast thou made no effort to ascertain thy identity?"

"None, Padre, as I said. My—the dear people whom I looked upon as my parents exhausted every effort, so the letter said. What was I to do? And then, I had no desire

to add to my sorrow. I wanted no parents but those I had grown to love all my life."

The priest nodded sympathetically. "Well, it is true that we can not undo the things already done, Antonio; yet we can always have recourse to the good God and His holy Mother for aid in our extremities. There are some cases where-in aid can be obtained only from Above. Be consoled, my son. Thy sorrow is great, but by prayer we can gain everything. I shall remember thy plaint in the holy sacrifice, and shall speak to the old Don in such a manner as to sound his sentiments without arousing his anger, as might happen if thou shouldst do so. Come to me at this same hour of the day following to-morrow, and some tidings—whether of good or evil import—I shall have for thee."

Thus, with his heart singing and his young hopes high, Antony took his way off on El Capitan, in spite of the lowering cloud that threatened to cast its ugly shadow over his life.

(To be continued)

SIGNS OF SPRING

The windflower on the greening knoll,
On winter fields, the loam,
Across the skies, the mystic scroll
Of wild geese flocking home;

And gladness in the waiting heart,
As faith's low whisper tells
That violets soon will wake and start,
And song birds fill the dells.

The heart may know another spring
When life is grim and chill,—
A train of graces, following
Submission to God's Will,

And newly, as the springing flower
From darkness of the sod,
Faith's light reveals sharp trial's dower,—
The promises of God.

—CATHARINE MCPARTLIN, Tertiary.

LETTER TO A TERTIARY'S BROTHER

By a Franciscan Father

MY DEAR FRANK,

There was no need at all of an apology for your letter giving your views on the Third Order as you have learned to know it from the Rule and my two letters to your sister Marie. To tell the truth, I had been looking for some communication from you, or at least some news about you, and I was much pleased that you gratified this wish yourself. The admiration which you declare you have conceived for the Third Order, shows that the seed I have sown has fallen on good soil; and your hesitation to join the Order now, at your present age, in no wise discourages me.

The objections you raise against entering the Order now, are the same that many young people make, young men especially, and are therefore not new. That they are not new might imply, in consideration of the antiquity of the Third Order, that they are also not unanswerable; and the fact is that they have been answered time and again. I admit that the success with which they were answered appears somewhat doubtful, to judge by the effect on the objectors, most of whom still stand aloof, silent if not silenced, and unmoved even if not unconvinced. But the effect of an argument is no sure criterion of its logical force or of the truth of its premises. You may batter down all the outworks of a stronghold and still fail to dislodge the foe; and in like manner you may demolish any number of objections without winning over the objectors. The reason is that many ob-

jections, like light outworks, are mere buffers, or even sheer camouflage, not designed to be proof, but thrown out just to hold off the attack until one is snugly ensconced in the impregnable citadel of one's own sweet will.

The tenor of your whole letter, however, proves that this is not the case with your objections, which are evidently made in all earnestness and sincerity; and I am confident that if they are satisfactorily disposed of, you will lay aside your disinclination and become a novice at the earliest opportunity.

You say, then, that strongly as the Order appeals to you, you are averse to joining an organization in which there are scarcely any other young men and none at all of your own parish. A most natural stand to take. But let us consider this circumstance closely and see what there is to it. You will not defer your entrance, I am sure, if your reasons against joining, no matter how sound and true, are found to be less weighty than the reasons in favor of joining. Now the reasons why you wish to join are without doubt, on the one hand, the many spiritual advantages that would accrue to yourself, and on the other hand, the profit that would accrue to others by your helping to realize the high mission of the Third Order. Any other motive is impossible, earthly motives being out of the question. But those spiritual benefits which attract you, will come to you whether there be any other young

men in the Order or not; their absence and their presence are in that respect alike immaterial. And in regard to the good that you could do to others, why, the very scarcity of young men Tertiaries enhances your opportunity, as it leaves a larger class of persons among whom you can become a lay apostle and thus do more towards accomplishing the purpose of the Order than if it were already full of young men. If, however, you postpone your entrance until you are no longer a young man, or until other young men have joined, then you will not only forego for that period all the numerous privileges of the Order, but you will likewise miss forever the really splendid opportunity now open to you for pioneer Tertiary work among the young men of your parish. I say nothing of the honor; but I say emphatically that your merit will be extraordinary, if you set the example and be the first among the young men of your parish to enter the Third Order.

Such are the advantages attaching to the circumstance which you adduce as a reason for not becoming a Tertiary. Are the disadvantages equally great? Let us see. The first, which you barely intimate, is the appearance of singularity that would be attributed to your action. That your joining the Third Order would be considered singular by some, perhaps by many, of your acquaintance. I haven't the least doubt. But would that be a novel experience for you, to be considered singular? To the non-Catholic world, singularity has ever been the badge of all our tribe; and the more loyally we cling to the principles of the

Gospel, the more likely shall we incur the imputation even from our own brethren that attempt a compromise with the principles of the world. The strange thing is, that while we are ready to risk a certain amount of singularity to save our souls, we haggle over the least additional degree that is demanded as the price of higher perfection and greater reward. But just that makes all the difference between us and the saints. The saints go all lengths in their otherworldliness and are quite naturally deemed singular and found embarrassing and needlessly provoking; and it is only after they are dead and gone, that viewing them in the perspective of eternity, we discover, or acknowledge, that their lives were uniformly true even by our own standard; that they only carried convictions, which we ourselves shared with them, to their logical conclusions; and that it was not they but all the rest of the world who were eccentric and inconsequent and wrong.

But to come back to the case in point, yourself namely, what would be the consequence of your being considered singular for joining the Third Order? Would it result in the loss of any friends? Friends in the truest sense of the word, certainly not. Some of your companions at the club might tease you about it, ignorant as they are of the nature and purpose of the Order; but even they would not like you less on that account, and your real friends would but esteem you the more. Besides, the very stir you might cause would most naturally open the way for some startling revelations about the Third Order, which you yourself only re-

cently discovered to be an altogether different institution than it is imagined to be by the majority of Catholics. Coming from a Tertiary and from one of your prominence as President of the Young Men's Sodality, your words would carry great weight, and with the aid of some pamphlets like "Father Roch's Smoker" you could soon allay whatever amazement your step had aroused. To relieve the embarrassment that the ceremonies of your reception may cause you, it will suffice, I am sure, to remember that you are but doing what renowned bishops, kings, and princes as well as a host of more democratic persons, including your own brave little sister, have done before you.

The other disadvantage you mentioned is apparently of a more serious nature, but only apparently so. You say that the Tertiaries of your parish fraternity, though good, practical Catholics, are almost to a man conservative and inactive, and you greatly fear that they would resent any attempt on the part of a youngster like yourself to put life into the fraternity; and so, rather than be a dead member, you think it better for the present to be no member at all. Now I should be the last person to approve of your doing anything that might hurt the feelings of these Tertiaries, and I realize quite well that any move on your part to

take the initiative among them would most likely have such an effect. But you could be a most active Tertiary without in the least disturbing the equanimity of your elder brethren. Be as mute and obsequious as a lamb among them; but be a "live wire" among the younger members of your parish. What a fine opportunity you have as President of the Young Men's Sodality for the most varied Tertiary activity. I need not go into details, as I touched upon a number of such activities in my second letter to your sister. Only let me suggest that you could make no better beginning than by bringing in the stragglers among your Sodalists for the regular monthly Communion. Your sister writes me that she has had considerable success in this regard among the members of the Young Ladies' Society, and it would be a fine thing if you could do as much for the young men. A little rivalry between you and her would help the good cause along.

Now I must bring this lengthy epistle to a close. It was my intention to be brief, but I see that I have failed dismally.

I shall gladly remember you at the Holy Sacrifice, and I pray God to bless you abundantly. With kindest regards to your sister Marie, I remain,

Your sincere friend,



SAINT JOSEPH

Joseph, of the House of David,
Favored thou by highest Heaven,—
Christ and Mary, Queen of Virgins,
To thy custody were given.

Happy days of ages olden,
Blest that home in Galilee,
Where the youthful Prince of Heaven
Lisp'd His prayers at Mary's knee.

Then at eve, when homeward wending,
And thy daily labors o'er,
Eager He would haste to meet thee,
From that humble cottage door.

In thy hand toil consecrated,
His own childish hand would place,
While His soft eyes, fondly trustful
Gazed with love into thy face.

Ah! those hands so softly clinging,
Infant fingers helpless, weak,
Yet thou knew'st they ruled creation,
And their power no man could speak,

That the lips that called thee "Father,"
Uttered once, "Let there be light!"
That the gleaming hosts of heaven
Are not holy in His sight.

Guardian thou of Heaven's treasures,
When thy days on earth were done,
Thou didst pass to joys eternal
On the breast of God's own Son.

Guide us while on earth we wander,
Then through death's encircling mist,
May we feel His arms sustaining,—
Jesus in the Eucharist.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

FRA MASSEO'S TURNIP

By Mary J. Malloy

FRA Masseo was a busy man, a very busy man indeed. To him had it fallen to make for the frati a meal on their return at even, and little enough had Fra Masseo with which to compound such meal. Yet even a zealous frate, all on fire with heavenly love and zeal for the soul of a fellowman, besides the salvation of his own, must feel him the need of the wherewithal for a clogging vesture of flesh. The problem was a grave one for Fra Masseo.

Day by day had things grown worse in the little house of Rivo Torto, until latterly of all the bounteous blessings of the Lord naught came into the larder of the frati but a homely and penitential supply of over-large turnips.

"And now have we left the world behind and turned us into kine!" said Fra Masseo, with his great laugh.

But at the bottom of his heart, in spite of his laugh, was a sense of great defeat that with all his man's power of invention he could give to his hungry brethren no more than a certain number of their turnips; for after all is said and done, a turnip may not be turned into a golden apple of Paradise!

So he bethought him sadly, and set before him on the window sill a big and unbeautiful turnip, and said to himself that his skill was gone, and sighed and sorrowed as a poet over his lost verse or a painter for his vanished dream.

"Thou Brother Turnip," he spoke out, "now art thou greater than the thought of a man!"

Then in to him came Brother Francis.

"Masseo mio," he said, "I must go down through the village, and much do I wish thy company—but

why lookest thou so sad?"

"In truth, Father Francis," answered him Masseo, "I look upon my turnip here, and I have naught else for our brethren; for bread fails us of late in the villages when we ask—and verily, a man can not live upon turnips and the thought of life to come!"

"Nay," said Francis, a smile breaking on his lips. "Despise not thou our Brother Turnip. Much good hath he done thee and me; and seest thou not?—great charity has he, for he giveth all his substance and withholdeth naught, albeit he is looked on so despitefully. Would we do so much for one who loved us not?"

"Thou, perhaps, padre mio,—for me. I wish to Brother Turnip no harm, but in truth I take not his lesson; for cheerfully would I part his company," Masseo answered, laughing heartily.

"Come then, we will go to a feast together, and still shalt thou bear witness on our return that Brother Turnip is a fair and courteous friend and of great worth to us in need," said Francis.

"If so it be, I will then take him with us," said Masseo, "lest such treasure left behind might tempt a man."

So, with careless word and laugh, he dropped it in his scrip and started off with Francis down the hill. They went for a while in silence, Masseo not asking, not caring whither, content ever to go where Francis led; but still in his own mind did he ponder on the promised feast.

"Knowest thou, Masseo, whither I carry thee?" Francis asked suddenly of him. "We go to ask the Lord of the Domando Vales that of his charity he give us a tiny corner

of land on which our frati may build then a shelter—but he cares not for poor friars as we be. God grant we touch his heart, for indeed in the place there is much we can do to serve our Lord and our fellow men. Pray, O Masseo, that he listen kindly to our request.”

“Thou shalt but ask him, padre mio, and he will not say thee nay.”

“Of thy goodness of heart thou so thinkest, Masseo,—but I fear me it will be not so easy. Yet in that place, I say to thee, fain would I bring our brethren and hear them sing the praises of our Lord and minister to their fellows.”

Then he fell silent with a long sigh, and they walked on together. Presently they came to a little fountain that stretched across the way with a flash of sudden light. Cool grasses boarded it, and birds flew all about and above it and bent over its basin to drink, and seeing themselves in its clear waters twittered and chirped in a sweetness of speech uncomprehended of men. Upon the stone coping Francis sat him down, with a gesture of invitation to Fra Masseo to follow his example.

“Here, Masseo,” he cried, “is our promised feast. Behold, such treasure is beyond our deserts!”

“What sayest thou, O Father Francis?” queried the astonished Masseo. “Where then is this feast?—thy manservants, thy maidservants, thy goblets, cups, thy precious wines, thy rich food to place upon thy stone table?”

“O Masseo,” said Francis to him, “this stone table is to me rich and precious—for nothing here is from the hand of man, but everything from the hand of God. Our place is all God’s earth, our roof His heaven, our wine His water, that no man can create to slack his thirst; our servers His angels who wait unseen, our food—why, see—”

He drew from his wallet a few

scraps of bread. “And hast thou not, besides, our Brother Turnip?” he added with a gay laugh, “our Brother Turnip, whom so greatly hast thou condemned? And still what king is there, with all his power, who can make him or one like to him?”

“Again, O Brother Turnip!” thus Masseo, under his breath.

He was about to draw it from his wallet when Francis sudden stayed his hand. His manner grew more grave.

“Nay, Masseo, leave it in thy scrip. It yet shall serve us, but not now. I tell thee we shall this day owe much to Brother Turnip, and shall see him greater than the thought of man.”

Masseo looked at him curiously. How could he have heard his words, spoken before Francis had come in to him? But indeed he was a strange and holy man and knew much, thought Masseo. So he sat and ate his fragments contentedly, for he felt the need. A deep tranquility fell upon them both, sitting there with the exquisite blue of the heavens momentarily mellowing above their heads—and lo! on Francis’ shoulder perched a bird, and sang into his ear. Suddenly a young leveret sprang across the way and nestled in his bosom, and he took his stroking unafraid. Masseo gazed upon the scene silently. He was familiar with many such, and habit will use a man to odd things, and fatigue stole upon him and—sleep.

He roused with a start from his doze, for the sounds that came to his ears. Up the road toward them swept a noble cavalcade, horses and men, the jingling of bells and tones of many voices. And behold, it was the Lord of the Domando Vales himself, and with him, carried on a litter, his little daughter, the darling of his heart, his great love and his great sorrow—for she was touched by the hand of God and

was deaf and dumb from birth and like to die of a strange sickness. It was Brother Francis himself that this lord sought, for he had heard how great was his power with Heaven, and how the passing of his shadow and the touching of his robe had grace for poor sufferers.

"Is it thou, Father Francis?" he cried. "Cure my little child, I beg thee!" He could say no more for his unhappiness.

Francis answered him very gently, "Nay, my lord, what power have I, a poor friar, to do this thing? They have misled thee—not in my hand lies healing."

"Deny me not, O Francis," the father cried again. "See—it is but this very hour I started to bring her to thee. I will take no denial!"

Francis looked in pity at him and at the fading child. All watched him in suspense; every tongue hushed, every motion stilled. Suddenly he stepped to the litter, took the little one's head between his hands he bent low above her. Not a sound broke the intense stillness.

Of a sudden, Maseo moved uneasily. From his wallet, jarred in a sharp thrust against the stone edge of the fountain, rolled out and away the despised fruit of the soil, straight to the feet of the child, lying white and speechless in the midst of the group.

An incredible sight! She was on her small feet in an instant, reaching out for it, laughing, calling aloud with the lips that had never yet unclosed for speech—

"Mine, mine! the beautiful ball!" for indeed she was not of the *contadini* and had never known this humbleness of *contadini* fare. "Fra Maseo, give me thy ball, and my

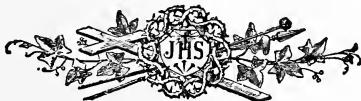
father will give to Padre Francesco that which he desires!"

The flush of health was on her cheeks. The sweet eyes sparkled and beamed. The young limbs that had never borne the weight of the little body stood straight and firm, in perfection of vigor. A strange half-sound ran through the group. The father stood transfixed. The smiling child reached out again and clasped her homely ball and flew with it to her father's arms. Francis, too, smiled, and blessed them both and all the group and the petrified Fra Maseo at the last.

What followed was ever to the latter as a dream. He saw the great Signor, overjoyed almost beyond speech, approach Brother Francis, and kneel to him and offer to him all that his power could afford. He saw the little one playing and frolicking with her new possession as if it were indeed a golden apple of Paradise. He saw the amazement and wonderment of the whole retinue. He knew that Francis had slipped silently away at the end to speak his own thanksgiving to God for the miracle wrought on the child, and the promise of a new house from which should rise the praises of God. He stood motionless and stupefied until they all had passed finally from sight, hardly noting that they did so, nor even missing Francis.

All at once he lifted up his scrip, lying on the grass at his feet, and felt around in it vaguely conscious of a loss.

"Brother Turnip," he said after a moment, "now do I know thee indeed greater than the thought of a man!"



THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

CHAPTER VIII

Three Franciscans who Remain in New Mexico—Their Motives—Lambs Among Wolves—Fr. Padilla and Attendants Reach Quivira—First Martyr in the United States

WHEN Francisco Vásquez Coronado decided to abandon the country of the Pueblo Indians and to return to Mexico with his army of disappointed adventurers, the three Friars Minor who had remained with the troops during the last two years resolved to stay in the territory in order to win the natives for Christ and his Gospel. They had, doubtless, made some efforts to that effect, notably at Tiguex and Cicuye, and they must have come to the conclusion that the prospects of success were encouraging. At Tiguex, in the vicinity of the modern Bernalillo, the headquarters of Coronado, a chapel must have been erected, the first in New Mexico, where holy Mass was offered up regularly by Fr. Juan de la Cruz in the absence of Fr. Juan de Padilla, and by the latter on his return from Quivira. Sermons were preached and instructions given as at home. It stands to reason that the surrounding Tiguex Indians, and others from distant pueblos, who visited the place, must have been impressed with the splendor of divine worship as paid to the Creator by the Christians. Before this time, Brother Luis de Ubeda had frequently visited Cicuye, the Pecos of our day, and acquainted the natives of that district with the rudi-

ments of the Gospel truths.

The commander tried hard to shake the resolution of the three friars. He told them that it would be foolhardy to stay among these hostile pagans, without military protection, thousands of miles away from civilization, and that, after all, as the conversion of the natives was a matter that closely concerned Almighty God, his Divine Wisdom would, in due time, provide a safer way of bringing these tribes to a knowledge of himself and of his laws. The reasons sounded very plausible, but they were lost on men imbued with the spirit of the Apostles. They sought not safety but souls, and for the rest their lives were in the hand of God.

"God forbid," Fr. Padilla exclaimed, "that I should leave this country. When I was at Quivira, and there constructed and planted the cross, I promised in my heart that I would take up my station there as soon as possible; that I would risk my life in the attempt; and that, no matter what happened, I would not fail to do what I promised."

Fr. Juan de la Cruz likewise pleaded to be allowed to abide with the Tiguex.

Brother Luis de Ubeda, or Escalona, as he is called by some, begged Coronado for the love of

God to let him remain with the Cicuye Indians, where he might do some good by teaching the natives to know their Maker and Savior. If he could accomplish nothing, he would offer his life to God, who could do with it as seemed best to him. "At all events," he firmly declared, "I am now an old man. Since I entered the Order of St. Francis, I have never mounted a horse. I ought not to do so for the time that is left me of life."¹ He therefore wished to live at the pueblo through which Fr. Juan de Padilla would have to pass on his way to the Quiviras.

The three friars were accordingly permitted to stay in New Mexico, but not entirely alone. Lucas and Sebastian, the two Indian donados from Michoacán, Andres del Campo, a Portuguese soldier, two other Mexican Indians who had acted as sacristans, and a *mestizo*,² generously offered to accompany Fr. Padilla, "the head and superior."³ The Spaniards also provided Fr. Padilla with vestments and everything necessary for the celebration of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Furthermore, they left with him some trinkets which he might give to the Indians in order

to gain their good will, as Mota Padilla remarks. As a matter of course, all these arrangements were made with the consent of Fr. Marcos, because the friars had come to the territory for the very purpose of laboring in behalf of the Indians. Before Fr. Marcos returned to Mexico, therefore, he had given the three friars permission to devote themselves to the work of conversion which he himself could not undertake. This we should have to infer, though the Franciscan chroniclers, doubtless because it was not necessary, have not expressly recorded it. Jaramillo, however, supplied the deficiency by the statement: "When the return had been ordered, the Franciscan friars who were with us were told to get ready, although they had permission from their provincial so that they could remain."⁴

"These blessed religious," writes Mota Padilla, "were now like lambs among the wolves. Seeing themselves alone, Fr. Juan de Padilla spoke to the Tiguex Indians about the purpose that had moved the strangers to remain among them. It was no other than the salvation of their souls. As the soldiers had

1. "Fr. Luis de Ubeda dijo que el era viejo y que desde que entró en la Orden no habia subido a caballo y no habia de subir el tiempo que le quedaba de vida." (*Cronica de Xalisco*, II, p. 485.) So he walked the whole distance from Mexico, probably from Querétaro! Jaramillo, who calls him Fr. Luis de Escalona, writes that the Brother wished to remain in these flat-roof houses, saying that he would raise crosses for those villagers with a chisel and an adze they left him, and would baptize several poor creatures who might be ill, or on the point of death, so as to send them to heaven. (*14th Annual Report*, p. 592.)

2. "Quisó quedarse un soldado, de nacion Portugues, llamado Andres del Campo, con animo de servir al Padre Padilla; y tambien dos indizuelos donados, nombrados Lucas y Sebastian, naturales de Michoacan; y otros dos indizuelos que en el ejército hacian oficios de sacristanes; y otro muchacho mestizo." (Mota Padilla, p. 167, no. 7; *Cronica de Xalisco*, 489.)

3. "por su cabeza y prelado el P. Fr. Juan de Padilla." (*Cronica de Xalisco*, p. 485.)

4. *14th Annual Report*, p. 592. Castañeda, *ibid.*, pp. 461, 534, makes a similar statement: "Fray Juan de Padilla... predicó un Domingo... como su celo era combertir aquellas gentes y traerlas á la Fe, y como tubieron licencia."

departed, they would no more molest the natives. He himself would pass on to other tribes, but he would leave with them Fr. Juan de la Cruz who would instruct them in what they ought to know in order to become Christians and children of the Church of God. He asked them to treat him well, and he would endeavor to return and encourage them. He then bade them a tender farewell, leaving as their spiritual guide Fr. Juan de la Cruz.

"The Indians of Tiguez assigned a squad of warriors to guide Fr. Padilla and Brother Luis de Ubeda as far as the pueblo of Cicuye (Pecos), where the friars were received with demonstrations of joy. Having made there the same request in behalf of Brother Luis, Fr. Padilla bade farewell to him, and then, guided by other natives of the same pueblo, he set out for Quivira with Andres del Campo, the Indian *donados*, and the mestizo youth. When he reached Quivira, he prostrated himself at the foot of the cross, which he found where he had placed it. It pleased him to see the surrounding land had been kept clean, as he had directed. He at once commenced to exercise the offices of father, teacher, and apostle of those tribes. He found them docile and well disposed, and this inflamed his heart so much that the number of souls in the villages appeared too small to satiate his zeal for God. He therefore planned to extend the

limits of holy Mother Church so that she might embrace all those that were said to exist at greater distances.

"Fr. Padilla, accordingly, left Quivira, accompanied by his few followers, but against the will of the Indians of the district, who loved him as their father. When he had travelled about a day's journey, he encountered a band of hostile savages. Perceiving the evil intent of those barbarians, he entreated the Portuguese, who had come with him and who was in charge of the horse laden with the altar utensils and food, to take the horse and under his protection the *donados* and the youth, who in this way would be enabled to run and escape. This they did, since they could find no other way for defense. The holy Father then fell on his knees and offered his life, which for the sake of winning souls for God he had sacrificed. Thus he attained the ardent desire of his heart, the happiness of being put to death with arrows by those barbarous Indians, who threw him into a hole, covering the body with a heap of stones. The Portuguese and the Indian companions returned to Quivira and related to the Indians what had happened. The Quivirans manifested much grief at the untimely death of their kind friend, whom they had now lost forever.⁵

The date of the death of this protomartyr of the Catholic Church in the United States is not

5. Tello, *Cronica*, ii, pp. 489-490; Mota Padilla, *Historia*, pp. 167-168; Castañeda, in *14th Annual Report*, pp. 529, 534; Jaramillo in *14th Annual Report*, p. 592; Mendieta, *Historia*, pp. 742-744; Torquemada, *Monarquia Indiana*, pp. 610-611, Parte Tercera; Vetancurt, *Menologio*, pp. 121-122; Gonzaga, *De Origine Seraphicæ Religionis, Romæ*, Anno 1587. Tom. II, pp. 1297-1298; Bandelier in *Amer. Cath. Quart. Review*, July, 1890, pp. 562-565; Lummis, *Spanish Pioneers*, pp. 120-123; Shea, *Catholic Church*, i, pp. 121-122. Bancroft, *New Mexico*, pp. 66-67.

known. Vetancurt is his *Menologio* mentions him on November 30, and gives the year as 1544; but this may be safely regarded

as incorrect. Mota Padilla,⁶ says that 1542 is held for certain to be the year of the missionary's death.

6. "No se sabe el dia de su muerte, aunque sí se tiene por cierto haber sido en el año de quinientos cuarenta y dos." (p. 168, no. 9.)

ST. MARY'S INDIAN SCHOOL, ODANAH, WIS.

By Sr. M. Macaria, O.S.F.

FOR the edification of the faithful, the Apostle of the Gentiles, in one of his epistles, speaks of the trials through which he had passed. In the history of St. Mary's School, a series of perils have also been recorded, and possibly, an account of some of these may serve to edify the *Herald's* readers.

Not the least of these perils has been from forest fires, which form an important chapter in the history of northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and other territories contiguous to the Great Lakes. Those of northern Wisconsin, in 1894 and 1908, concern us more particularly as they were at their worst in and about Odanah.

Beginning about the first of September, the forest fires of 1908, scoured the woods until late October. By September 16, their proximity and violence were such that we can almost say that we saw naught but smoke, breathed naught but smoke; and yet the crisis occurred only on the 24th, the smoke then being so dense that one could see only a few yards ahead. In short, the situation was almost terrifying, and yet the impending doom, which seemed ready to fall at any moment, had been gathering well-nigh a month so that we looked forward to a speedy summoning be-

fore the Judgment Seat with considerable composure. Every hour of that gloomy day, special prayers were offered in the classrooms, and once when the pupils had finished singing St. Ann's hymn, the golden rays of the sun pierced the dense smoke and lighted up the room and the faces of all for just a moment. We called it "St. Ann's smile" and looked upon it as a sign that our prayers had risen above the cloud of smoke, and drawn down a ray of hope in that momentary flash of sunlight.

During Benediction that afternoon (Friday), Father Chrysostom offered fervent prayers for averting the impending calamity. About six in the evening, the news had spread that the superintendent of the mill had ordered special trains, so that, if the worst came to the worst, there might be no unnecessary delay. This caused the people to come running to the school, calling for their children. We endeavored to quiet them, telling them the children could nowhere be safer than with us, and that we had the greatest confidence we should be spared, as we had been storming Heaven with prayers for weeks. The people were finally quieted. All that night, the fire raged and the wind favored it. Some of us retired in obe-

dience, only to listen to the howling of the wind which seemed to tell us every moment that our destruction was certain. When the strain became unbearable, we rose and went to the chapel, where we found those who had been permitted to watch, in fervent supplication. Morning dawned, with the smoke as dense as ever, and the fire still uncontrollable. At seven o'clock, we began a Nine Hours' Prayer which was visibly answered. Rain fell copiously and placed us in safety for the time being.

But the forest fires were not to be extinguished even by two days of very heavy rain; and after burning secretly in the earth in the roots of the trees which were teeming with pitch, the flames burst forth again shortly after, with greater violence than ever. On October 15, flames, only a half mile distant, could be seen leaping up to the very heavens, and breaking forth into violence just at dusk in the evening. It was a sublime and an appalling scene. We were surrounded by fire on all sides; but the greatest danger was from a large tamarack swamp which burned like pitch, for the sparks, carried by the violent wind toward the sawmill, the school, and the town, fell in showers. The mill closed that afternoon, and all the men were sent to fight the fire. Toward evening, hundreds of men were called in from the camps, and fire departments from neighboring towns were asked for assistance. Hose was shipped in from various quarters, and men were stationed every fifty feet apart in four distinct lines, one behind the other, between the fire and the town. Some

mounted on horses rode up and down between these lines pointing out the fires that started up wherever the live sparks fell and keeping survey of the men that none might shirk their duty. Barrels of water and dozens of buckets were placed at regular intervals, for a distance of two miles or more; dozens, if not hundreds of small fires were extinguished in the mill yards alone during these hours of suspense and anxiety, and it was said that if the lumber yard (the second largest pine yard in the U. S.) actually caught fire, there would be no possibility of extinguishing it, owing to the way lumber is piled; and then the town was doomed, for if it did not burn, it would melt from the intensity of the heat.

Again the people came to St. Mary's calling for their children; again extra trains were ordered and a special one for the school by the superintendent of the mill, and we were told to be in readiness to leave. Hundreds of women and children and a few men (for most of the men were fighting the fire) stood on the platform of the depot waiting for extra trains. Many were too excited to wait for extras, but left on the daily evening trains, over eighty going toward Saxon, others to Ashland, Washburn, Bayfield, etc., and among these were the relations of the leading men of the mill who certainly knew just how great the danger was, and who had expressly ordered their wives and children to leave the town.

As on September 24, the wind was high. Indeed, during all this time, we had the highest winds ever known in this region, and on this occasion, we had a wind which we get only once or twice a year, a

southwest. Sober men, not accustomed to exaggeration, claim that the flames, particularly in the tamarack swamp, actually leaped hundreds of feet into the air, and that when the fire was fiercest, the flames went contrary to the wind—and it was well they did, for the fire was but a short distance from the mill.

Again we watched, again we prayed. The Bishop of our diocese, Rt. Rev. A. F. Schinner, who was informed of the danger, ordered special prayers, throughout the diocese, for rain. We had in our possession a small picture of our Lady of Good Council, which had been touched by Rt. Rev. Killian Flasch, the former saintly Bishop of La Crosse, to the miraculous picture of the same name. This we hung out in our front yard on one of the trees, confidently imploring our Blessed Mother's powerful protection. Though, as previously stated, the mill had shut down, thus releasing all employees for the purpose of fighting the fire, all night long its great engines throbbed and quivered under high pressure, for upon them were depending the fire fiend's mightiest opponents—the force pumps. All next day, the same strict watch was kept by the men employed by the mill. The fire from the southwest was traveling at a rate that would have brought it to us by noon. Bishop Schinner had requested us to bring him to Odanah from Ashland by team, at 11 o'clock; and, when our teamster left for Ashland, the oldest settler in town (a white man) told him to be back at noon, giving him plainly to understand that his services would be needed at the school. Another time of suspense

followed; for we were told if the wind would change to favor the fire from the south, we should be ready to leave town in twenty minutes. The strict watch of the previous night was kept up all day by the mill men and the Ashland firemen, and we were assured of their combined protection, in case the wind favored the fire nearest to us, for then the mill would be out of danger immediately and we should be, more than ever, in it. Another night of anxiety passed only to be followed by another day of suspense. Again we began a Nine Hours' Prayer, which was speedily answered. Rain fell almost daily for the next eight or ten days, and yet, for weeks after, smoke rose from the burning stumps and roots of trees.

How many prayers were offered in those days, in our Chapel of Perpetual Adoration in La Crosse, for our safety by our dear home Sisters and our anxious Mother Superior, how many prayers we offered, and how fully they were heard even the non-Catholics of the town testify to. When the foreman of the mill, a non-Catholic, heard that the Bishop had ordered special prayers, throughout the diocese, for rain, he told the superintendent, another non-Catholic, who admitted that this information made him feel much more at ease about the situation. The first fire that threatened to sweep the town came no farther than a telephone post, in which we had stuck a St. Agatha billet. The men who fought the flames say that it was one of the most wonderful things they had ever witnessed, for the flames actually leaped over buildings, leaving hundreds of tons of hay untouched, which, had they

caught fire, would have increased the conflagration to such an extent that nothing could have prevented it from carrying the mill with it; and, when we speak of the mill burning here, we mean practically the destruction of the whole town and boarding school. Another remarkable incident took place at the graveyard, which was also threatened with destruction. The Methodist side had suffered much loss, and in spite of their efforts, the fence disappeared before the flames. Father Chrysostom went to bless the place where the fire

raged. One of the Sisters also put up a St. Agatha billet. A Methodist remarked—sneeringly, perhaps, “The fire won’t come any further now because the priest blessed it.” He spoke truly. The flames took another course through the woods and left the Catholic side of the cemetery untouched, though it had done considerable damage on the Methodist side. Yes, the forest fires of 1908 caused us many an anxious hour, but they demonstrated forcibly the wonderful power of prayer.

THE SOCIALIST

By Noel A. Dundardale, Tertiary

WITH increasing impatience, Charles Curtis Colvin knocked for the seventh time on the stout oaken door that closed the entrance to the city studio of his friend and client George Lamont. In reply he heard only the rich tones of the baritone’s voice and the piano upon which he was evidently accompanying himself. At last a series of heavy chords given with great vigor marked the end of the song and for a moment all was quiet. Mr. Colvin knocked for the eighth time.

“Come in, come in, come in,” was the hearty response. “My dear Colvin, what on earth brings you here”—by this time Lamont had opened the door,—“on a day like this? For Heaven’s sake man, look at the snow on your hat!”

“As it happens I can’t see my hat while it’s on my head, but I do see that fire you have, and with your kind permission I’ll take advantage of it and get warm. I haven’t seen such a blizzard these ten years.” Colvin proceeded to divest himself of hat, coat, gloves, and rubbers,

each thickly covered with snow, while Lamont ruefully regarded the treatment that befell his oriental rugs in consequence.

“Oh, you lawyers!” he exclaimed. “You’re all alike. Here you come, on a day like this, with some infernal business matter, when all in the world that one should do is stay at home and—”

“Play the piano, I suppose?” questioned his friend, with a smile.

“No, be thankful that he has a home to stay in. But now that you are more human looking, though your nose is very red, my dear sir, and your hands are very blue, and your lips very white—”

“Yes, yes, thank you.”

“Now, I say, what absurd business brings you here? I tell you frankly I have little patience today. Maestro Rampini swears by his father’s beard and some four thousand stars, not the operatic variety, that he will produce this new opera of Hartley’s on the fifteenth, and I have scarcely looked at the score. What with singing twice a week and sometimes three

times, rehearsing, and all the rest, a man gets no time at all during the season. We singers have to work our heads off. And then you, you rascally attorney, have to come and bother me. But I won't listen to you. Come and hear this. It's the only worthy part in the whole score." He turned to the piano, struck a few notes and began to sing.

Colvin smiled and listened but inwardly swore at this temperamental individual who had to be handled so carefully.

"Good work, isn't it?" exclaimed the singer as he concluded the passage.

"Wonderful, exquisite, charming, beautiful shading, tone-work beyond—" began Colvin.

"Go to the dickens, you crazy fellow; you know nothing at all about music. Why should I sing for you?" interrupted Lamont.

"Yes, why should you indeed, when you know I came here for business, my dear musician, b-u-s-i-n-e-s-s, do you understand?" Lamont looked as disconsolate as possible and sat down in a big chair.

"Proceed," he said, placing his hand on his head. "I know it's a weary thing but get it over, man, get it over."

The lawyer opened a leather satchel and produced a bundle of papers. The baritone nearly fell over backwards.

"What?" he exclaimed. "All of those?"

"Be not alarmed," answered his friend, soothingly. "I require merely this one letter. It is from Richardson, the overseer of your plantation, who says that the laborers are dissatisfied with their working conditions. They claim they need better places to live in or—"

"What?"

"They will strike," asserted the lawyer, conclusively.

"And do you mean to tell me, my dear Charles, that you, with all of your brains, for you have some brains, you know, have taken the great trouble to come here, on a day like this, to bother me with such a simple thing as a strike? What else do I have you for but to settle such things without troubling me?" and Lamont looked more wearied than ever. He cast a longing glance toward his piano.

"That," he said, indicating the instrument with a wave of his hand, "is far more interesting than your dusty law."

"As a matter of fact," continued the lawyer, "I have decided the affair for you. But in order to close these workmen's disputes once and for all I want to send them this letter, over your personal signature, telling them that you have treated them more than fairly but that the limit has been reached and nothing further will be done for them."

An exploding bomb could not have made Lamont jump up any faster than he did.

"You will do nothing of the kind," he declared, seizing the letter and tearing it into little bits which he threw into the fire. "Don't you know that before everything these people must be properly cared for? Is it not through their efforts that my plantation is worked? Their labor is my income."

"But you are paying them their wages," said Colvin.

"To be sure. Are the wages enough though? Probably their asking for better habitations indicates that they lack the means of making their own improvements. How much do they get?"

"A dollar a day, sleeping accomodation and their meals," was the reply.

"A dollar a day? A whole, round, shining dollar, every day?" asked Lamont in amazement.

"Except Sunday, of course."

"Six then in a week! Twenty-five in a month!! Three hundred in a year!!! At that rate it would take one of them six years of hard toil to earn what I receive for less than four hours singing. It is impossible!" And the baritone fell back into his chair.

"But you must remember, George, that you are a great singer, that you have a talent developed by years of study and they are just ordinary workmen who know nothing."

"They are men, though, just as I am. They must live and love as I do. We are all human beings made in the same fashion, with the same aspirations, the same needs. Do they require fewer meals because they have less brain?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"It would be absurd to argue about it," he said, "even if we both had time. The property is yours and it is your place to decide whether or not the additional wages shall be paid. My advice is against it." With these words he returned his papers to the satchel and assumed an air of indifference. Lamont stared into the fire for a few minutes.

"What says Richardson?" he asked, abruptly.

"Oh, he is indefinite as usual but rather favors the increase than otherwise."

Lamont returned no answer but continued to stare into the fire, an expression of sadness clouded his usually happy face. Colvin broke the silence.

"I must go," he said. "What's your decision?"

Apparently his words were unheard; for the singer made no reply and for several minutes more nothing was said. At length Lamont began to speak, slowly and quietly, as though he were merely thinking aloud rather than addressing any-

one.

"From earliest youth," he began, "it was my wish to be able to establish an ideal and live up to it, to be absolutely true to the principles that I believe in. This idea undoubtedly came from the old abbé who gave me my first religious training. I was born in Paris, you know, whither my father's business had taken him. My father was a Catholic, but my mother was not. A more fair-minded, honorable woman never lived, though, and so after my father's death—I was only three at the time—my good mother arranged with this abbé to give me the necessary instruction in my faith.

"I chose a profession only to find that to properly carry it on, to be successful in it, meant a disregard of my ideal. Business success could be obtained only at the expense of someone else. So, for some time, I retired from business and devoted myself to writing. Then it was found that I had a voice. I had known nothing of it before and scouted the suggestion when it was made to me. But it came from a friend, a teacher of singing, who was, I knew, not interested in misleading me because of any hope of gain for himself, and I was inclined to trust his judgment. 'Everyone,' he said, 'has some vocation in life, some work that he can perform with perfection.' I had tried various things and failed to find the right place. Why should I not believe him when he said that in vocal music I would find my sphere. I did, and found in an operatic career the opportunity to live the life that I deemed worthy. I am free to help others, to enable them to live their lives, to make things easier for some whose lives might otherwise be hard.

"You know," he looked at Colvin, "I am much in sympathy with everything that pertains to the

'common people' as they are called. I find them always sincere, true to their type. And—I love them, and want to do all I can for them. That's why I maintain this plantation. It was left to me by my father when he died, but I never needed the income derived from it, even in childhood. That's why the necessities of those who work it are of more importance than any profit I make. I am at fault for not having paid more attention to it, though, for I had no idea how little pay the laborers were getting. My singing gives me as much money as I need and it enables me to follow a career that has more than gold as its goal."

To himself Colvin admitted the truth of his friend's remark. The instinct of the lawyer was too strong in him, however to allow him not to argue the point, for no better reason than that he did not wish to let Lamont feel he had the advantage.

"Oh, yes," he said, blusteringly, "that's all very well for you who can get \$2000, or so for an evening's singing. But the rest of us who have no such unusual talent have to be content to follow the lower road and run the risk of getting our shoes dirty. We can not all fly." He thought this simile rather clever and it squarred him to further discussion. As a matter of fact Lamont scarcely heard it, so deep in thought was he. "However," continued the lawyer, "to return to the case of these laborers, you may think it very fine, Lamont, very generous, charitable, and all the rest, to do these things; but, take it from me, you are making a mistake. 'Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil,' you know. By giving these people more than they really earn, you are only giving them a false idea of their abilities and of the value of

the money they get. They will become dissatisfied and cause no end of trouble. You might as well give them the property outright."

Lamont jumped up and struck his hands together.

"The very thing," he cried, excitedly. "Colvin, my boy, that's the best idea your brain has produced these five years. We'll run the old place on a profit-sharing plan, and all it makes shall go back to those who make it. They will have more interest in their work; they will be independent and infinitely happier. See to it at once, will you?"

Colvin gasped in amazement at this new whim of his client, but he saw the uselessness of arguing.

"Between you and me and that eternal gate-post," he said, "that new opera has got into your head in the wrong way. I'll see you some other time. But—just a word more. It is for you to decide what you will do with your own property. I have had more experience with people and business than you. But I tell you you are making the greatest mistake of your life, and if you make this change, it will come back on you just as sure as you live. These people are the last in the world to appreciate what you will do for them. I wash my hands of the affair. Good bye, old fellow, and—change your mind."

The door was closed and Lamont was again alone and free to think of this topsy-turvy world where men are so completely selfish.

"After all," he said half aloud, "it but emphasizes the desirability of my present life as opposed to this sickening world of business."

Then he went back to his piano, and plantations became things and workmen and strikes and salaries passed out of his mind.

(To be concluded)

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College.—The public novena in preparation for the feast of the Immaculate Conception was preached in our church by the ex-definitive general, Rev. Fr. Aloysius Borgianni, of the province of Turin. His Eminence, the Cardinal Protector of our Order, was the guest of the college on this day.

Rev. Fr. Giacinto Tonizza, of the province of St. Clare, has returned to Constantinople as superior of the Franciscan missions, an office he resigned about a year ago on account of the war.

Of the fourteen students who matriculated at the new Oriental College in December, six are Franciscans. It is also noteworthy that the Friars Minor are the only religious Order so far represented at this college. Now that the war is over, more students will no doubt flock to this important institution of learning.

On Sunday, January 5, solemn services were held in our church to commemorate the seventh centenary of the coming of St. Francis to the Holy Land. Cardinal Van Rossum, prefect of the S. Congregation of the Propaganda, celebrated the Pontifical High Mass, while the Cardinal Protector Giustini officiated at the evening solemnity. Both Cardinals were the guests of the college at dinner.

Nsambya, B. E. Africa.—The Order of the British Empire was recently bestowed on Mother Kevin, a Franciscan nun and superior of St. Mary's Convent, Nsambya, British East Africa, in recognition of her services in organizing a Catholic hospital at that place, that has made her name famous.

Paris, France.—Rev. Fr. Martin Laurent, O. M. CAP., was recently decorated with the cross of the legion of honor in recognition of the bravery he displayed as chaplain of a French infantry regiment. Premier Clemenceau himself pinned the much prized decoration on the breast of the humble friar, saying as he did so, "Rev. Father, I haven't the honor of being a Capuchin, but I am sure that you will gladly receive from my hand this cross, for it is France herself who gives it to you."

Morocco, Africa.—The followers of

Mohammed were the first non-Christians to enjoy the missionary labors of the Friars Minor. St. Francis himself sent the first missionaries among them and even ventured personally before the Sultan of Egypt to preach Christ Crucified. True to the traditions of the Order, the sons of St. Francis are still actively engaged in the endeavor to gain the Mohammedans for Christ, especially in the missions of Morocco. As this country is at present ruled conjointly by Spain and France, both the Spanish and French Franciscans are to be found here; the former number 39 priests and 29 lay brothers and the latter 17 priests. The Spanish friars are assisted in their missionary labors by 23 Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, while 103 Franciscan Sisters are scattered throughout the French protectorate. That their efforts are not without fruit, the following statistics for the year 1917, bear witness: Baptisms, 2,298; Confirmations, 1,108; Confessions, 58,444; Communion, 120,566; marriages, 446; deaths, 1,448.

Taypur, India.—Shyam Sing, raja of the native state of Taypur in India, who, born a Hindoo and converted to Protestantism, became a Catholic in 1900 at the instance of Rev. Fr. Romulus O.M. CAP., has been created a Knight of St. Gregory by Pope Benedict XV. The same honor has been conferred on the raja's brother, who became a Catholic some years before the raja embraced the faith. Encouraged and assisted by these two royal brothers and their families, the Capuchin friars have made numerous converts in Taypur. Raja Shyam Sing is not only a fervent Catholic but also a most zealous Tertiary of St. Francis. Clad in the large habit of the Third Order, he gave a most edifying example to the Tertiaries of India, especially during the First General Conference held on November 10, 11, and 12, 1903, in which he took a most active part. He is very proud of this garb of penance and wears it on all occasions when members of the Third Order are wont to do so in India.

North Shantung, China.—The following statistics may prove interesting to

the friends of the Franciscan Chinese missions in North Shantung. At present there are 28 European Franciscan priests, 27 Chinese III Order priests, 5 European Franciscan lay brothers, 11 Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, 251 male and female teachers, 349 male and female catechists, and 69 baptizers of heathen children. The vicariate has two seminaries with 68 students, one normal school for men with 36 pupils, 187 primary schools with 3464 children, 16 catechumenates with 400 catechumens, 7 orphan asylums with 552 children, while 815 orphans are being sheltered in Christian families but are dependent on the mission for their sustenance. The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary conduct two academies for girls with 120 pupils, one normal school for women with 26 students, two schools of needlework frequented by 180 children, two dispensaries, and two asylums for old men and women, with 180 inmates. From Easter 1917 to Easter 1918, 1884 Baptisms of heathen children were recorded, 1134 Baptisms of Christian children, 2026 Baptisms of heathen adults, 1424 Confirmations, 27,233 annual Confessions, 125,014 Confessions of devotion, 25,263 annual Communions, 282,437 Communions of devotion, 327 marriages, and 527 Extreme Unctions.

Eritrea, Africa.—The Right Rev. Camillo Carrara, O.M. Cap., Vicar Apostolic of Eritrea, an African colony belonging to Italy, has compiled a large catechism in the native tongue of the Tigriqua. The book is a large volume, well bound, and its pages, covered with strange characters and symbols, represents a vast amount of labor and learning on the part of the accomplished author.

Alicante, Spain.—A community of Third Order Sisters of St. Francis, filled with the seraphic spirit of their holy father, has charge of the large leper hospital of St. Francis of Borja in Alicante, Spain. Evidence of the true spirit of Christian charity that animates the Catholics of Spain is the formation of a society of children, under the supervision of the National Institute for Provisions (National Food Commission), which collects the children's mites from all over the kingdom for the unfortunate inmates of this leper hospital.

Lérida, Spain.—At the contest held re-

cently in Lérida by the Marian Literary Society, two poems, "The Immaculate Conception" and "Thou art all fair, O Mary," received the prizes. The second poem was written by the popular Franciscan contributor to the *Revista Franciscana*, who is wont to sign his contributions with the pen name Fra Menoret.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Convent.—At a meeting of representatives of all the Franciscan Provinces of the country held at St. Joseph's Convent, Cleveland, Ohio, on February 19, the following Reverend Fathers were present: Venantius Buessing, O.M. CAP., of New York; Wendelin Green, O.M. CAP., of Rochester, Pa.; Fridolin Stauble, O.M. CONV., of Indianapolis, Ind.; Dominic Rowland, O.F.M., of New York; John Forest McGee, O.F.M., of Cincinnati, O.; Roger Middendorf, O.F.M., of Cleveland, O. Fr. Roger was nominated chairman and Fr. John Forest acted as secretary of the meeting. The purpose of the gathering was to make remote preparations for the National Third Order convention which is expected to be held in 1921. Nominations were made for the honorary board and for the executive, publicity, and finance committees subject to the approval of the provincial superiors and to the acceptance of the nominees. Besides this other important business was transacted. Let it suffice for our readers to know that plans for the national Third Order convention are rapidly assuming definite shape.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—The large attendance at the general meeting of the Immaculate Conception Fraternity, on December 20, was very gratifying. At the councilors' meeting, held January 29, in the absence of our Prefect, Mr. Joseph McCarthy, who is very ill, our Spiritual Director read the report of the conference of the Tertiary Board, held in Chicago on Thanksgiving last. Plans for a centenary celebration later in the year and also for the annual visitation were likewise discussed. Our *Herald* workers have been quite active in the past weeks soliciting subscriptions with fairly good results.

Seattle, Wash., St. George's Church.—The meetings of the Tertiaries of Seattle are being well attended. At the last meeting, the Rev. Director made several important announcements bearing on the

Third Order, and then preached a timely discourse on the part that the Brothers and sisters of Penance are to play in the great work of reconstruction that is now facing the nations. On this occasion six new members were received. The officers of the fraternity are: Mr. Isidore Lorentz, prefect; Mr. Joseph Nist, vice prefect; Mrs. Elizabeth Royal, secretary; Mrs. A. Felton, treasurer; Mr. Charles Albert and Mrs. A. Howley, consultants.

Ossining, N. Y., Maryknoll.—On February 2, the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin and also the anniversary of the martyrdom of Blessed Theophane Venard, our patron, nine students of Maryknoll were admitted to holy profession in the Third Order, while one postulant received the Tertiary cord and scapular. The Third Order has obtained a strong hold on the students and it is silently making its converts. One of the Maryknoll priests, who left last September for China, is even now seeking admission among the Tertiary sons of St. Francis, well aware, no doubt, of the great spiritual gain it will mean for him and his charges. Two of his companions at Ysung-Kong are already Tertiaries, one a professed member, the other a novice.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.—Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, conducted the first canonical visitation of the Third Order in Joliet at St. John's Church on Sunday, February 9. After the services in the church, he addressed the Tertiaries in the school hall. Much good has been effected by the visitation, and the Tertiaries of our city may look forward to a prosperous year for their fraternity. The special collection taken up to cover the expense incurred by having *Franciscan Herald* sent regularly to each Tertiary home was a decided success.

St. Paul, Minn., Sacred Heart Church.—The regular monthly meeting of our Tertiary conference took place on Sunday, February 9. Never before did we record so large an attendance. Twenty-two postulants were vested with the cord and scapular. The reception was made an occasion of special solemnity owing to the fact that Rev. Joseph A. Kern, pastor of the church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, of Minneapolis, Minn.,

joined the ranks of the secular Tertiaries on this day. This is the first time that the Twin Cities saw one of their secular priests don the livery of the Poverello of Assisi and the event was one of no little joy for our Third Order conference. We tender our Rev. brother in St. Francis our warmest congratulations, expressing at the same time the hope that many others of the secular clergy of our cities will follow his example. On hearing the news of the elevation of Right Rev. Austin Dowling, D.D., Bishop of Des Moines, Iowa, to the archiepiscopal see of St. Paul, our Tertiaries at once sent a letter of congratulation to his Grace, in which they gave expression to their joy over his appointment and promised him, as true sons and daughters of St. Francis, their heartiest cooperation in all his undertakings for the welfare of the archdiocese, at the same time assuring him of their fervent prayers.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—When the call to arms came, thirteen young Tertiaries of the St. Francis and St. Louis Fraternities responded. When last heard from, all were faring well except one, Mr. Arthur Hennessy, a novice, who entered the Third Order on Sunday, February 17, 1918. Shortly after his investment, he was sent to France and in a letter to one of his friends he deplored the fact that his many and arduous duties as a soldier hindered him from frequenting the Sacraments and from other pious exercises he had been wont to perform. On the very day on which the armistice was signed but a short time before hostilities ceased, he was struck by a bursting shell and instantly killed. We ask his fellow Tertiaries to remember him in their prayers. R. I. P.

Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis Church.—On Monday evening, January 20, the members of our parish were stricken with sorrow on hearing the news of the death of our beloved assistant pastor, Rev. Fr. John Cantius Rozmus, O. F. M., who passed away in St. Joseph's Hospital, San Francisco. Possessed of a sunny disposition and filled with zeal for the honor of God and the salvation of souls, he endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. But it was during the influenza epidemic that his:

self-sacrificing spirit made itself known far and wide. Although of a frail constitution and weakened by an illness of long standing, he forgot himself entirely in his charity for the victims of the plague, and he died a martyr to duty at the early age of thirty-five years. The solemn obsequies were held in St. Antony's Church, San Francisco, where he had formerly been stationed when in charge of the Polish Catholics of the city. Very Rev. Provincial Hugolinus Storff, O.F.M., sang the Requiem, while his Grace Archbishop Hanna, of San Francisco, delivered a touching eulogy. The spacious church was filled with sorrowing friends of the young priest, especially with numerous Tertiaries, who had known and loved him as their spiritual director. R.I.P.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church.—In the month of January, twelve men and nineteen women and young ladies were received into the local fraternity of the Third Order. Our Tertiaries and parishioners were privileged to attend an illustrated lecture by Mr. Antony Matre, K. S. C., on Rome and the Last Three Popes, and they were very much pleased as well as edified. The lecture was given twice, and the proceeds were added to our Third Order scholarship fund for the education of a student for the Franciscan Order. The parish hall was taxed to its capacity on both occasions and not a Catholic went home but was filled with a greater love for our holy Faith, nor a Tertiary but was imbued with a more intense devotion for the Third Order, of which Mr. Matre is so fervent a member. After hearing this lecture and considering its excellent results the thought struck our mind whether it would not be feasible for the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart to form a lecture bureau composed of priests and laymen, who, on application, would be ready to lecture to the Tertiaries on Franciscan and other appropriate subjects. We submit the thought for what it is worth to the consideration of the Rev. Directors and of the Provincial Board. (*Franciscan Herald* will second any motion to that effect.—Ed.)

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—On the feast of the Purification, fourteen postulants were invested with the Tertiary cord and scapular,

while fifteen novices made their profession. Our happiness on this occasion was enhanced by the announcement that on Sunday, April 27, the Right Rev. John J. Cantwell, Bishop of Los Angeles, will preside at the formal opening of our St. Francis Springs. The program for the occasion is as follows: The San Francisco Tertiaries will leave the city at 7.30 A. M., arriving at the Springs in time for holy Mass. Immediately after Mass, the chapel will be blessed and then the Stations of the Cross erected in the woods. Luncheon at 12 M.; concert at 2 P. M. At 5 P. M., the St. Boniface Tertiaries will leave again for their homes. We cordially invite all our brother and sister Tertiaries throughout the city, state, and country to attend this celebration. Likewise all the readers of the *Herald* will be most welcome not only on this occasion but whenever they happen to be near our city. The Springs is an ideal place to spend one's summer vacation, and sickly and convalescent Tertiaries are especially invited to seek strength and health here under the benign protection of the gentle St. Francis, to whom the Springs are dedicated.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.—The annual meetings of the English and German-speaking branches of the Third Order of St. Francis Church proved very successful and interesting in every respect. The attendance was very good on both occasions, over 500 Tertiaries being present at the German meeting, and about 225 at the English meeting. The German-speaking conference has now a membership of 1043, of whom 158 are isolated members, while the English-speaking fraternity numbers 449 members, of whom 65 are isolated. These numbers show a marked increase over 1917. During the past year, five of our Tertiaries entered the religious life, and twenty-one were claimed by death. Both conferences viewed with just pride and satisfaction the charitable work achieved during the year 1918, which will serve as an incentive to renewed efforts for the coming year. Practical steps were taken at these meetings to prepare for the golden jubilee of our two conferences, which will be formally commemorated toward the close of the present year, since December 26 marks the anniversary of the first Tertiary meeting held

in the sacristy of the old church. Among other things, the officers are to endeavor to obtain permission from their respective pastors to have monthly general Communions of the Tertiaries in their parish churches. All the members are urged to assist in carrying out this laudable project by their regular attendance at these monthly Communions. The jubilee year will also chronicle two new works of charity undertaken by our Third Order conferences: "St. Francis Student Burse" and the "Gregorian Mass Fund." The object of the former is to raise a fund of \$3000, the interest of which will pay the tuition of a needy student for the priesthood; while the latter consists in depositing \$30 in the Tertiary treasury, which after the death of the member, will serve as the stipend for the so-called Gregorian Masses. Meanwhile the interest accruing from this money will be devoted to Third Order charities or to any other good work stipulated by the donor.

Our Tertiaries received with great interest the intelligence regarding the proposed organization of the Third Order by the formation of a national committee, whose duty it shall be among other things to make preparation for a national convention of Tertiaries in 1921, and they pledged their fullest cooperation in the matter. Toward the close of the meeting, Miss Mary Hannan, super-

intendent of the centers of the Catholic Instruction League, gave an interesting talk on the object and work of the League. We trust that her remarks will further the work of the League and eventually aid in incorporating it among the worthy charities of the Third Order. Mindful of the needs of our Third Order Day Nursery, a Pound Party will be given on March 2 for the benefit of the Nursery. Packages may be delivered at the Nursery either before or after the meeting. A complete membership list of our conferences has just been published in book form, and is ready for distribution. Every member should procure a copy.

Washington, D. C., Mt. St. Sepulchre.—Just as we are going to press a notable celebration is taking place in the Franciscan church of Mount St. Sepulchre that bids fair to outshine in splendor any previous ecclesiastical function held in this country. It is the golden episcopal jubilee celebration of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, to which all the members of the American hierarchy have been invited, and to which the Holy Father himself has sent his special legate the Most Rev. Archbishop Cerretti. As we have not been fully informed of the program, we must content ourselves with the promise to give our readers a detailed account of the proceedings in our next issue.

OBITUARY

Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis Church:—Rev. John Cantius Rozmus, O.F.M.
Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity: John (Francis) Cunningham; Mary (Joseph) Deady; Maria (Anne) Spriggs; Catherine (Catherine) Thompson.

St. Louis Fraternity: Rose (Anne) Keegan; Ellen Donnelly, a novice.

St. Elizabeth Fraternity: Anna (Rose) Schenk; Frances (Barbara) Bineke; Mary (Teresa) Knurr.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity: Cecilia (Antonia) Gorman; Catherine (Bridget) Tettelbach; Anne (Rose) Donavan; Elizabeth (Clare) McCue.

St. Antony Fraternity:—John (Francis) Hoffmann; Barbara (Maria) Matheis; Maria (Lidwina) Kundmueller; Anna (Antonia) Korb; Francisca (Colette) Kozskowski; Maria (Catherine) Alt; Anna (Elizabeth) Tettelbach.

Harrington, Wash.:—John (Antony) Shields; Ethel (Rose) Pemberta.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:—Anna H. (Mary) Gehring.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church:—Philip (Louis) Mueller; Catherine (Elizabeth) Edelmann; Barbara (Elizabeth) Muehlbauer; Catherine (Castor) Winter; Caroline (Maria) Montag.

Seattle, Wash.:—Vincent (Matthew) Maloy; H. F. (Elizabeth) Moore.

Spokane, Wash.:—Mrs. Wm. (Catherine) McBride.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:—Mary (Agnes) Meyer.

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

EVERYBODY'S CARDINAL

Amid solemnities, the pomp and splendor of which has never been surpassed in the history of the Catholic Church in America, his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, on February 21, commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopal dignity. The event calls for a word of comment from us, the more so since it took place in the Franciscan Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Washington, D. C.

The day's festivities were a fitting climax to the reverend Jubilarian's fifty years of faithful service in the cause of religion and country. Half a century of incessant and arduous labor for God and humanity as a zealous shepherd of souls—how few in the history of the Church can boast of such a record? No plan for the spread of God's kingdom on earth but received his hearty cooperation. No movement for the betterment of the social conditions of his fellows but found in him a willing and active supporter. No danger threatening the safety of the Church or of the Republic but met in him a vigilant and intrepid defender. No human misery but enlisted his warmest sympathy. No national folly but elicited his outspoken strictures. No public achievement but won his unstinted commendation. Such in the barest and briefest outline, is the story of Cardinal Gibbons's fifty years of episcopal life, spent in unwearyed and disinterested service of God and man.

If the strife has been hard, the glory is great. Wherever beats a truly American heart, there his name is breathed with reverence and love. Indeed, no American churchman has so grappled to himself the hearts of his countrymen as the venerable Primate of the American hierarchy. He is everybody's Cardinal regardless of creed or nationality. Nor was ever affection and esteem so well merited or so well placed. Many honors have come to him in the course of his long life, but none that he did not richly deserve, and none that his countrymen did not willingly bestow. They felt that in honoring him they were but honoring themselves. How comforting for him the thought must be that he has not sought the applause of men; but that it has come to him unsolicited as a result of duty faithfully and perseveringly done. Yet, how much more consoling the thought of that crown of glory which the just Judge

will render to him on that day. We pray God, however, that that day may be still far distant. The world in its present troubled state stands more sorely in need than ever of such conscientious, far-seeing, and public-spirited men as his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons.



THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM

Some months since, we gave it as our opinion in these columns that revolutions are caused by pressure exerted from above, not from below; in other words that autocracy invites rebellion and thus becomes its own greatest enemy. We further ventured the assertion that unless the governments of all countries speedily divested themselves of the extraordinary powers arrogated during the war, the people would assert their rights in a manner not altogether agreeable to the governments. The latter have been slow to surrender their far-reaching authority; because they have found oppression and repression better suited to their selfish purposes than liberal interpretation and rational administration of the laws. But four years of coercion and blundering and deceit and starvation on the part of the rulers have not tended to diminish the desire of the peoples for self-government; nay, this desire has been rather strengthened by their sufferings. As a result the inevitable reaction has come. We are witnessing the swing of the pendulum, and that quite a sudden and violent swing. The revolution is upon us. President Wilson in his Boston speech frankly admitted:

They (the peoples who constitute the nations of the world) are in the saddle and they are going to see to it that if their present governments do not do their will some other governments shall. And the secret is out and the governments know it.

If they know it, they are none the wiser for the knowledge. Surely, if the holders of power realized that a struggle for the world's socialization has begun, and that it must continue to the bitter end, they would not allow themselves to be misled by any hope of advantage of the former world order; but they would make every effort to seize time by the forelock and to act as necessity demands. Instead, we find the old-world statesmen and politicians all absorbed in their favorite game of grab and barter and deceit and intrigue and dawdling and procrastination and treaty-making and pledge-breaking, just as if they were still ruling the world. "The people are in the saddle." If this means anything at all, it means that the people intend to ride the horse. Else, why did they mount it? True, they are not yet holding both reins. One of them is still in the hands of the servants of the people, as the President is pleased to call the office-holders. But once the people apply the spurs to the sides of their intent, there will be no hand strong enough to hold the mettlesome charger in check.

It is apparent that a world-wide revolution of blood and iron has begun, which will sweep the existing order of things forever from the face of the earth. It matters little whether the universal purgation will be effected by Bolshevism, pure and simple, or in the diluted form known as Socialism. What really matters is the fact that the masses have lost

confidence in their representatives. The people of Europe, to quote President Wilson again, "see that their governments have never been able to defend them against intrigue or aggression, and that there is no force or foresight or prudence in any modern cabinet to stop war." This being the case, the people naturally ask themselves of what good are governments and cabinets.

In those countries where the revolution has not yet broken out, there is only one way to retard it if not to prevent it, and that is to assist evolution. Since there is little disposition on the part of existing governments to do so, we repeat the revolution must come; and if come it must, then the sooner the better. After all, there may be worse things than Bolshevism. Such at least is the opinion of one man in a responsible public position. In accepting the appointment to the Board of Governors for a nation-wide campaign against anarchy, Governor Frazier, of North Dakota writes thus:

Personally I feel that Bolshevism is not the only peril to this country. In my opinion, the spirit of Bourbonism is even more threatening to the security of our institutions, for, scanning back through history, it seems to me that Bourbonism always precedes and is the cause of Bolshevism.

If all officials had the common sense that this particular Governor seems endowed with, there might be no need of campaigns against anarchy.



BOLSHEVISM VERSUS CATHOLICISM

Bolshevism! An ugly name for an ugly thing. But whether we loathe it or like it, we Catholics shall have to reckon with it very soon. The word admits as many definitions as there are individual points of view. The editor of *Collier's*, for instance, defines Bolshevism as a thing "composed partly of a political theory, partly of hunger, and partly of idleness attendant upon the disruption of organized industry." Others, perhaps with less perspicacity, call it an insanity, a new economic and political heresy, an old disease of the social system, the gospel of violence, the revolt of the masses against the classes, the herald's cry of a new political era—the millenium. Bolshevism may be all this and a great deal more. What we are interested to know, however, is not what it is but what to do with it.

Some would repel Bolshevism by force of arms. But that is almost as futile, though not so harmless, an undertaking as beating the air or fencing with one's own shadow. Bolshevism is a spiritual force that sometimes makes use of material force to further its ends. But spiritual agents can not be attacked except with spiritual weapons. Ideas have never yet been put down with the aid of bayonets or machine guns. Others there are that would allow Bolshevism to run its course, so that it might quickly spend its force. The world, say these, stands in need of a thorough house-cleaning anyhow, and there is no power on earth to hinder the Bolsheviks from attempting it. So we may as well prepare for the worst, and hope for the sake of sinful, suffering humanity that

the days of agony may be shortened. Still others think that the best way to save what is left of the world's culture is to introduce far-reaching political and economical reforms, and thus take the wind out of the sails of Bolshevism.

Of the three suggestions, the last is without doubt the most rational and practical; and we are happy to know that the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council has lately acted on it and presented a program of social reconstruction, which, though disclaiming any intention of being comprehensive, is yet complete enough to meet the most pressing needs of the hour. The document has been decried both for its conservatism and for its radicalism, which to us is the best proof that it holds the golden mean between medievalism and Bolshevism. We have no space even for an outline of this remarkable program; nor do we deem an outline necessary in view of the wide publicity the document has received. We are convinced that if its provisions are made the basis for the much needed social reforms, the revolution in this country will be postponed.

The Right Reverend Bishops who have signed the document seem to fear no revolutionary changes in this country. We hope and pray they may be not disappointed, though we find it hard to believe that with revolution rampant all over the world our country alone will escape a radical subversion. If against our will we were drawn into the vortex of the world-war, is it likely we shall pass unscathed through the world-revolution? The only way, in our opinion, to head off a revolution here as elsewhere is for the capitalists and office-holders to yield with all convenient speed to the legitimate demands of the people and thus to stamp out the seeds of popular discontent. But, if they yield at all, we fear it will be, as usual in such cases, too late.



TO OUR READERS

Much as we dislike to do so, we are yet constrained to announce to our readers that, owing to the prevailing high prices on all commodities, we are no longer able to publish *Franciscan Herald* for one dollar and that henceforth we shall have to charge two dollars for a year's subscription. We hope our readers will survive the shock of the announcement, and, if they do, that they will not deem our new price exorbitant, considering that we intend already next month to add eight pages and to enlarge our columns so that subscribers will in effect receive each month from fifteen to seventeen additional pages of good substantial reading matter. Old subscribers who wish to receive the *Herald* for one dollar the year may send in their renewal orders for as many years in advance as they please before the first of May. We might have feared to advance our price if we were not absolutely certain of the loyalty of our readers—God bless them! We have had so many proofs of their indulgence and liberality that we make bold to say there is no other magazine, which, relatively speaking, can boast of so large a family of loyal readers as *Franciscan Herald*.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Caesar Alexander Scaglia Varruca.—He was the son of the Count of Varruca, a Spanish nobleman, and held the position of ambassador at the Papal court, and at the courts of Savoy, England, and the Netherlands. At Antwerp he entered the Third Order of St. Francis. He frequently was a guest in the convent of the Friars Minor and piously joined the religious in their exercises and devotions. He was very charitable toward the poor and devoted large sums to the building and embellishment of churches. He passed away at Antwerp, on May 21, 1641.

Catharine Lopez. — Catharine was born of noble parents in the diocese of Toledo, in Spain. She and her husband joined the Third Order and edified all by their saintly lives. With the permission of Pope Innocent VIII, they built a hospital, and a convent, with a chapel in honor of the Immaculate Conception, for a community of Tertiary Regulars. After providing for the support of this community, Catharine retired to this convent and spent the rest of her days in penance and prayer. She died on May 15, 1493.

Cecilia Giovalli Castelli.—Cecilia, an aunt of Pope Innocent XI, was born at Gandino, in Italy, in the year 1586. From her earliest years, she was remarkable for her contempt of the pleasures and riches of the world and for her charity toward her fellow men. She assisted young girls and widows in their troubles and needs, and provided the poor, who came to her in

great numbers, with money, food, and clothing. Not satisfied with this, she sought out the sensitive poor and secretly relieved their wants. Her holy death occurred on June 29, 1644.

Cecilia Portara.—Cecilia, born at Milan, in 1586, was the daughter of Argent Portara, at one time secretary to the grand duke of Milan. She was a fervent Tertiary, distinguished especially for her love of prayer, mortification, and charity toward her neighbor. To relieve the wants of the poor, she gladly made every sacrifice; she even went from house to house with a basket to collect money and food for them. By her prayers and kind exhortations she converted sinners and led several Mohammedan slaves to the true faith. She also interested herself in the welfare of young girls, many of whom she instructed in the elementary studies, as well as in the truths and practices of religion. She passed to her heavenly reward on June 19, 1640.

Charles II, of Sicily.—This royal Tertiary, the father of St. Louis, Bishop of Toulouse, and of the saintly king Charles I of Hungary, was a shining model of every Christian virtue. At certain times of the year, he would lay aside all cares of the government and give himself up to prayer and to the meditation of heavenly things. His zeal for the honor of God and his charity for his fellow men induced him to build and endow several churches, convents, and hospitals. His kindness and generosity toward the poor, the widows and or-

phans, merited for him the name of Father of the Poor. His death occurred at Aix, in Provence, on August 21, 1309.

Clare Elizabeth, Countess of Manderscheid-Blankenheim.— Though afflicted with most painful diseases for forty years, this fervent Tertiary did not cease to labor for the honor of God and the spiritual and temporal welfare of her neighbor. With her own hands she made vestments, linens, and ornaments for churches and chapels. In a chapel which she had built in honor of the Blessed Virgin, she endowed a foundation which provided for the religious instruction of the people on every Sunday; she also donated large sums for the purchase of holy pictures, rosaries, and other articles of devotion and caused them to be distributed among the youth, in order to arouse them to the practice of piety and virtue. For the benefit of the sick poor, Clare established a dispensary and annually expended a considerable sum of money for its maintenance. She received the sick with the greatest charity, consoled them in their afflictions, bandaged their sores, and provided them with medicine and other necessities. She closed her life of charity on April 7, 1688.

Columba of Siena.— She was of a cheerful disposition and full of kindness and charity toward all especially the poor, for whose sake she frequently even deprived herself of a part of her meals. Her favorite charity was to wait on poor sick women who were afflicted with repulsive diseases. Her death occurred at Siena, on March 7,

1655.

Constance, Queen of Aragon.— Constance, the daughter of Manfred, King of Sicily, joined the Third Order at an early age, and it was her desire to consecrate herself to God in the Order of St. Clare. But to satisfy her parents, she married Alphonse, the son of James the saintly King of Aragon. She brought up her children in the fear of the Lord and in the practice of virtue. Her daughter Elizabeth, who afterwards became queen of Portugal, is venerated as a saint. The charity of Constance toward the poor and afflicted was so great that none appealed to her without receiving assistance and consolation. It was her especial endeavor to relieve the needs of those who were ashamed to beg, and of the widows and orphans. She delighted in offering hospitality to priests and religious, and she always showed them the greatest respect. After the death of her husband, she entered the Order of St. Clare and gave herself up to prayer and contemplation until her holy death, on April 26, 1310.

Constance of Norona.— After the death of her husband, Alphonse I, Duke of Braganza, Constance asked to be clothed in the habit of the Third Order and gave to all an example of humility, obedience, and charity. The poor, who came to her palace in great numbers, found in her a tender mother, who endeavored in every way to relieve their needs and to console them in their misfortunes. At the hour of her death, in 1480, she was comforted by a vision of St. Francis.

VEN. JOHN BAPTIST BULLAKER, O.F.M.

(Concluded)

By Fr. Francis Borgiat, O.F.M.

WHEN the general sessions opened, Fr. John Baptist was summoned before the judges. On entering the court, he blessed himself with the sign of the cross, saying in a loud voice: *By the sign of the cross deliver us from our enemies, O God!* Then the clerk ordered him to raise his hand, and having read the indictment, he asked:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"If by *guilty* you mean a person that is harmful or criminal, I positively deny that I am guilty. I do not deny, however, that I am a priest."

"Sayst thou then thou art not guilty?"

"If the force and meaning of the term *not guilty* designates one wholly innocent of a crime, then I swear that I am not guilty. But, never shall I plead *not guilty*, if you take it as a denial of my having been ordained priest; for I admit without reserve that I am a priest."

"Thou art a traitor! a traitor!"

"If besides such as I am, the kingdom harbored no other traitors, traitors who in very deed are enemies and subverters of their country, it would be now in a far better and happier condition than it is."

This bold rebuke struck home. For a moment there was deathlike silence, until someone broke the spell by calling him a seducer. At this, the martyr's countenance beamed with joy.

"Thou makest me exceedingly happy by bestowing upon me the same title that the Jews bestowed upon Christ. In sooth, thus was our Savior once reproached by the

Jews. There have always been priests in England. Saint Austin, the Apostle of England, was a priest; hither he was sent by the Sovereign Pontiff, Saint Gregory the Great. I too, am a priest, just as Saint Austin was."

"Thou hast come to this place not to preach, nor to insult and disgrace our laws, but to answer whether thou art guilty or not."

"I have never made myself guilty of a crime against my country or of a capital offence, and I shall never admit it. I do not deny, however, that I am a priest and that I was arrested while saying Mass. If you are trying to make me plead *not guilty* and thus gain-say my priesthood, you will never succeed; because I will never comply, even should I suffer a thousand deaths. At no time, will my conscience permit me to stoop so low as to admit that the priesthood is a crime. Of a truth, far from being a crime, it ought, I think, be held by all in high reverence and esteem."

"What, thou miserable wretch! hast never sinned?"

"By your leave, this honorable assembly strains and misapplies the meaning of my words. Readily do I own that I am the greatest sinner on earth. What I maintained was that my being a priest or saying Mass does not make me guilty of a sin or crime. This is the sense in which my words were to be taken."

"Mr. Bullaker," ventured the registrar, "hast thou not time and again declared and confessed that thou art a priest? Now, tell us, art thou guilty or not?"

"I consider myself innocent of a

capital crime; that I am a priest, I readily grant."

"Art thou not aware that thou hast infringed the law and that according to the tenor of the law, thou art accused of treason?"

"The law that opposes and conflicts with the law of God, should be made light of, I imagine, seeing that I am annointed a priest of Christ, according to what the Royal Prophet, inspired by the Holy Spirit, foretold regarding priests, to-wit: *Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech*. But, forsooth, as you have set down the priesthood of Christ as treason, so logically you are apt to make the same provision regarding the faith in Christ Jesus himself."

"But such happens to be the law; and to violate the law is a sin against God, the author of all law."

"A very sound argument, indeed: it is the law, and to violate the law is a sin. Consequently, the Turks did right in passing a law that prohibits under pain of death the preaching of Christ or the promulgation of Christianity among them. Now, may I not from the form of your argument infer thus: therefore, whoever preaches the name of Christ among them is a traitor, inasmuch as he acts contrary to the law?"

"If such were contrary to the law, it were indeed wrong to attempt it."

"Thou art a good partisan of Mohammed, my Lord Mayor, and a staunch defender of the Koran.⁷ But, if such be the case, then we must conclude that the Apostles by preaching Christ contrary to the laws and edicts of the princes and emperors not only acted illegally,

but actually committed sin, an assumption that offends pious ears."

"Thy reasoning is unsound; a distinction must be made between the Christian religion and the Catholic or papistical, between promulgating the former and promulgating the latter."

"As Saint Austin, the Apostle of our nation, came hither to convert the people, with the same intention and for the same purpose have I come hither, to convert the country to the true faith and to unite it to the Catholic Church."

"Ah, then perhaps thou art Saint Austin?"

"I am a priest of the same priestly order as Saint Austin, and for the conversion of the country have I been sent hither by the same Apostolic See which supported and empowered him."

Not knowing what to reply, they laughed and again asked him whether he was guilty or not. The undaunted friar distinguished as before between the guilt of treason and the guilt of being a priest, denying the first but admitting the latter, if guilt it could be called. Then stepping forward with an air of bold defiance, he exclaimed:

"Whether the priesthood is a capital crime, Mr. Registrar and thou, my Lord Mayor, I place before the tribunal of God, whose countenance beholds justice and who will one day be our judge."

"We hope to do nothing that we can not render an account of," was the rejoinder.

"Never will I admit the priesthood to be a crime," repeated the martyr. "If it were such, then to be a priest were the same as being a traitor, and consequently every priest, inasmuch as he is a priest, is guilty of treason and must be

7. For obvious reasons, the martyr does not mention in his letter this apt and witty retort. Hope, l. c., p. 149, it seems, found it in the manuscript of de Marsys, who witnessed the trial.

put down as an enemy and betrayer of his country."

"And such, forsooth, he is; for to be a priest is contrary to the law."

"The parliament," he contended, "that enacted such a law against priests is far from being infallible, since it denies this prerogative to the universal Church of Christ, the pillar and ground of truth."⁸

Finally, realizing that they would never succeed in making their victim admit himself guilty of treason, they removed him from the bar and had him taken back to prison.

In the afternoon of the same day, Fr. John was again summoned to court. When told by the judge to acknowledge himself guilty of treason, he replied:

"This morning I proved my innocence: it is for thee now to acknowledge thyself guilty on account of the iniquitous sentence thou art about to pass. One day thou wilt have to give an account before the Judge of judges. Then every drop of blood thou art about to shed will rise up against thee, and death, far from being for thee, as it will be for thy victim, a passage to glory, will be an entrance to darkness and punishment that will last for all eternity."

"The punishment," laughed the impious judge, "matches its duration. But that's a long way off. Meanwhile I will pass upon thee a sentence which will send thee to pave the place with which thou dost threaten me."

"I hope in the mercy of God,"

declared the friar, "and I pray Him to grant a better lot even to my persecutors."⁹

Now the judge turned to the twelve jurymen and said:

"The prisoner is convicted of treason by his own confession. More evidence you need not. As to the rest, remember well your oath and duty to return a just verdict, having God in your mind."

After a brief deliberation, the jury unanimously declared that they were for referring the case to Parliament, since the prisoner had sufficiently established his innocence. This angered the judge. Urging the friar's admission that he was a priest, he ignored the jury's verdict and sentenced the prisoner to death.

"According to the law," he said, "thou shalt return whence thou camest; thereupon, thou shalt be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, namely, to Tyburn, and put to death: thou shalt be hanged, cut down alive, disembowelled, and quartered."

At this, the friar fell on his knees, raised his eyes to heaven and intoned the *Te Deum*. Then rising, he thanked the assembly and accompanied the guards back to Newgate.

Although the day for his execution had not been fixed, Fr. John realized that the long-desired martyr's crown would soon be his. We can imagine how zealously he used his last days in prison to prepare himself for the final struggle. The time not spent in prayer and meditation he devoted to works of char-

8. Here the martyr's account breaks off.—Lady Powel, we learn from de Marsys, freely admitted that she was a Catholic and that she had harbored priests in her house. Eager to gain the crown of martyrdom, she steadfastly refused to renounce her faith. Hence she was imprisoned and finally condemned to death. But, on the day set for her execution, when she was about to lie down on the hurdle, a messenger arrived from Parliament with orders that she be taken back to prison and kept there till further notice. Shortly after, she was pardoned. See Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), pp. 150 sqq; Hope, l. c., p. 150.

9. See Hope, l. c., p. 150.

ity. The Capuchin friars, who had a convent near the royal palace, came to ask his prayers; they were living in great fear and anxiety, for the hatred of the Puritans had of late become more aggressive. Catholics from all parts of the city risked their own safety and visited him to ask his counsel and to obtain his priestly blessing. It was apparently during one of these visits that he was informed of the day appointed for his martyrdom.

"I thank thee heartily, my friend," he rejoined, smiling gently, "for these long-desired and most happy tidings. Believe me, were it not for my utter lack of money, I should not let thee depart unrewarded; but thou shalt not be without compensation."

Great was the joy of his heart, when on Wednesday morning, October 16, the officers came and led him from prison. On passing out, he met Fr. Francis Bel, one of his confrères.¹⁰

"Brother," said the latter playfully, "I made profession before thee. Why takest thou precedence of me?"

"It is the will of God," the martyr replied sweetly; "but thou wilt follow me."

Since the day of his condemnation, it was observed, the sun had not shone over London. That morning, however, as if rejoicing over the friar's triumph, it burst forth in full splendor. With brutal violence, the officers thrust him upon the hurdle and tied him to it, with his face upward. The trip to Tyburn over the rough stony streets was attended by the usual sufferings and indignities. At last they came to the place of execution. Fr. John was unbound from the hurdle and brought to the scaffold. Far from trembling with fear at sight of the dreadful instruments of tor-

ture lying by, the martyr turned his eyes to heaven, knelt down, and prayed aloud. But he was soon interrupted by the sheriff, who asked him whether he had anything to say.

"Only this," came the calm reply; "I am greatly indebted to you and to my country for the very singular and unexpected favor I have received."

"What favor is it that so affects thee?"

"A favor of which I deem myself most unworthy, a favor for which I always yearned, but never dared to hope: to-wit, to die in defence of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman faith. Yet, despite my unworthiness, the goodness of God has privileged me to prove my loyalty by the shedding of my blood."

Then, having mounted the ladder in compliance with the sheriff's orders, he turned to the assembled multitude and discoursed to them on the words of the Psalmist: *Thou art priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech*. Fearing that he might mention the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, one of the Protestant ministers interrupted him saying he was doing wrong in seducing the people with his false and pernicious doctrine. To this the martyr replied with sweet composure:

"Sir, patiently grant me leave to speak for the space of at least one brief hour. Thou art, indeed, a minister of the king of the English (*Anglorum*), but I am, though most unworthily, a minister of the King of Angels (*Angelorum*). Never had I a more sacred and exalted pulpit than the one I now occupy. Thou leavest no stone unturned to undo and pervert a simple and untutored people, blinded in dark ignorance. Let me then, I pray, owe thee this little favor,

10. Hope, l. c., p. 152; Stone, l. c., p. 177. Mason does not bring this incident.

that at least from the scaffold I might extend a helping hand to them and that my tongue might be unto them a plank by means of which they can escape shipwreck and destruction."

He had not yet finished his discourse, when the sheriff, who had listened with impatience and disgust, suddenly gave orders that the sentence of the court be carried out. While the executioners were making the final preparations, Fr. John raised his hands, as a sign to one of his brethren in the throng, that he was prepared to receive absolution. Then, commending himself to the mercy of God, he was rudely thrust from the ladder, cut down while still alive, and subjected to the usual barbarities. Seizing his heart, the

brutal executioner held it up to the frenzied multitude. "Behold the heart of a traitor!" he exclaimed and threw it into the fire. Having beheaded and quartered the body, they exposed the parts to public view, the head on London bridge and the quarters on four gates of the city.¹¹ "But," concludes Mason, "the fetters, as it were, being broken, his most holy soul, freed from its narrow prison and escorted by a host of angels, winged its flight to heaven, where decorated with the victor's palm in token of his triumph, it exults in enduring peace, in undisturbed rest, and in the splendor of never-ending glory." In the year 1900, the cause of his beatification was proposed to the Sacred Congregation.

11. We are told that the afore-mentioned Franciscan rescued the martyr's heart from the flames. Other relics were either snatched from the fire or bought from the executioner by the servants of Count Egmont, who was present at the execution and later drew up a formal statement establishing the authenticity of the relics. The Franciscan nuns of the convent of Our Lady of Dolors at Taunton have a forearm of the martyr, a corporal which was dipped in his blood, and another which he used on the morning of his arrest. See Hope, l. c., p. 154 sqq.

THE SOCIALIST

By Noel A. Dunderdale, Tertiary

(Concluded)

IT was only two days later that Colvin again appeared in Lamont's studio, but this time without the formality of knocking. Instead he rushed in violently, seized his friend by the shoulders and dragged him away from the piano.

"Now," he said, triumphantly, "at last you will believe me. The lawyer wasn't such a fool after all." And he produced a telegram.

Lamont took the envelope while calmly gazing into the countenance of his friend.

"My dear fellow," he enquired composedly, "what troubles you?

Upon my word you seem to be excited."

"Excited! Excited! I should say I am excited! But don't waste time just asking absurd questions. Just read that telegram and you'll—"

"All right. Sit down, will you?" said Lamont, as he indicated a chair. He took out the message and read.

C. C. Colvin.

Laborers struck for more pay. Riots followed. Great damage done to all property. Advise Lamont and come if you can. Richardson.

Without a trace of emotion, the

singer replaced the message in its envelope.

"Well," he said quietly, "it looks as though I were right, doesn't it?"

The lawyer was so wild he could not contain himself.

"Right?" he stammered. "Right? After what you have just read?"

"Yes. You will remember I favored giving these people more money. Have you attended to it?"

"Oh, you poor, helpless—musician!" sighed Colvin, ignoring the question. "How on earth can I transact business with you?"

"Don't try. I wasn't made for it," answered Lamont.

"No, obviously; otherwise we should not have the present trouble. If these laborers had been managed with a firm hand there would be no strikes to-day. But, no, you had to give them ten times as much as they were entitled to and what do you get in return? If you had followed my advice this would never have happened. Fortunately, this latest whim of profit-sharing has not yet reached their ears. If they had known of it they would have ruined the place entirely. As it is, much is saved."

"There I disagree with you," replied Lamont. "If my scheme had been put into operation, there would have been no strike at all."

"No, and no plantation," added Colvin. "But there is no use arguing. I received a letter as well from Richardson. It appears one of the men, Hurley by name, became leader of the gang. He is a wild fellow at best and after he had had a little whiskey he was furious. He started the others, and between them they burnt most of the buildings and destroyed a lot of crops. The ringleaders are under arrest and awaiting trial."

"When will the case come up?" asked Lamont.

"In less than a week; so I have

little time for preparation. I must leave at once to get there in time to find witnesses and arrange the evidence."

For some minutes Lamont sat still, deep in thought. His fingers drummed on the table, and his eyes, half closed, were centered upon the winter sky. Colvin interrupted him.

"I hope you will come down for the trial," he said. "It promises to be interesting."

"Can not a trial be prevented? I do not wish to prosecute."

"Do not wish to prosecute, did I hear you say? Well, well. How very funny! Fortunately you have nothing to say about it. The matter is for the State," and Colvin bowed with a satisfied expression. Lamont frowned.

"I see," he replied, "but—"

"What?"

"I may have something to say about it. I have work now, though. See me when it is all over."

Though Colvin felt dissatisfied, he saw nothing to do but humor his friend. "Oh, these artists," he said, as he fastened his coat.

When the clerk of the court rapped sharply on his desk and called in deep tones the case of "The People versus John Hurley," there was a murmur of excitement among the throng that crowded the courtroom and even Judge Lindsay looked up with a degree of interest that he had been unable to summon for the trifling cases that had come before him that morning.

The prisoner was brought forth and the judge beheld a cowering little gray-haired man who blinked out of dull eyes that were almost hidden by thick bushy eyebrows, one of which was higher than the other. He was extremely nervous and bowed and scraped as though begging leniency even before his case was heard. The judge re-

garded him keenly, trying to devise the causes that had produced such an attitude of servility in the man. The shape of his head denoted intelligence; his hands, though toil-worn, were not those of a plebeian; and his aspect was that of one who should have occupied a higher position in life than that of a laborer on a plantation.

Judge Lindsay was noted for his absolute impartiality; yet he felt an instinctive dislike for that type of man who, possessing some worthy characteristics, allowed himself to be dragged down, as this man had obviously done, until he occupied a station far below his proper level. He could find sympathy for those unfortunates who had had no opportunity, who must perforce, as it were, form the lower strata of society, but he could find no excuse for the man who neglected his talents and failed through lack of properly applied effort.

Thus he judged the prisoner before him, and while he would make no decision until the case had been properly tried, he felt that his verdict would incline toward the offended person. The knowledge that this was George Lamont, the famous baritone, wealthy plantation owner, and controller of large interests in the community, added to his desire to render a verdict against the defendant; for Judge Lindsay desired re-election and Lamont was influential. Meanwhile the prosecuting attorney was preparing to open the case.

"Where is the attorney for the defense?" he asked, looking around.

From the crowd at the back of the room there appeared a strange-looking man who presented himself before the bar. The judge looked up to observe a man who as little resembled an attorney as it was possible for him to imagine. His clothes were old, unkempt and

ill-fitting; his hair was long and shaggy, the ends falling over his ears and collar; he wore a bushy mustache and brown spectacles, rimmed with tortoise shell. The judge could not repress a smile.

"You are—" he began.

"Wilmot McKay, attorney for the defense," was the answer given briskly, in a high squeaky voice, that but added to the ludicrousness of the man and the situation.

"Is Mr. Lamont here?" questioned the judge.

Everyone looked around but no one moved. Charles Colvin, bristling with importance, spoke up:

"Your honor, he expected to be here, but I have heard nothing from him since yesterday. As his lawyer, however, I am fully conversant with all the facts of the case and I have here the principal witnesses.

"Let the case proceed," said the judge.

The prosecuting attorney briefly outlined the charges against Hurlley who was held as the ringleader of the crowd that had attacked Lamont's house and also damaged much of the produce of the plantation. Witnesses were called, who testified to all the charges. On the face of the evidence, there could be but little defense, and Judge Lindsay felt that matters were going as he wished. In any event, he thought, the prosecuting attorney would be able to out-argue the queer individual who expected to defend the prisoner. In half an hour, the prosecution had finished and everyone present expected that sentence would be passed without much argument.

McKay, meanwhile, had been staring out of the window and apparently paying no attention whatever to the progress of the case. As the prosecuting attorney sat down, however, he rose and quietly surveyed every side of the court-

room. He had no papers or books of any kind and had held no conversation with his client. After a few seconds, he began to speak, quietly and earnestly.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, looking steadily at the faces that regarded him with evident amusement, "you have heard the allegations against this man. It has been proved that he led a crowd of his fellow workers to attack the property of his employer; that under his direction a house was set on fire and valuable produce burnt. This man is obviously guilty of more than one crime. He is guilty of arson, of inciting a riot and sedition of the worst kind; for the basis of this uprising was the belief that all property should be shared equally. In a word, his ideas were those which, if allowed to spread, would undermine the very foundations of society and do incalculable harm. In view of the evidence before you, there is every reason why you should sentence him to a long term of imprisonment."

By this time the attention of everyone present was riveted on this strange lawyer. At first, they had been amused; but now as he became eloquent, their amusement subsided and keen interest possessed them.

"But let us go further than the evidence," he continued, more forcefully. "Let us not condemn a man upon the few facts that we see. Let us rather delve into the depths of the case and bring to light those important facts that are now hidden. We see before us a man guilty of certain crimes, but we do not see the factors that impelled him. If we look further we shall see that this man belongs to the class that understands only labor and its fruits. He does not read, he does not think. All he knows is that a certain amount of

work is required of him in order that he may have the wherewith to live. By one of the contradictions of the age, however, he has a vote but no instruction in how to use it. Consequently, he has been made the tool of unscrupulous men whose names are on the ballot of the coming election. These men have led him to believe that he has been unfairly treated by his employer; that he has been underpaid and overlooked; that he has every cause for complaint; and that the means by which his so-called wrongs can be righted consists in electing them to office. This is the condition as he sees it. Enlightened people call it socialism and see its error. This man is carried away without effort; he thinks the millennium is here and—he loses his head. This is what these politicians desire. They play on his weakness and incite him to do deeds of violence, which will further their cause without danger to them. Do you need proof of this? Then regard the papers of the day; regard particularly the papers controlled by the candidates for election in this locality. Here you have the essence of the story. Can we blame this man if in his ignorance he follows the lead of these smooth-tongued politicians? That he has done wrong can not be denied; that the entire fault is his is another story."

He paused for another moment to observe the effect of his speech and, finding from the rapt attention of his hearers that he had gained their sympathy, he resumed, growing more forceful with every moment.

So he continued for the space of more than an hour, not so much excusing the fault of the accused as lessening it by showing him to have been merely the agent of others.

At length, he brought his argu-

ment to a conclusion. "I ask," he said, "that the hand of Mercy be extended with the hand of Justice in order that the prisoner may be regenerated and become a worthy member of society, the wiser for his experience and consequently an enemy of that element that, promising to aid him, has only brought him to ruin, as it has thousands similarly placed. We can punish him for destroying the property of others, but the punishment should be in accordance with the enormity of the crime as he sees it. Just as a minor is incapable of certain crimes, so is this man only partially at fault now. I ask for him that leniency that we all hope for, confident that his employer, Mr. Lamont, would extend mercy to him were it in his power to do so."

At these words Colvin jumped up excitedly.

"Your honor," he exclaimed, "I wish to contradict this last remark of the attorney for the defense. I am here on behalf of Mr. Lamont, to see that his interests are safeguarded, and that those who have deliberately and wantonly destroyed his property be duly punished!"

Wilmot McKay again rose, quietly and collectedly.

"My argument is complete," he said. "It is for the jury to decide."

The jury required little time to reach a decision. After an absence of only five minutes, they returned to the courtroom and the foreman delivered the verdict. "We find the prisoner guilty of disturbing the peace and impose the minimum penalty, a fine of \$25.00 and costs. We leave it to Mr. Lamont to decide whether or not he will in-

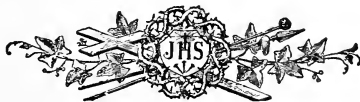
stitute suit for recovery by reason of the damage done to his property."

The judge frowned angrily. Colvin ground his teeth and swore volubly. The only calm person was McKay who looked quietly out of the window and seemed to be lost in thought.

The prisoner went toward him and began to stammer words of thanks, which were rudely interrupted by Colvin who thrust himself before the abstracted lawyer.

"On behalf of my client," he said, "I notify you that this case will be appealed and that we shall not stop until this man Hurley has paid the full penalty for his crimes."

The stranger stopped him with a gesture and at the same time, to the astonishment of all in the courtroom, hastily divested himself of the brown spectacles, wig, and loose clothing, disclosing to the dumbfounded Colvin no other person than Lamont himself! Colvin staggered back in amazement, and Lamont placed his hand kindly upon his shoulder. "Never mind, Charles," he said, "you'll get your fee even if you did lose the case." Then he faced the court. "Your honor," he said, in the quiet tones of his natural voice, "it was not my intention to make known my identity but this has become necessary by the developments of the trial. I merely wish to say that I bear no ill feeling against the prisoner and waive all right of action against him. If there is any doubt of his ability to pay his fine, this—" and he handed the clerk a roll of bills, "will make him free to resume his work on my plantation."



LETTER TO A TERTIARY

By a Franciscan Father

DEAR MISS A—,

I was very glad to hear that you are pleased with your new name, and you are indeed to be congratulated on having received the little St. Rose of Viterbo as your patroness in the Third Order; for, besides being a darling little saint, she also has a very pretty name. Of course, your baptismal name, Marie, is the sweetest name for a girl in the entire calendar; but Mary is every Catholic's mother and patroness, and so, without diminishing in the least your devotion to her, you will do very well to cherish a special devotion to your patroness in the Third Order and, if you will, to go by her name in your correspondence with me.

Thank you ever so much for daily reciting one of your twelve Our Fathers and Hail Marys for me. You will please me even more, however, if you will say it for me *and all priests* instead of for me alone. There are so few Catholics among the laity who pray regularly for their priests, that when I find some that pray for the one or the other, I always suggest that they include them all.

The work you are doing in promoting more frequent Communion among the young ladies, is very good, and I hope and pray that it will continue to be successful. Only do not become discouraged if there is a falling off now and then. Where laxity has crept in, it usually takes some time for lasting fervor to reinstate itself. If at times there are only a few more

than formerly among the monthly-communicants, be glad because of these few. And do not forget that the angels rejoice more over the return of one lost sheep than over the ninety-nine that have not strayed from the fold.

As I should not like to take from your work the zest of initiative, I must beg to decline your request for advice as to what activity you should take up next. I made a number of suggestions in one of my former letters, and from your acquaintance with circumstances unknown to me, you yourself will be better able to judge which of these might be most fittingly and successfully undertaken first. But I have my head full of ideas and suggestions on another subject.

Highly praiseworthy and meritorious as are the various activities undertaken for the benefit of our neighbor, we must not forget that charity begins at home and *in* the home, and that the more Catholic are our homes the more likely shall we be able to exert a good influence abroad. One of the greatest needs of the present day is truly Catholic homes; and as Tertiaries are to be exemplars of sterling Catholicity, they should first of all see to it that everything in their homes is in thorough accord with Catholic principles.

The spirit of Catholicity, or the spirit of the Gospel, being diametrically opposed to the spirit of the world, the Catholic home must first of all not be characterized by worldliness. Thus it would not be

proper if luxury were the dominant note of the interior of the home, or if riches obtruded itself from every nook and corner. Even the rich have no excuse for wastefulness. A more common sign of worldliness is the character of the objects with which the home is equipped. Thus, if the wandering eye sees here a picture of the muses disporting in thin-clad loveliness on the lawn; there a lamp or candelabrum sustained by a nude boy; on a table, perhaps, various magazines displaying bathing girls and notorious "movie" stars on the front covers; on the mantel a vase or a clock with undraped figures in bold relief; and here and there, as one proceeds through the various rooms, sundry other articles and ornaments of a like character, the impression gained can not but be that the inmates of that home take a special delight in such objects, and that they themselves must be more or less imbued with the spirit of the world. Possibly not a single object among them all is frankly immodest, but all the same they invest the home with a decidedly worldly character.

To be in conformity therefore with her own profession of Catholic principles, the Tertiary's home must be wholly free from things of this kind. It is not enough to limit them to a small representation. The Catholic home should contain nothing that proclaims sympathy with the spirit of the world. One picture, one statue, one ornament may mar the character of an entire room and thwart the good effect that other images are calculated to produce. Neither will it suffice to confine them to one apartment, say the reception-room,

in order that there at least we may show our broadness of mind and prove to the worldly-minded that progressive Catholics know how to reconcile the spirit of the Gospel with the spirit of the world. Just there is where the trouble begins. We want to please God; we want to rule our life (also our home life) according to the truths of the Gospel; but we also want to be on a good footing with the world. A useless attempt. Christ tells us plainly: you can not serve two masters; and since we have chosen Christ, we ought to cast in our lot with Him without reserve. Away, then, with all unworldliness from the Catholic home! We are contaminated enough with its contagion when we go abroad; let us be quit of it at least when we cross the threshold of our homes.

Besides banishing worldliness from the home, we must provide a distinctly Catholic atmosphere. It is very true we are not obliged to parade our religion before the world; but we are not parading it before the world when we give it space within the sacred precincts of the home. We fashion our homes to meet our own wants and to suit our own tastes and those of our dearest friends (who are presumably Catholics); and it need nowise disquiet us, if the stranger whom we admit and treat with due courtesy is so illbred as to asperse our simple faith and "medieval" piety. So if we place photographs of our relatives and friends and portraits of distinguished men and women on the walls of our homes, we must not hesitate to do the like for the best of all our friends and the greatest of all distinguished men and women—our dear Lord

and the saints. There is no valid reason why these latter should be restricted to the bedrooms or to some obscure corners. As we are Catholics soul and body, Sunday and weekdays, so we should be Catholics throughout the home, from basement to attic, from the kitchen to the parlor.

Just what pictures to choose and where to place them, must be left to the individual taste and devotion, though certain pictures are evidently more suitable in one room than in another. Thus a representation of the Holy Family would fit in admirably in the living room; a painting of the Last Supper, in the dining room; the Child Jesus or the Guardian Angel, in the children's apartments; St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, or St. Aloysius and St. Agnes respectively, in the boys' and the girls' rooms; and so on. In every bedroom there should be an image of the Crucified and a vessel with holy water (not merely a holy water vessel); and a picture of the Sacred Heart should by all means have a prominent place in one of the principal rooms, as Our Lord has promised a special blessing to the home where that picture is honored.

I have said that it must be left to the individual taste what pictures to choose; yet, while giving the greatest possible freedom of choice, one quality is indispensable: the pictures must be such as will edify. Not every picture whose theme is taken from the life of a saint is a holy picture, just as not every musical setting of prayers of the Church is ecclesiastical music. Therefore a prudent selection must be made; and whatever the pictures chosen may or may

not be from any other standpoint, from the moral standpoint they must be edifying. This rule will perhaps seem somewhat vague to you, but it will easily answer all practical purposes. The main thing is to eliminate all images that are not edifying; and such are all those that represent Our Lord or the saints in a manner unworthy of them; that is to say, in an attitude or attire, or in circumstances in which they themselves would not wish to be pictured or seen. Such a norm can easily be applied, and its justness is beyond question; for if we resent the exhibition of portraits of ourselves that we deem improper or in any way derogatory to our dignity, then we ought not commit a like offense by exhibiting similar pictures of Our Lord and the saints.

It is no excuse to say that a certain picture is true to history,—that it merely represents an actual fact in the life of the saint. That an immoral pagan judge subjected a saint to indignities, does not justify us in repeating the indecency on canvass. But many pictures lack even this flimsy excuse, as they are positively untrue to history. In the Gospel story of the Nativity, for example, we are told that the Virgin Mother wrapped the Babe "in swaddling clothes"; yet we find pictures inscribed "The Nativity," in which the Divine Child is not only not clad in swaddling clothes (which might be pardoned) but not clad at all. The same is true of many Madonnas. No one will maintain that such a representation of the Infant Jesus is true to history; neither is it true to the highest standard of Christian art; and least of all is it true to

that reverent delicacy of treatment due to the august person of the Child Divine.

I realize very well that strict insistence on this rule will debar many a picture from the Catholic home. Be it so. There are hundreds of other sacred pictures to choose from—pictures that are every way satisfactory, in point of art no less than in point of propriety.

Pardon me if I have wearied you with this long lecture; but I said at the beginning that I had my head full of suggestions on this subject, and I have not even declared them all. Still this must suffice for the present. Do not for a moment suppose that I had thought you really stood in need of such a lecture. You know that I

have never been at your home, and therefore nothing that I have said can be owing to impressions gained there. My purpose is, during your novitiate, to remind you again of the principles that should guide every Catholic in his home life, and not only that, but to furnish you with weapons of defense as well.

And now good-bye! Do not hesitate to acquaint me with the difficulties you may encounter either in your work or in your attempt to put my suggestions into practice. If we follow Christ, the way can not always be smooth. Hoping that my newly planted Rose will flourish beautifully in the Franciscan garden, I remain

Ever yours in St. Francis,

PRAYER TO ST. FRANCIS

Saint Francis, who so tenderly
Loved every little life God made,
To bruise a flower, in thoughtless hour,
To crush a worm,—make me afraid.

Pure lives that are than flowers more sweet,
For fault of mine must droop and die,
God's tender grace,—His fond embrace,
I cast aside and pass Him by.

Though not from pain,—from shade of sin,
Most gentle Saint, oh, make me free,
And for the sake of hearts that break
Bless all the days I give to thee.

—CATHARINE MCPARTLIN, Tertiary.

FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

CHAPTER VIII

(Continued)

Fr. Padilla's Antecedents—Story of Isleta—Escape of Fr. Padilla's Attendants—Lucas and Sebastian.

OF Fr. Padilla's antecedents nothing more is known than that he was a native of Spain and a member of the Franciscan Province of Andalucía.⁷ He appears to have come to Mexico in 1525,⁸ and then to have joined the Province of the Holy Gospel. From November, 1529 to 1531, he accompanied the expedition of Nuño de Guzmán into Nueva Galicia as chaplain to the troops; but he devoted himself chiefly to the conversion of the natives whom he sought, as much as possible, to shield against the cruelties of the infamous commander. Then, and in later years, in company of Fr. Martin de la Coruña, one of the "Twelve Apostles," and Fr. Antonio de Segovia, he traversed a great part of the present States of Michoacán, Jalisco, and Zacatecas, everywhere displaying a most ardent zeal for the conversion of the Indians, and that with gratifying success. "The change was greatly promoted," Bancroft himself acknowledges,⁹ "by the exemplary life of the friars, unself-

ish, devoid of greed, patient, benevolent, and sympathizing, and these virtues touched the people in particular through the care of children and invalids." Fr. Padilla was the first guardian or superior of the convent at Tulantzingo, in the present state of Hidalgo. In 1533, he founded the convent at Tzapotlan, Jalisco, and made it the headquarters for his missionary tours to the surrounding Indian villages. Wherever he went the idols were destroyed and chapels erected instead. The old chroniclers relate that the zealous Father manifested a particular affection for everything pertaining to divine worship. In the very first year, "he entreated and persuaded a famous musician of his day, who happened to travel through the district, and whose name was Juan Montes, to commence to teach music and the ecclesiastical chant to the Indian converts."¹⁰ In short, as Fr. Tello writes,¹¹ Fr. Padilla proved to be a truly apostolic man, and "the apostle of the Province of Tzapotlan, Amula, and

7. Fr. Gonzaga, *De Orig. Seraph. Relig.* 1297-1298, has "Provincia Baeticae," which then included the present provinces of Huelva, Seville, Cádiz, and Malaga. At the time of his death, Fr. Padilla belonged to the Mexican Province of Michoacán.

8. Beaumont, *Cronica*, tomo iii, 210-211, thinks "á fines del año de 1525, ó como me parece mas cierto, á principios del año de 1526," Fr. Padilla and some other Fathers entered Michoacan. He must then have come over in 1525.

9. *History of Mexico*, II, 342.

10. Tello, *Cronica*, 204; Beaumont, tomo iii, 503-504.

11. *Cronica*, 201; 351. "Verdaderamente era hombre apostolico."—"El apostol de la Provincia de Tzapotlán, Amula, y Avalos."

Avalos," well worthy to enter the newly discovered field of New Mexico and to secure the crown of the first martyr for the Faith in the United States.

In connection with Fr. Juan de Padilla, a curious story used to circulate in New Mexico, and it was firmly believed by the Indians of Isleta as well as by the Mexicans. It was to the effect that the Indians of the plains had brought the martyr's body down to Isleta, that it was buried in the sanctuary of the church, and that every seven years it rose to the surface. The manifest absurdity of expecting savages in Kansas or Nebraska going through the hardship of carrying a corpse for many hundreds of miles and interring it at Isleta, which at the time did not exist, could not shake the belief of the Indians and Mexicans. So strong was the belief, indeed, that the late Archbishop P. L. Chapelle, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, deemed it advisable to have a commission, consisting of priests and physicians, investigate. The late Rev. J. H. Defouri, of Las Vegas, author of *The Martyrs of New Mexico*, a member of the commission, gave the writer the following information. It so happened that some time in the sixties, hence thirty years previously, a new floor had been put in the sanctuary, apparently over the old one. The carpenter used spikes in some places. When this floor was taken up, it was discovered that the spikes had penetrated the lid of a coffin and held it securely against

the floor. Of course, no further investigation was needed to explode the story of the rise and fall of the body every seven years. Nevertheless, an examination of the contents of the coffin was made, but of this nothing was given out, as the report went to the Archbishop.

However, a Fr. Padilla was interred in the sanctuary, and the coffin doubtless contained the remains of this Father; but it was not the first martyr of New Mexico. A Fr. Juan José Padilla died a peaceful death as missionary of Isleta two centuries after the period under discussion. Curiously enough, there was a third Fr. Padilla, Fr. Diego Padilla, in New Mexico; but of both more will be said in due time.

"Father Padilla is properly the protomartyr of the missions in this country," says Dr. Shea. "Other priests had died by disease, hardship, or savage cruelty, but they were attached to Spanish expeditions, and had not begun any special labors for the conversion of the native tribes, as this worthy Father and his companions had done."¹²

The news of the martyrdom of Fr. Juan de Padilla was brought to Mexico many years after, though certainly before 1552, by the Portuguese Do Campo,¹³ and the two *donados* Lucas and Sebastian.¹⁴ "The tour of these three men, unarmed, destitute, and unaccompanied by any one, from northeastern Kansas¹⁵ to Tampico on the great Gulf, finds a parallel only in the

12. *Catholic Church in Colonial Days*, p. 122.

13. "Since he was a Portuguese, the name must have been written Do Campo." (Bandelier in *Am. Cath. Quart. Review*, July, 1890.)

14. According to Mendieta, they wore a habit and cord, like Tertiaries Regular.

15. Nebraska rather, as we shall see presently.

remarkable journey of Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions from eastern Texas to the Pacific coast. Were the fact not established beyond doubt, it might be looked upon as a fairy tale; but it is indisputably proved by official testimony. As to the details of their remarkable journey, none of the resources at our command has much to say. Herrera and Gomara state that the Portuguese and his companions were captured by the Indians and remained in their power for ten months after which time they fled. Then for more than eight years they wandered on foot, unarmed, and alone, up and down the thirsty and inhospitable plains, enduring incredible privations and dangers. At last, after those thousands of footsore miles, they walked into the Mexican town of Tampico. They were received as those come back from the dead."¹⁶

Mendieta and Torquemada, the earliest Franciscan chroniclers in Mexico, say nothing of the Portuguese after Fr. Padilla's death. Of the two *donados*, Lucas and Sebastian, they relate the following story: Seeing themselves deprived of their Father and guide, the two brothers resolved to return to their native country Michoacán. In their childhood they had been given to the Franciscans when these came to Mexico from Spain. These re-

ligious raised them and instructed them very thoroughly in the doctrines of Christianity. The teachings had impressed themselves so well upon the minds and hearts of the two brothers that later on they proved of great assistance in converting their countrymen. They were able to teach both Indians and Spaniards, and were the means of bringing great numbers to the fold of the Church. Such men would, of course, be of valuable assistance as catechists among the pagan tribes of New Mexico. Fr. Padilla, therefore, gladly accepted their offer to accompany him on the expedition led by Coronado. They also remained with the Father until, attacked by hostile Indians, he bade them flee while the savages were engaged putting him to death. Finding themselves lost, like sheep without the shepherd, the chroniclers remark, the two brothers, in their pious simplicity, resolved on a unique plan, which they firmly believed, relying on the goodness of the Savior, would safely lead them back to their people. They constructed a cross of timbers, which they proposed to carry on their backs, taking turns and changing position, confident that in such company they should not perish.¹⁷ Almighty God rewarded their simple faith and firm confidence. The cross, or rather God by means of it, favored and guided

16. Bandelier, loco citato; Lummis, *Spanish Pioneers*, 123-124.

17. "Viendose peridos, con gran devocion hicieron una cruz de maderos, y propusieron de traerla consigo á cuestras, trocandose y remudandose á veces hasta llegar á puerto seguro, confiados que con tal compañía no se podrian perder, y asi les valió y guió la cruz, que quando menos se hallaron en Colhuacán, tierra de Christianos. En este camino, tambien les valió un perro, que consigo traian, para su sustento, que les cazaba liebres y conejos de que se mantuvieron con todo aquel tiempo." (Mendieta, 744; Torquemada, iii, 611; Gonzaga, 1298; Vetancurt, November 30.)

the two brothers until they reached Colhuacán.¹⁸ On this laborious march, a dog which they had was of great use to them, for he would catch rabbits and hares, and this constituted their whole subsistence throughout the period of their wanderings. Sebastian survived the hardships only a short time, for he soon fell sick and died a few days later. Lucas, however, lived many more years, esteemed by

Spaniards, Indians, and the Franciscans, with whom he continued to make himself useful as preacher and instructor among the whites as well as the natives. On one of his missionary trips, in the region of Zacatecas, he was finally overcome by sickness and returned his soul to his Creator, a true son of St. Francis in the habit of the Tertiaries Regular.

(To be concluded)

18. Culiacán in Sinaloa, on the opposite side from the continent where De Campo is said to have emerged. He must have separated from the two brothers in Kansas. Of the halfbreed youth who came along, nothing is on record. He may have been captured and may have remained with the captors.

MATER DOLOROSA

O weary, drooping, kingly Head, thorn-crowned,
 Upon my breast fain would I pillow thee;
 Hast come at last—that destined day of woe—
 The cross, the blood-dyed steeps of Calvary?

Dear Hands, nail-torn, so swift to bless, to heal,
 Whose touch unbarred the chilly gates of death;
 Those pain-racked Arms the little ones embraced,
 My Love, my All, my Boy of Nazareth!

O cruel cross, restore my Son to me,—
 Nay, 'twas for this He came that holy night;
 When first I taught those bleeding feet to walk,
 Began His journey to this darksome height.

My Heaven-sent, through angel-guarded dreams,
 (Ah! happy little home in Galilee!)
 Didst view the waiting cross, Thy Mother nigh,
 Plunged in a sorrow deeper than the sea?

O Precious Blood—a world shall ransomed be!
 O sacred Cross, thou dost exalt my Son;
 Father above, I give Him back to Thee,
 Behold His Mother—yet Thy Will be done!
 —Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary

THE FIRST FRANCISCAN AMONG THE CHIPPEWAS

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

THE sons of St. Ignatius, Fathers Menard, Allouez, and Marquette, were the first missionaries to preach the Gospel to the Chippewas on the shores of Lake Superior. With the results of their strenuous labors our readers are acquainted from the columns of *Franciscan Herald*, if not from other sources. In the present sketch we shall introduce them to the first son of the Seraphic St. Francis who labored in these parts for the conversion of the redman. It is the Rev. Otto Skolla, O.F.M. We have drawn most of our information regarding this pioneer Franciscan missionary among the Chippewas from *The Life of Bishop Baraga*, written by our dear confrère, the well known Indian missionary, Rev. Fr. Chrysostom Verwyst, O.F.M.

Fr. Otto Skolla, like his two celebrated contemporaries and fellow missionaries Baraga and Pierz, was born in Carniola, Austria, in the city of Rudolfswert, 1805. Here he made his elementary as well as his collegiate studies under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers, who had charge of both the elementary schools and the so-called gymnasium or college in that city. On being graduated from the latter institution in his twenty-second year, he followed the call of grace and entered the Order of Friars Minor on November 13, 1827. Ordained to the holy priesthood on September 25, 1831, he labored zealously for nine years in various convents of his Order, all the while

nourishing the desire of his heart, that he had experienced in early youth, to devote himself to the salvation of souls as a missionary in a foreign land.

As the appeals of Father Baraga for more laborers in God's vineyard in far-off America had induced the fifty-year-old Father Pierz to resign his flourishing parish at Podbrezje and hasten to the American Indian missions, so too the combined appeal of Baraga and Pierz touched a responsive chord in the hearts of many another noble, self-sacrificing priest, one of whom was our own Father Otto. Assured that the Bishop of Detroit would gladly incorporate him into his diocese, Fr. Otto lost no time in humbly begging his Father Provincial, Very Rev. Felician Rant, for permission to devote himself to the Indian missions. His superior granted his request, and the happy priest at once made the necessary preparations for his departure. He set sail on September 24, 1841, on *The Fallmouth*, a small ship that was besides altogether unseaworthy. The voyage lasted three long months, during which time the vessel encountered not less than twenty storms. Finally, on December 25, 1841, Father Skolla landed safe in New York. Realizing that in the heart of winter it was practically impossible for him to reach his final destination, he decided to remain with Rev. Fr. Ivo Levitz, a countryman and a Franciscan of his own province, who was pastor of a large parish in the city.

In the beginning of May, 1842, Fr. Skolla left New York, traveling for almost two weeks on the Erie Canal. On May 15, he arrived at Detroit, where he was most cordially received by Bishop Lefevre, who had but lately succeeded Bishop Rese. Skolla requested the good Bishop to permit him go to Father Baraga as assistant. The Bishop, however, informed him that as he had so few German priests in his diocese, he wished Father Skolla to remain for a year in Detroit, where he would be given charge of the large German congregation, which numbered at the time some 6000 souls. Besides this parish, Fr. Skolla also had charge of several German and French missions, as Cotrelville, Lake Plaisante, and Pontiac.

Accompanied by his countryman, Rev. Father Pierz, Fr. Skolla went to Mackinac in June, 1843, and from there to Arbre Croche (Harbor Springs). On the Sunday following his arrival at this mission, he preached in French, and his sermon was interpreted into Ottawa. Toward the end of July, he returned to Mackinac, where he was most joyfully received by the people of that island. Much against his will he was detained in the white missions at Detroit, for his soul longed to minister to the heathen sitting in the darkness of unbelief. When the Bishop came to Mackinac in September, 1845, for Confirmation, Fr. Skolla did not fail to lay his heart's desire before him. Bishop Lefevre perceiving the truly apostolic zeal that animated the friar, yielded, and the overjoyed priest hastened to set out for his beloved Indian missions. Going by steamer to Sault

Saint Marie, which then had hardly more than twenty houses, he embarked on a merchant vessel, which brought him in twelve days to L'Anse, where he met Father Baraga. After a few days, the two priests went together in a birch canoe to La Pointe. They arrived there on October 3, the vigil of the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, and they were welcomed by the good people with unfeigned joy. Father Baraga introduced the new pastor and spent a few days with his former parishioners. Father Skolla at once began to hold regular services. Every Sunday, at ten o'clock, he sang High Mass and preached in French after the first Gospel. After Mass, he would preach for his Chippewa hearers, Antoine Gordon acting as interpreter until Father Skolla had sufficiently mastered the Indian tongue. The afternoon services consisted of a catechetical instruction, Vespers and Benediction, as in the best regulated city parishes.

The following spring, in April, 1846, Fr. Skolla made his first trip from La Pointe to Fond du Lac, a distance of ninety miles. The level country of the place surrounded as it was by lofty, romantic mountains, greatly appealed to him, as it reminded him vividly of the beautiful mountains and valleys of his own native Carniola. He found here four half-breed families, some Christian Indians, and many pagans. The latter were just about to begin one of their great medicine dances and were far too busy with these superstitious practices to pay much heed to the message of salvation he had for them. As it may interest our readers to hear how these medicine dances were

carried on, we shall give a brief description of the one held on this occasion. Before the dance began, one of the leading medicine men made the following speech:

Our forefathers have faithfully kept the great medicine dance until this day; because it prevents sickness and keeps our children healthy. You know there is a manitou in the earth, who makes the plants and herbs grow, who gives us fishes out of the waters and wood and fire with which to cook our victuals and warm ourselves. This manitou below in the earth gives us food and drink. But there is another manitou above, who rules the winds, the air, and the seasons. Know that if you observe the great medicine dance you will go, after death, to a place of happiness, where you will always beat the drum and dance the great medicine dance. But those who despise the great medicine dance shall have to pass, after death, over a long bridge, under which two large serpents are lurking. When such a soul gets to the middle of the bridge she is seized and devoured by those two serpents!

When the first orator had finished, a second spoke in the same strain. All the Indians would then shout, "Ataia! Ataia!" Well! Very Well! Whereupon with folded arms and in great reverence, they walked in procession around a wooden owl placed upon a post in the middle of a medicine lodge. At the entrance to the lodge, a linen cloth was spread on the ground, on which lay all kinds of roots and herbs, supposed to possess medicinal powers or otherwise held in superstitious veneration, to which they offered a kind of sacrifice in the shape of tobacco. The medicine men or jugglers would often touch these plants and roots with their hands and add some herbs of their own. Then they mixed the roots and flowers with tobacco and certain paints, made from a decoction of roots and other ingredients, and

formed magical signs over them. This ceremony ended, all sat down with their wives and children to the feast.

"This looked very much like an unprofitable trip," writes Fr. Skolla. "I had not yet baptized a single savage, because their minds were absorbed by the idolatrous festivity; but some good came of it after all. The evening before my departure, I was invited into a house, where I found all the Indians of this locality. They were seated on the table, under the table, on the floor, and everywhere. I took a chair next to the chief in anxious expectation of what was going to happen. The two chiefs filled their pipes and smoked amid a dead silence until their pipes were smoked out. Then one of them said, 'Father, we are glad that you have come to us. You are a man whose conduct is such as becomes you. You pray, preach, and speak of the Great Spirit, and for that we all love you. Father, you said you would build us a church. You may build one if you wish, for we have already selected a place for it. We are heathen as yet, but, if I am baptized, all my people will want to be baptized. Still they say they will not become Christians until you have built a church.'"

One can easily imagine the joy of the zealous missionary on hearing this declaration. Without delay, he chose a house to serve as a chapel, swept and cleaned it thoroughly and then ornamented it with such small pictures and medals as he happened to have on hand. A wooden cross served to designate its purpose to all passersby. By means of his interpreter he began to instruct the neophytes and was

so happy as to baptize six persons and admit them to Holy Communion. Fr. Skolla also availed himself of the good will of the pagans and induced them to get all the necessary timber for the proposed church. He returned to La Pointe on May 27.

In the report of the Leopoldine Society, Father Skolla writes on September 1, 1846, as follows:

In Grand Portage, whither I had undertaken a journey on July 8, I found a well established Christian community, the result of Father Pierz's labors. Although they had not seen a priest for three years, they were still faithfully performing the enjoined order of daily devotions. The visit was not entirely unexpected there. Indians who had met me while at Fond du Lac brought the news home that I would visit them early in July. They prepared, therefore, for my reception by making a chapel of branches. A short visit was also made to Rivière aux Courts. The church which Father Pierz had commenced was still without a roof.

Under date of November 9, 1849, Father Skolla wrote to his brother Francis:

I am sending you, dear brother, a picture of the La Pointe church and its surroundings. The church had two steeples. On account of its poor construction, whenever a storm raged, they shook so much that we were afraid that the wind would destroy our church altogether; so we took both steeples down and in their place built the one you now see in the drawing. It is somewhat smaller than the old steeples were. The smaller buildings I built myself. The house and the fence around the garden are nicely whitewashed. In the garden I raised this year better potatoes than I ever saw or tasted in Europe; this was my first attempt. The house contains

three rooms heated in winter by an iron stove; the smaller building is my woodshed, which I expect to use when finished for cellar purposes. The cemetery is in front of the church. The people place stones, sand, and birch bark under the coffin and over it a house-shaped box, which they fill with sand to the top.

The life of Father Skolla at La Pointe was that of a hermit. During the eight years he labored on this island, he had only three visits of priests. In 1847, he was visited by Fathers Baraga, Pierz, and Choné, S.J., who remained with the lonely missionary for a whole month. Fr. Skolla rejoiced like St. Paul, the first hermit, when he received the unexpected visit of St. Antony the abbot, and he gave his visitors the best his poor home afforded. The visitors decided to make their stay memorable by conducting divine service in a manner never before witnessed by the Indians of the place. As good luck would have it, Father Skolla possessed a pair of old dalmatics and solemn High Mass was celebrated in the little mission church three times that month. Father Baraga was the celebrant, and was assisted by Fathers Skolla and Choné, who also preached an eloquent sermon. The Indians named him the Meshkawitagosid, the Forceful Speaker. This solemnity made a deep impression on the natives. In 1849, our missionary was twice visited by Very Rev. Boulanger, S.J., provincial of his Order, who was making the canonical visitation of his province and stopped at La Pointe en route.

(To be concluded)



THE CASTAWAY

By Zelma McDowell Penry, Tertiary

CHAPTER IV

Synopsis of the preceding chapters—Senorita Ysobel Arguella and her aunt Josefa, of the rancho Las Rosas, Santa Barbara, Cal., discuss Antony Byrne, a young Irishman, who has recently purchased the neighboring rancho of Los Feliz. Ysobel, to the great horror of Tia Josefa, professes her love for him. Don Carlos, Ysobel's father appears with Antony, who causes a flurry in the household of the Arguellas by announcing the arrival of an English family. Ysobel, to Tia Josefa's consternation, goes to Padre Salvador to unburden her love-sick heart. The same evening, Antony repairs to the Mission with similar intent and astonishes the kind old Padre with the declaration that he can give Don Carlos no account of his family, and that he had sought out distant California to forget his sorrow on learning the truth after his adopted parents' death.

A hush, as of the peace of Heaven, hung over the crowded church of the Mission Santa Barbara. The sublime sacrifice of the Mass, offered in that holy place, seemed to impenetrate the entire congregation with a foretaste of the joys of Eternity.

The family of Don Carlos Arguella, detained by a slight mishap to the caretta in which Tia Josefa rode in state—the old Don and Ysobel preferring to make the short journey on the gaily bedecked caballos that were the pride of the country round—arrived only just in time to slip into their places before the services began. Ysobel, quiet and prayerful at the side of Tia Josefa, reflected that it was well that the English girl was not stationed in front of her, for in that case she must certainly have been distracted. Even as it was, she found her attention wandering in spite of her care, so great was her longing to obtain the first

glimpse of the strangers from the far country beyond the seas.

It was at the Post-Communion that a strange stir, which she had sensed earlier in the celebration, began to make itself felt more and more persistently. Finally, she could bear it no longer, and involuntarily she turned her head ever so slightly and looked behind her. What she saw, sent a thrill of horror through her.—Every one of the soldiers, many of the neophytes, and all of the young men, caballeros from the ranchos round, had quietly taken their leave from the church.

Ysobel shuddered. The departure could mean but one of two things: an uprising of the pagan Indians or an invasion from the sea, such as had taken place under the leadership of the buccaneer Burchard, not so long before that the memory was not still fresh in the girl's mind with distressing vividness. She had known too much of such affairs not to feel her blood run cold within her. Yet, in spite of her fears, she was conscious of a childish sense of disappointment over the now almost certain failure of the celebration of the festivities incident to the day of el buen' San Antonio.

All through the preceding night, her dreams had been anticipatory of the day's happenings. She had seen the neophytes busily engaged in showing their loads of pottery, blankets, and fruits of the fields; the brilliant splotches of color indicating the presence of groups of soldiers; gaily caparisoned caballeros; beautiful women, haughty, fine-featured ladies of the best blood of California; and, conspicu-

ous by reason of their very somberness, the two gray-robed padres of Santa Barbara, mingling among their spiritual children with fatherly pride and kindness. Parts of those dreams, too, were concerned with the possible appearance of the strangers from England who were expected to arrive that morning, and who would later be guests at the Rancho Las Rosas. She had longed to observe for herself their wonder over the grandeur of the fiesta, the like of which, she told herself, they had never seen in cold and far-away England.

Like a shining golden thread, through her dreams, had been woven the thought of one, whose riding apparel was indeed sober when compared to that of the Californians, but whose lithe, tall figure was surpassed by no other, even in that land of her ideals, Mexico, and whose eyes of the clearest deepest gray would soften as they looked into hers—and even in her dreams she had blushed with shy happiness. But now, those dreams had vanished; with sinking heart she realized that at that very moment her Antony was probably riding away in defense of the presidio, the ranchos, and the Mission itself. Little wonder that she shuddered.

Padre Salvador turned to the faithful yet assembled, after the Holy Sacrifice had been brought to a conclusion, and bade them remain quiet in their places while he ascertained the cause of the departure of the soldiers. In less than five minutes he returned and directed the worshippers to seek their homes in all haste, if those homes were near enough and sufficiently protected for the change to be made in safety, as the news had come of an uprising on a ranchería to the north.

Don Carlos Arguella at once made preparations for departure after consulting with Padre Salva-

dor and the few soldiers who had been left to guard the Mission buildings. Hence, almost before Ysobel realized it, the English family had been placed in the caretta; she herself was in her saddle; those who rode horses, in theirs; and the whole party with its bodyguard of servants and military, was making its way as fast as possible to the safety of the fortress-like ranch house.

* * *

The days immediately following the coming of the Woodbridge family to the Hacienda Las Rosas sped by like a dream to Ysobel. A new world seemed to open before her: a world in which Tia Josefa had no part, but in which her father seemed to figure because of his preference for foreigners, and in which everything seemed to fit in the picture of which Antony Byrne was a part. After the first strangeness in the presence of the calm and reserved Sir James and Lady Woodbridge, the fiery little daughter of the Southland found her heart quite lost to the lovely Editha Woodbridge. The sweet, rather shy, English girl, too, warmed to her hostess, and found herself responding quite without her own volition to the charm and ardor of the beautiful Californian.

Much to the relief of the white inhabitants of Santa Barbara and the ranchos in the vicinity, the uprising that had caused the excitement and the departure of the troops on the fiesta of San Antonio, proved to be of little consequence. The trouble was soon disposed of, and the occupants of the Hacienda Las Rosas once more breathed freely.

As soon as the soldiers and caballeros began to find their way back to their posts and homes, Ysobel radiated suppressed excitement from morning to night. From some unaccountable fancy, she had

said nothing to Editha of the young Irishman. She told herself that she desired to see the look of surprise on the English maiden's flower-like face when she should learn of the presence of a youth from her own part of the world. Still, in the depths of her heart, she knew that something else sealed her lips—something, hardly jealousy, but a nameless kind of foreboding.

But as the week drew to a close, Antony Byrne did not make his appearance. Ysobel told herself that he had been delayed; that he had been kept by his pressing duties to his rancho; that a thousand and one things had prevented him from flying to her and telling her the meaning of that look that had gone from his gray eyes to her great dark ones that last morning he had seen her. Still, she had delayed telling Editha of him. Surely there was time when Tony himself should appear at the hacienda. Her shyness prevented her from making enquiry of her father concerning the owner of Los Feliz. Anyhow her father seemed eternally occupied with Sir James Woodbridge.

Tia Josefa had steadily maintained a stiff and reserved attitude since the arrival of the strangers; nor could any pleading on Ysobel's part induce her to adopt anything but the most formal and chilling courtesy in her manner toward them.

"I have never learned thy cold American tongue, child," she would reply to Ysobel's remonstrances, "and thy English guests do not converse in our beautiful language—so why should I smile on them like unto a dumb servitor? Remember, little one, a daughter of the Arguellas is ever courteous, and condescending—but cordial?—and to a foreigner?—chut!—the thought is abhorrent!"

And Ysobel would sigh and go her way—and Tia Josefa would shake her head grimly, and go hers.

At ten o'clock of a brilliant morning, one week after the arrival of the family of Sir James Woodbridge, Ysobel danced joyously through the low cool rooms of the hacienda, in search of Editha. Her heart was bubbling with happiness so bright that all the tormenting doubts of the past few days were put behind her. At last the long expected message from Antony had arrived.

Fifteen minutes before, Pedro, an Indian youth from Los Feliz Rancho, had ridden up and delivered into her own hands—he would state his business to none but the Señorita Arguella, Señorita Ysobel Arguella, he had stipulated—a note in a little white envelope, written in English. The message, simple as it was, had carried Ysobel well up toward the seventh heaven of delight:

Señorita Ysobel:—This morning I am to see your father at Las Rosas. May I also hope for the happiness of seeing you? The time that has passed since my last glimpse of you has seemed too long for the counting; but believe me I could come no sooner.

Your most obedient servant,
James Antony Byrne.

The daughter of Don Carlos Arguella gave the note an ecstatic little squeeze as she reflected upon Tia Josefa's horror had she seen this bit of paper. Now at last, she sang to her heart released from its anxiety, her Antonio would fly to her; all would be soon explained. She need not wait another instant before telling her new friend of this handsome stalwart lover from beyond the broad seas. She no longer felt that importunate gnawing of jealousy at the thought of Antony's meeting of the guests of the hacienda.

Singing a gay little snatch of song, she presently approached that part of the house which had been set apart for the use of their guests, pausing at the threshold of Editha's own room. The latter was sitting beside a little trunk evidently engaged in examining some papers or books within it. She did not at once hear the light footsteps of her hostess, and Ysobel hesitated for a moment, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. Just as she had decided to rap gently on the casement, Editha, glancing up, saw her.

"Ah, dearest," she cried gaily, springing up to greet her visitor, her sweet, rather pale face lighting with sincere welcome, "you are the very one I would most wish for. Come, I am taking out some of my treasures, which you may like to see."

What woman can resist the lure of a newly opened chest or box? With a bird-like motion, Ysobel fluttered in, her shining countenance calling forth an arch comment from her young guest.

"Yes, my Editha," retorted Ysobel, flushing and dropping her long lashes in confusion, "I would not dispute you. Yes, there is someone coming; but someone whom you, too, will wish to see. I have been longing to have him return from the expedition, that you may see him."

Editha laughed. "Surely, I must see him through your eyes, dear," she replied, her eyes soft with the ready sympathy for her companion's every mood that had so endeared her to the latter. "But who is this paragon of excellence that I have not seen?"

"That, you may not know until his arrival," was Ysobel's peremptory answer, "that will be soon, and then you can better enjoy the surprise. But, Editha," she went on dropping to a seat and clasping

her little hands together about her knee, "now that I have confessed so much to you, is it not time for you to tell me of one, some youth who has claimed your heart? For without doubt there is such."

Editha's blue eyes were a little wistful as she turned and looked through the open door into the patio.

"Ah, no," she said. "My whole life has been one of traveling, save for the few years in France when I was at the convent school, and there has never been any time for making acquaintances. Indeed I hardly had a girl friend until I met you."

Ysobel looked horrified. "Then you travel always?"

"Yes, it has been this way ever since I can remember. Spain, Italy, France, even Sahara—and now America. It was Maggie who insisted that we come to the Spanish possessions in America after visiting the other part. Just for brief intervals have I known what it was to be in my own real home." She sighed. "Ah, I can not imagine a greater happiness than to settle down in beautiful Woodbridge Hall in my own country—that is my dream of happiness."

"But why not?" queried Ysobel wonderingly. "Why does your father always go to strange lands? And, Editha, why does your mother look always so sad? And why does Maggie pray so much? She has spent nearly all of her time in the little chapel here at the hacienda since you came."

She was unconscious of any seemingly curiosity, this daughter of the land by the sunset sea, but every fibre of her generous nature had responded to Editha's sadness, and unthinkingly she poured forth the questions which had been storing themselves up in her breast since the coming of the strangers. She had grown to love them all:

kind, if somewhat grave Sir James, reserved but motherly Lady Woodbridge, dear gentle Editha, and the quaint and prayerful Maggie. Maggie, the faithful old Irish nurse had an irresistible attraction for the little maid of California, who assured herself that it was because she was so good and pious. But even while telling herself that, she would gush rose-red, for she knew that the attraction came largely from the fact that Maggie claimed as her birthplace that little green isle of saints that had nurtured Antony Byrne. It seemed to her that she could not endure the knowledge that some grave sorrow hovered over the little group that had so closely entwined itself around her heart.

Editha Woodbridge regarded her questioner intently. "Dear Ysobel," she said imploringly, "please pray hard, too. Father and mother—yes, and I, too,—seek one who is lost, and dear old Maggie has given her life over to prayer for his return."

Her tone was so tragic that Ysobel was silent. She believed that at last she had plumbed the depths of the Woodbridge sorrow. A wayward and erring son was doubtless being sought, and something told Ysobel that to Editha's mind, at least, the search was being carried on in vain. She leaned over and patted the English girl's hand; and Editha, with quick contrition, sprang to her feet and began to rummage in the trunk.

"Dear," she cried gaily, "I am burdening you with my own troubles. How ashamed I feel; look,

now at some of the art treasures which we brought with us from Italy."

Soon the two girls were deep in the most enchanting of all mysteries, a treasure chest. Needlework, paintings, and artistic trinkets, over all these Ysobel exclaimed in delight.

Of a sudden, her eyes seemed to start from their sockets. Editha was removing the wrappings from a small oil painting which had been carefully placed in the very bottom of the trunk.

"Who—who is that?" Ysobel whispered hoarsely, her heart beating audibly.

Editha, bending over the trunk, did not catch the strange note in her little hostess' voice, and replied as she picked up the portrait in question.

"That? Oh, that is the only man on this earth I have really given my heart to, dear. I suppose I ought to reverse my statement of a few moments ago; for this one I love better than my life."

"It is not true! He does not know you. He told me he does not know you!"

The words came like a shriek from Ysobel's lips; and in utter amazement and consternation, Editha Woodbridge straightened her blithe form and stared at the other, who was standing before her like a young tigress, her face livid, and her eyes blazing. For an instant they stood poised thus, and then suddenly without a word of explanation, Ysobel turned, brushed by her guest, and fled to her room.

(To be concluded)



A CRY FROM DIXIE

By Fr. Albert O'Brien, O.F.M.

A great cry for help is sounding throughout the beautiful southland of our country, and, small as is the number that hears it, still smaller is the number of those that respond to it. It is the cry of the colored people, the descendants of those whom our forbears took by force from their native homes, and brought to our shores to make them slaves. Yet we must not judge too severely those generations long since passed away, for, whether right or wrong, slavery was then a recognized and legitimate practise, which like everything else in this world of ours, has its lights and shadows.

The negro question is chiefly political, since the religious side of it always existed, even while the negroes were still only savages in the jungles of Africa. Bringing them to a civilized land only made the question more imperative. We know how the question has been answered politically—chiefly negatively, by making them the pariahs of our American civilization. The religious side, however, is still sadder. Here eternity enters in, and immortal souls are at stake. Here there is no question of the relation of servant and master, no question of racial differences, of mental and physical deficiencies, but of a being rushing on to an eternity of weal or woe. And this is the fate of eleven millions who live at our very doors, in the beautiful south of our beloved America. Whether that glorious boon of immortality which makes life worth living, will be for them a curse or a blessing, depends on the charity of God's faithful and

on the heroism of His chosen ones.

In a recent letter from Uganda, in the heart of Africa, Mother Paul, a Franciscan Sister from England, writing of her return to the mission there after several months absence in Europe, says: "We rejoiced and are still rejoicing with, for me, a truly grateful *Te Deum*. I am so glad to be once again in this beautiful land, amongst the gentle savages of Uganda. One feels very near to God here; St. Francis would have rejoiced in the simplicity and poverty practised with such perfect content by these Baganda. . . I almost wish it were mine to live over again my whole life that I might dedicate to God and these natives every moment." It is only souls from which such words can come that can save our south; it is only hearts which can inspire such generous sentiments of self-forgetfulness that will win our colored people to God.

Our attention is focused on the foreign missions,—though indeed some seem to have no eye for anything of a missionary character,—and this distant focus causes us to overlook what is immediately before us. The spirit of adventure, though indeed it be united with a love for souls, draws many a person to strange and unknown continents, though almost equally unknown parts of their own country remain neglected. Far be it from us to decry the foreign missions! We but appeal for our own forgotten people, a people who owe their present condition to us, and who have a right to look to us for help.

A certain prominent bishop of the south has said, "If the Franciscans will take up the missions of the south, the colored problem will be solved." This was not said in disparagement of the faithful Fathers of the Society of St. Joseph, nor of the loyal bands of diocesan priests who share the poverty of the negroes, indeed, partake willingly and gladly of all their hardships to win their hearts and thus lead them to the feet of Christ. But it is the spirit of St. Francis for which the venerable bishop was pleading, that fire of love which changed the face of the earth in the thirteenth century. In St. Francis's time the world consisted of two great classes, if we exclude the ecclesiastics, namely, the extremely rich and the extremely poor. The condition of the negro in the south to-day is fairly analogous to that of this second class. History recounts the success of the Seraphic Saint in alleviating the condition of the serfs, and in dealing a death blow at the whole feudal system. Think you, he would be less successful to-day? Ah, no; the world changes but little, even in seven hundred years.

And God has planted in our southland a Franciscan seed, which is surely destined to develop. The same spirit of lowliness and self-abasement which made St. Francis the friend and brother of the leper, has inspired his daughters in England to leave their homes and to take up the work we have neglected so long. These are the Franciscan Sisters of St. Mary's Abbey, Mill Hill, London, the community of which Mother Paul, to whom we

have referred, is a worthy and a typical member. Her first missionary work was in this country, in Baltimore and in Norfolk, among the negroes. Religious obedience later called her to Africa. Her Sisters are carrying on the same work for the colored in the south. Their work is limited only by their number, and one can not but be amazed at what these humble handmaids of Christ are accomplishing under the banner of St. Francis. Poor as the poorest, they share what they have with God's own children, so abandoned because they are black. No hovel is too lowly for them to enter, no colored person too humble for them to visit in illness or in death. The world knows nothing of all this; it is sealed in the great book of life which shall be laid open only when the nations assemble for judgment.

Is America less heroic than England? Are our daughters less Catholic than hers? Indeed, no! Just as our boys put an end to the world war with that spirit which can only be described as American, so our daughters have never been found wanting in any crisis. Neither will they be deaf to the appeal of the south. They have not answered that call in the past, not because they were unwilling, but because they did not hear.

Ah! daughters of Christ, by the love you bear your King, listen to the cry of those millions that have never heard the name of God, except in blasphemy; listen to their Guardian Angels, pleading in the name of those abandoned souls enveloped in darkness and in the shadow of death.

A MEMORABLE CELEBRATION

THE Franciscan Memorial Church of the Holy Land in Washington, D. C., on Thursday, February 20, 1919, was the scene of an ecclesiastical celebration, the splendor of which has never been equalled in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. As many of our Promoters and Crusaders learned from the daily press, our church was the one designated for the official celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Episcopate of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Only once before in the United States has there been celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of a bishop, and it was a special honor that the Church of Mt. St. Sepulchre should be the one now chosen for the solemnization of so rare an occasion.

Present at the Jubilee were Their Eminences Cardinals Bégin of Quebec and O'Connell of Boston; Their Excellencies Archbishop Cerretti, personal representative of the Holy Father, and Archbishop Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States; twelve Archbishops of America, Canada, and Mexico; and about seventy Bishops, including those from even Alaska and Porto Rico. Besides these members of the Episcopate, there were present several mitred Abbots, a large number of Monsignori, and Prelates of Religious Orders, several hundred clergy of various dioceses, and the faculties of the Catholic University.

The principal celebration consisted of a Solemn Pontifical Mass of the Holy Ghost offered by the eminent jubilarian. The unusual spectacle of five thrones occupied by three Cardinals and two Apostolic delegates was seen at this Mass, and together with the simple yet beautiful decorations of the church and altar, made a picture never to be forgotten.

As the appointed hour of ten approached, the monastery cloister became a scene of activity, when the various groups taking part in the ceremony were arranged preparatory to the procession into the church. Soon the word was given and the magnificent line made up of more than four hundred prelates, priests, and religious wended its way from the cloister through the grounds surrounding the church to the main entrance. Those

who had the privilege of watching the procession will not soon forget the pageant. There were the diocesan clergy and the members of various Congregations in their cassocks and surplices, brown-robed Franciscans and Capuchins, picturesque Carmelites, Benedictines, and Conventuals, and white-habited Dominicans. Following these came the eighty members of the various faculties of the Catholic University in full academic robes, being in turn followed by the Right Rev. Monsignori in flowing purple, then the Bishops and Archbishops who had come from the East and West, the North and South in order to pay tribute on this occasion to their elder eminent brother in the American Episcopate. Lastly in the places of honor walked the principal dignitaries gracing the occasion, each accompanied by his Deacons of Honor, Guard of Honor, and two little train-bearers. His Excellency Archbishop Bonzano in magnificent *Cappa Magna* of purple and ermine was followed by the Holy Father's personal representative at the jubilee, Archbishop Cerretti, who was similarly attired. Next in line came His Eminence Cardinal Bégin and His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, both wearing the cardinalitial scarlet. Finally approached the venerable and beloved Cardinal Gibbons. As soon as the aged Prince of the Church came into view, the crowd cheered and applauded in order to give voice to their good wishes and congratulations, all of which the Cardinal graciously acknowledged. As the various parts of the procession passed, cameras clicked and motion picture photographers hastened to record on life-like film a sight unique and memorable.

As the procession entered the magnificent church and the dignitaries were assigned to their places, the triumphant and majestic tones of the *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* rang through the vaults and arches of the edifice. Following the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, the Cardinals and Delegates ascended their thrones whilst the jubilarian was vested for the celebration of that most solemn part of the Church's sacred liturgy—Pontifical High Mass. Clothed in red Gothic vestments and with golden miter

and crosier the venerable Cardinal went to the Altar to offer to his Creator in thanksgiving the sublime sacrifice of the Mass. The picture presented seemed to snatch one out of our twentieth century and to carry him back through the ages to some ancient cathedral wherein a Pontiff of long ago stood at God's altar. Indeed, the scene of the Cardinal seated on the magnificent marble throne will never be forgotten by the beholders, and, as was well expressed by the editor of the *Dublin Review*, reminded one indeed of that champion of the Faith—St. Thomas of Canterbury.

After the Gospel, Right Rev. Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, read from the altar the letter of Pope Benedict felicitating his Eminence on the happy occasion and imparting to him, to his clergy and people, and to all present the Apostolic Blessing. Most Rev. Archbishop Mundelein, of Chicago, then delivered the sermon. In simple, powerful words he traced the career of the venerable Cardinal from his pioneer days as a missionary priest in the south through his successive trials and triumphs down to the present when the American Hierarchy, at the bidding of the Pope's own special representative, had gathered to pay him homage—a homage which he had so well earned and which was indeed one of true filial love and respect.

At the end of the Mass, the celebrant intoned the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the multitude of gifts which had been bestowed upon him from on High during the half-century of his pastoral solicitude.

Following the church function, the guests were taken to the Catholic University where dinner was served, at which a number of the dignitaries present made addresses, to which His Eminence responded.

Thus came to a close a celebration admitted by all to be without a parallel in the country's history. Not only did it far surpass in splendor the one previous similar celebration, but it even excelled the assembly of Prelates at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in number and dignity of those present. Another glory was added to the Franciscan Order that day inasmuch as it was one of its churches which was the favored scene of this celebration, at once magnificent and historical.

May the Good Shepherd bless him whom we, as all American Catholics—and a host of non-Catholics—regard as a Father and Friend, and may He grant that his remaining years will be filled with the sweet consolation of beholding a great harvest of souls for which he has toiled for more years than most men live!—*Communicated.*

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OFFICE OF THE RECTOR
THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA
Washington, D. C., February 22, 1919

DEAR FATHER JOSEPH:—

How can I thank you properly for the great courtesy you showed me in lending the monastery church for the ceremonies of Cardinal Gibbons' Episcopal Jubilee? I shall not forget in my lifetime this generous cooperatin with the University, without which I could not have dared to undertake the celebration. We are bound to St. Francis by more than one tie, but this wonderful feast has brought us together more intimately. What shall I say of the perfection of all arrangements, the perfect surveillance of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre under Dr. Griffith, and the brotherly attentions of all your Fathers and Brothers? Will you be my spokesman to all of them, and assure them of my constant gratitude? Hoping to see you before long, and say personally more than I can write, I remain

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

✠ THOMAS J. SHAHAN,

Rector.

Very Rev. Joseph Rhode, O.F.M.
Mount St. Sepulchre
Washington, D. C.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College:— On Tuesday, January 28, an academical entertainment was given in our college in commemoration of the seventh anniversary of St. Francis's first visit to the Holy Land. In view of the great importance of this event in the history of the Franciscan Order and of the Catholic missions of the Orient, nothing was left undone to give the entertainment the high character its purpose called for.

After an introductory piano solo, *Marcia Pontificia*, by Fr. Giulio Dos Santos, the organist of the college, the famous Franciscan historian, Fr. Jerome Golubovich, who is a recognized authority on things oriental, delivered a learned lecture giving the historical proofs and details of the visit of St. Francis to Palestine in 1219. His exposition was very lucid and convincing. Then the college choir, reinforced by a number of boy singers of the famous school S. Salvatore in Lauro and by several professional men singers, under the direction of Fr. Demetrius Iturospe, the choir director of our college, rendered *The Canticle of the Sun*, set to music by Fr. Pier Battista da Falconara. Hereupon, stereopticon views illustrating the voyage of St. Francis to the Holy Land, the various places he visited or passed on the way, etc., were exhibited and briefly explained by Fr. Pellegrino Paoli, professor of sacred eloquence in our college. Thus ended the first part of the program.

The second part opened with another piano solo, *Les Cloches du Couvent* (Bollman), by Fr. Giulio. Fr. Emilio Regoli, pastor of Ognissanti in Florence, then delivered an address on the Origin of the Custody of the Holy Land, in which he described the first enterprises of the missionaries sent to Palestine by St. Francis. The *Inno di Terra Santa* (Hymn of the Holy Land), composed by Monsignor Razzoli, sometime Custos of the Holy Land, and set to music by Frapiccini, was then rendered by the choir. While all the musical numbers of the program were of a high order and great artistic merit, this hymn was by far the most charming. Fr. Paoli hereupon offered another series of stereopticon views picturing the sanctuaries of the Holy City.

A selection on the piano brought the entertainment to a close.

The audience was a very distinguished one. Among those present were their Eminences Cardinals Fruehwirth, Gasquet, Giorgi, Giustini, Marini, Rinaldini, Sbarretti, and Van Rossum; the ministers to the Vatican of England, Holland, and Argentine Republic; the *charges d'affaires* of Belgium, Portugal, and Russia; several archbishops, bishops, and monsignori, the Father General of the Jesuits together with representatives of the curias of a number of other religious Orders; finally several prominent Catholic laymen of the Eternal City. All seemed highly pleased with the entertainment, so much so that one of the cardinals declared that he wished to be present again in case the program should be repeated.

Seville, Spain.—The students of the Franciscan seminary in Seville are noted for their devotion to the Third Order of St. Francis. Hardly do they reach the age required for admission when they enroll themselves among the Tertiary sons of the Poverello. The love of the citizens of Seville for St. Francis and his Orders is proverbial, and the receptions and professions of the members of the Third Order are frequently made the occasions of extraordinary solemnities.

Alcalá, Spain.—The fervent Tertiaries of Alcalá have presented a petition to his Honor the Mayor of that city, in which they earnestly entreat him to enforce the laws of the land against cursers and blasphemers, while at the same time they zealously pledge themselves to make reparation to God for the awful blasphemies against him and his most holy Name. Among other things the petition says: "We the Tertiaries of Alcalá beg your Honor: 1. to instruct your subalterns in the work of rooting out this abominable practice; 2. to keep personal watch over the police, that they enforce the laws against offenders; 3. to make known again to all the citizens the punishments decreed by law against blasphemers; 4. to confer with the other local authorities relatively to securing their support. The honor of the Most High, the good name of the city of

Alcalá, public safety and civic virtue clamor alike for this reform."

Jerusalem, Palestine.—Pope Benedict XV has appointed an auxiliary bishop to the aged Patriarch of Jerusalem, in the person of Monsignor Louis Barlassina, titular of Capharnaum. The new bishop is a zealous Tertiary of St. Francis, who as parish priest often preached in favor of the Third Order and organized Tertiary fraternities in the province of Piedmont, Italy.

Los Angeles, Cal., St. Joseph's Church.—The prayers of the kind readers of *Franciscan Herald* are requested for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Frances Gimber, of Los Angeles, Cal., formerly of New York City and Plainfield, N. J. Mrs. Gimber was a most devout Tertiary and keenly alive to everything that pertained to the Third Order and to things Franciscan in general. Hence it was but natural for her to be an enthusiastic supporter of *Franciscan Herald*. Although she gave throughout her life an example of Christian perfection, it was especially during her last painful illness that her truly heroic virtue manifested itself. Her obsequies were held with due solemnity in St. Joseph's Church and were attended by a great throng of sorrowing relatives and friends. R. I. P.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—Rev. Fr. Isidore Fosselmann, O. F. M., late chaplain of the United States Army, has been assigned to St. Peter's Church. There are now six Fathers at St. Peter's. Fr. Isidore's appointment was hailed with delight both by his brethren and by his many friends at St. Peter's, where he was formerly stationed.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Convent.—Rev. Fr. Sebastian Cebulla, O. F. M., commemorated on March 12, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. In compliance with his request, the celebration was of a private nature. Although two days before this event he had reached the eightieth milestone of his earthly pilgrimage, he is still hale and hearty, and he himself sang the solemn jubilee High Mass of thanksgiving. The Rev. Jubilarian was conducted in solemn procession to the church by fifty altar boys, three of whom bore the jubilee wreath, candle, and cross. After the ceremonies in the

church, the venerable priest was conducted to the convent refectory where he received the heartfelt congratulations of many of his confrères who had gathered to do him honor. *Franciscan Herald* extends to the venerable Jubilarian sincere felicitations and begs God to brighten his declining years with choicest graces.

Washington, D.C., Mt. St. Sepulchre.—In compliance with his earnest request, Right Rev. Bishop-Elect Turner, of the Diocese of Buffalo, was received into the Third Order of St. Francis at our monastery on Sunday, March 9. The ceremony, which was carried out with all due solemnity, took place at the altar of the Transfiguration in the presence of the entire community. Three of the American Franciscan Provinces were represented by those taking part in the reception, which was conducted by Very Rev. Joseph Rhode, O. F. M., of the St. Louis Province and Vice-Commissary of the Holy Land. He was assisted by Rev. Valentine Schaaf, O. F. M., of the Cincinnati Province and by Rev. Bernardine Bidinger, O. F. M., and Rev. Albert O'Brien, O. F. M., both of the New York Province. The name given to the eminent postulant was Brother Bonaventure. Following the reception, Bishop Turner was entertained at dinner by his brethren of the Order of St. Francis, during which he reverently wore over his purple the humble scapular and cord of the lowly Saint of Assisi. The Right Reverend Bishop has long cherished a special devotion to St. Francis and holds in esteem the Order which perpetuates his mission, and thus it was with particular satisfaction that he donned the insignia of the Third Order before his episcopal consecration, which will take place at the Mt. St. Sepulchre Church on Laetare Sunday, March 30.

Sante Fe, New Mexico.—It was with sentiments of great joy that we read the Associated Press dispatch of the appointment of Rev. Fr. Albert Daeger, a Franciscan Father of the Cincinnati Province, to the vacant archiepiscopal see of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Born at St. Anne's, Indiana, March 5, 1872, he entered the Franciscan Order on August 15, 1889, and was ordained priest on July 25, 1896, by Right Rev. Bishop Chatard, of Indianapolis. For several years he was pastor of St. Francis de Sales

Church, Lincoln, Nebraska, when he was sent to the Indian Missions of the Cincinnati Franciscans in New Mexico. Here he had ample opportunity to exercise his apostolic zeal in that arduous field of labor and it was here, too, that his whole-souled piety and charming simplicity and glowing zeal won for him the affection and esteem not only of his confrères and charges but also of his Archbishop, the Most Rev. John Bapt. Pital, resigned, whose earnest wish it was that Father Daeger should succeed him as metropolitan of Santa Fe. *Franciscan Herald* extends to the newly created Archbishop its most cordial felicitations and wishes him a blessed activity in his new and responsible office.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—The general meetings of the fraternities of the Immaculate Conception and St. Antony on February 23 and March 2, were well attended; and it was noted with great satisfaction that both fraternities show a most healthy and constant growth. In fact, if all the members of the Immaculate Conception Fraternity alone would attend the meetings in a body, the spacious St. Antony's Church, one of the largest in the city, could not accommodate them. The Councilors' meeting on February 26, marked the return of Mr. Joseph McCarthy, our worthy prefect and consultor of the Provincial Board of the Tertiary Province, who had been absent from several meetings owing to a severe illness. Our Tertiaries were overjoyed to hear from Rev. Fr. Josaphat, our Rev. Director, that he had received a most handsome photo-engraving of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV together with the Apostolic Blessing and an autograph letter in which the Holy Father cordially thanks the Tertiaries of St. Louis for the generous donation they sent him for Christmas. This beautiful souvenir will serve as a constant reminder to our Tertiaries of the good will of their eminent brother in St. Francis on the Chair of Peter and as an incentive to aid him to the best of their ability in hearkening to the many calls that are made on his charity as the Father of Christendom.—

On January 20 last, Mrs. Anna Engelkraut, of Holy Trinity parish, passed to her reward. She was a member of the Third Order for fifty-six years and was

laid to rest wearing the large Tertiary habit and the golden crown that she received at her jubilee six years ago. More than forty Tertiaries in a body attended the funeral of this worthy daughter of St. Francis whose long life has been for many a shining example of virtue.

Washington, D.C., Catholic University.—His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has selected Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., of Mt. St. Sepulchre, professor of medieval history at the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., to bear his message of appreciation and his greetings to their Eminences Cardinals Bourne, of Westminster, Amette, of Paris, and Mercier, of Malines, in return for their congratulations in the name of the British, French, and Belgian episcopate on the occasion of his recent episcopal golden jubilee. Fr. Paschal sailed for Europe in the early part of March in company with His Excellency Archbishop Cerretti, the Holy Father's personal representative at the jubilee. After these visits of ceremony, Fr. Paschal will join in Paris the Educational and Economic Mission sent by the United States Government to the peace conference at Versailles. This commission is made up of a number of university professors and economists, including such eminent men as Fr. Paschal, of the Catholic University, Charles H. Haskins, of Harvard University, Henry A. Todd, of Columbia University, Professor Marquand, of Princeton, Samuel B. Fairchild, of New York, McDougall Hawkes, and Rodman Wanamaker. During their stay of two months in France, the members of this commission will inspect the principal educational and economic establishments of that country. A written report of their findings and recommendations will be published under the direction of the United States Government.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Francis de Sales Church.—The newly formed fraternity of St. Francis of Assisi held its monthly meeting on January 12. Rev. Father Holweck, the spiritual director, presided garbed in the large habit of the Third Order. In the course of his remarks he lamented the fact that the fraternity as yet numbers so few men, and he expressed the sincere hope that the near future would see a marked improvement in this respect. The members all show

great zeal for things Tertiary, and the outlook for the Third Order in this parish is very bright.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.—Washington's Birthday was celebrated at the College in the customary festive manner. After thoroughly enjoying the holiday and the welcome respite from the daily battle with their books, a number of boys entertained the faculty and their fellow students with the following pleasing and patriotic program:

Washington Post March.....	P. J. Sousa
College Orchestra	
The Character of George Washington.....	Daniel Webster
John Freudinger	
Washington and the Spy.....	J. F. Cooper
John Krejci	
Return of the Troops.....	R. Eilenberg
College Orchestra	
The Spirit of 1776.....	T. R. Read
Leo Koebele	
The American Flag.....	J. R. Drake
Norbert Freiburg	
Dolores Waltz.....	E. Waldteufel
College Orchestra	
Columbia.....	F. Dwight
Harold Fochtman	
George Washington (Address).....	Wm. Wernsing
National Airs March.....	P. Henneberg
College Orchestra	

The feast of St. Joseph, patron of the College, was duly solemnized on March 19. By a happy coincidence, Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Rhode, Vice-Commissary of the Holy Land, of Washington, D. C. an alumnus of old St. Joe's, was paying his

alma mater a short visit on this day, and he kindly consented to officiate at the solemn High Mass and to preach the festive sermon. The rest of the day was spent by the students in outdoor games, the weather being ideal for the purpose, and the celebration was brought to a fitting close in the evening with solemn Compline and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.—The annual retreat for the members of the Third Order will commence on May 11, at the regular monthly meeting. The exercises will be conducted by the Rev. Director, Fr. Leo Kalmer, O.F.M. On May 18, at the close of the retreat, it is expected that a large number of new members will be enrolled among the children of St. Francis. Meantime, new promoters are being appointed to aid in carrying out the work of the fraternity and to assist in its thorough organization. All the members are urged to bring this Third Order retreat to the notice of non-Tertiaries. Especially the women and young lady Tertiaries are requested to induce their fathers, husbands, brothers, and friends to attend the exercises. All that is required to secure them for the Order is a little friendly persuasion to attend lectures in which the Rule is explained. For once they become thoroughly aware of the nature and aim of the Third Order, they flock to it as readily as their mothers and wives and sisters.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Alice (Elizabeth) De Smet; Ellen (Veronica) Hogan.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Mary (Margaret) Hart.

St. Elizabeth Fraternity:—Elizabeth (Agnes) Keller; Gertude (Philomena) Hecker; Mary (Elizabeth) Boshold; Anna (Francisca) Haas; Mary (Juliana) Mayerus.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

St. Antony Fraternity:—Francisca Boehnlein; Magdalena Wahl.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Thomas (Francis) Jones; Frank (Louis) Gardner; Charles (Antony) Cousins.

St. Francis Fraternity:—Elizabeth (Clare) McCue; Margaret (Antonia) Mulcahey.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:—Anna R. (Philomena) Gauss.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Anthony's Church:—Mr. B. Reilly; Elizabeth Gerbracht; Elizabeth Carrol; Catherine Reuter; M. Maslin; Anna Engelkraut.

San Francisco Cal., St. Antony's Church:—Richard (Joseph) Barry; Peter (Francis) Mentzen; Bridget (Elizabeth) Donohue.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—Catherine Deering; Mary B. Ring; Sarah Downing; W. J. Siebert; Catherine Flynn.

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Editorial Comment

The Year of the Convention

IT is now a twelvemonth that we first called attention to the propriety of commemorating the founding of the Third Order Secular by holding a national convention of the Franciscan Tertiaries. We remarked at the time that, though some writers did not admit 1221 as the year of the founding, we saw no practical reason why the convention should not be held in 1921. We should have added that the writers who are disposed to doubt or deny that the Order was instituted in that year, form a negligible minority, and that by far the most and the best authorities within and without the Franciscan Order declare in favor of the year 1221. To remove the doubts existing in some quarters as to the correctness of our statement, we subjoin a few of the most important testimonies.

That St. Francis himself conceived the plan of forming the Third Order, and that he executed his project at Florence, in 1221, where he drew up, with the aid of his friend Cardinal Ugolino, a rule of life for "men and women bound by the ties of wedlock," is plainly stated by Fr. Mariano of Florence (d.1537), whose testimony on this point possesses exceptional weight, because he had every opportunity to ascertain the truth of the matter. Fr. Luke Wadding, the

greatest historian of the Franciscan Order, accepts the date without cavil or comment. Fr. Heribert Holzapfel another Franciscan historian of note, puts it as very probable that the first written rule was composed in 1221, by St. Francis, under the guidance of Cardinal Ugolino, for the Tertiary fraternity of Florence or Faenza. Livarius Oligier, O.F.M., another excellent authority on Franciscana, writes in the Catholic Encyclopaedia that not only Mariano and other sources point to 1221 as the earliest date of the institution of the Third Order, but the "oldest preserved rule bears this date at its head." Dr. Max Heimbucher, author of a monumental work on the Orders and Congregations of the Church, is in perfect accord with the above-mentioned writers. Ghilardi and Magliano, both Franciscan historians, likewise concur with them. Also the best modern biographers of St. Francis, Schnuerer, Chérancé, Monnier, Cuthbert, Joergensen incline to the year 1221.

We could augment this list by citing a host of lesser chroniclers. But it would be to no purpose. Anybody who is at all familiar with Franciscan history can not fail to see that the writers we have named form a formidable array of authorities in support of our contention. True, the history of the Third Order is as yet largely *terra incognita*. We are far from maintaining, therefore, that ours is

the last word on the question of the founding of the Order. Anybody that dissents from the authorities mentioned, however, does so at his peril.



Unsung Heroes

THE world war is over. It has evoked much of what is base in human nature and much of what is noble. Almost daily for the last four years have come to us from overseas tales of exalted patriotism and unselfish heroism unexampled and unexcelled, perhaps, in the annals of warfare. On the land, on the sea, and in the air have been performed deeds of valor and self-sacrifice which easily take rank with the most celebrated feats of antiquity. Verily, the days of heroes have not yet passed—neither have the days of hero worship.

In every country the returning soldiers are meeting with receptions that can leave no doubt in their minds as to the sentiments of their countrymen. The world, ever anxious to worship at the shrine of heroism, is leaving nothing undone to prove to its heroes that it still regards with admiration disinterested love of country and humanity. Also those who have made the supreme sacrifice, who have been called to "track the paths of glory to the grave," are commemorated and extolled in eulogy and epitaph.

This is as it should be. Honor to whom honor is due. We shall be the last to refuse homage to elevated patriotism, to sneer at public merit, or to abate a tithe of a hair from just fame. But there are other than military heroes. While there has never been a time when heroes of war have not received the thanks and plaudits of the multitude, thousands of others far worthier, perhaps, of the name and fame have gone to their graves unknown, unknelt, and unsung. The world has refused to recognize

their merit; because, forsooth, they were not of the world.

Foremost among these unsung heroes are those gallant men and women who in regions remote from civilization are fighting the battles of the Lord against the powers of darkness. Not with fire and sword but with the weapons of prayer and penance are they laboring to extend God's kingdom on earth. Not by slaying men's bodies but by saving their souls are they striving to establish the reign of true peace and liberty. Not to destroy but to build up is their purpose. Not for a perishable wreath of laurel but for an immortal crown of glory are they suffering and toiling. Not from motives of hate but from impulses of love do they set forth. Not with beat of drum and blare of trumpet but silently and noiselessly do they march into battle. So strenuous is the combat, so unremitting the labor that they have no time to inform the world of their sufferings, their difficulties, their success, their failures. So wholly absorbed are they in their Father's business that they seem to be careless of all things else. Publicity is the one thing they dread.

Yet, we doubt not that, humanly speaking, it would be better for them and for the world if occasionally they would let their light shine before men, that these might glorify their Father who is in heaven. Right Rev. Bishop Granjon, of Tucson, Arizona, is evidently of the same opinion. For in his annual report to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions he eulogizes the missionaries of his diocese in the following glowing terms.

The Franciscan missionaries are doing wonderful work among the Indians. These are scattered throughout immense expanses of desert. In this wilderness the missionary lives and labors and travels, cut away from civilization, thrown upon his own resources day in and day out in the face of all sorts of emergencies. A few months ago on the occasion of a pastoral visitation and the dedication of a new chapel and school among the Indians not far from the Mexican

line, I traveled over hundreds of miles through jungles and bush and chaparral, seeing for days no other white face than the good Franciscan Fathers who escorted me and getting a taste of the strenuous life these heroic men are leading. It is a life that even in the western country only the hunter after souls is hardy enough to affront, and which to the easterner would be unbelievable, unconceivable. The courage, the patience, the cheerfulness, the endurance displayed by these men of God is truly admirable.

It is good to be reminded that in our very midst there are those whom we know not—heroes as worthy of our praise as any that have risked their lives on the bloodsoaked and shelltorn fields of Flanders and of France.



Disarmament

ONE of President Wilson's famous fourteen points or terms on which Germany agreed to make peace, it will be remembered, demands reduction of armaments "to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety." Similarly, one of the Holy Father's peace proposals, addressed to the belligerent peoples half a year before the President's, reads:

First of all, as a fundamental principle moral right must be substituted for the material force of arms. Out of this shall arise a just agreement or a simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armaments, according to rules to be laid down hereafter without impairing, however, the force needed for the maintenance of public order in each state.

It is no mere coincidence that both Pope and President should have advocated disarmament as a measure insuring permanent peace. For both are high-minded and altruistic statesmen, who do not wish to see the horrors of the last war repeated.

Opposed to their sensible proposals are the insensate demands of militarists, jingoes, reactionaries, imperialists, capitalists, chauvinists, and alarmists of every hue and shade, for the retention of strong armies and

navies as the only means of securing political integrity of the single states and peace to the world at large. One would think that these men might have learned at least so much from four years of actual war and fifty of preparation for it that a standing army is a standing menace to the peace of the world and the security of states. After all the indescribable misery militarism has brought on the nations, it is inconceivable how anybody should have the hardihood to claim for it anything but unlimited power for evil. But the advocates of brute force have never been known for political sagacity.

These men can not or will not understand that the people—soldiers and civilians—have not the least desire to make another Roman holiday; that with them the most unpopular thing just now is carrying arms; that they are anxious to throw the pall of forgetfulness over the scenes of hideous carnage enacted before their eyes during four long, weary years; that they desire nothing so much as to be permitted to turn their swords into plowshares; that they are in no mood to bear the terrible burden of taxation huge armaments would entail; that they are determined to prevent, by violence, if necessary, the recurrence of anything like military caste and rule.

Leading statesmen in all countries have told their peoples that there will be no more wars, and that to this end militarism must be crushed for all times. The sincerity of these professions is now being tested. Though the people everywhere are demanding honest disarmament, and though disarmament, in our opinion, is the most important thing to be achieved by the peace conference, one hears less about that than about anything else. One report has it that in Paris the word is not used at all. This is grave news indeed. What does it mean? Can it be that, in spite of four years of the

closest alliance and comradeship in arms, the Allies regard one another with the same deep distrust as of yore? Does the same atmosphere of suspicion prevail in European politics after as before the war? We had opined that the Allies were so spotless in their motives and so thoroughly agreed to make the world safe for democracy that any thought of aggression on their part would be entirely out of the question and that, besides all this, the league of nations would make it impossible to covet one's neighbor's lands and goods. If so, why not disarm at once and completely?

If nothing can save the world but retention of the military system, then it is not worth saving; then we may as well admit that doomsday is near and prepare to "die all, die merrily." If on the other hand, disarmament will only minimize the danger of war, then the powers that be should lose no time to take the matter in hand. For, unless we altogether mistake the temper of the laboring classes the world over, they have little patience with sword and buckler statesmen, and it may not be long before they will pour the vials of their mighty wrath on all who have attempted and who would attempt to sport with their lives and those of their children. They need no court of justice to fix the blame for starting the world war. They know that, on that fatal August 1, all concerned had weapons in their hands. If there must be no more wars, the peoples are going to see to it that there will be no more arming for war.



"Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico"

SUCH of our readers as are following Fr. Zephyrin's articles now running in the *Herald*, will be interested to know that there is on the market an excellent work on the

"Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico," by the Honorable L. Bradford Prince. In this superb volume the author presents a very readable description of the old Franciscan churches which form at once the charm and the glory of New Mexico. The opening chapter contains a unique comparison between the missions of California and those of the author's own state. While giving full credit to the former for beauty and interest, he fails not to emphasize that the latter possess the charm of a greater antiquity (they are 150 years older) and a greater variety in the history they have experienced. In the next chapter, which deals with "Colonization and Religion" the general reader receives the proper point of view for understanding the history of the missions, which is epitomized in the two following chapters. The author then takes up the mission churches singly and in detail, giving in each case a historical sketch of the founding, a description of its present, and wherever possible of its past, appearance and condition, together with an illustration or two. In most cases, he adds an interesting anecdote connected with the history of the church. The last chapter, which is devoted to "The Penitents," is of especial interest to Franciscan Tertiaries. The whole book is a judicious mixture of the descriptive and narrative elements. The style is elegant, the binding durable, the typography excellent; the illustrations, of which there are more than sixty, are invaluable. It is an altogether readable and presentable volume; which will be not only an ornament to every bookshelf but a source of genuine pleasure and profit to all classes of readers. The price of \$1.50 is remarkably low for a historical work of 373 pages. Our readers are invited to send their orders to The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or to this office.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Bl. Davanzat.—Davanzat was a friend of Bl. Luchesius and like him was received into the Third Order. After his ordination to the priesthood, he was placed in charge of a parish at Casciano, and for seventy years he labored there, edifying his people by his holy life. He devoted his income to the relief of the poor and frequently sent his meals to a sick person or gave them to a beggar, contenting himself with bread and water. To pilgrims he showed great kindness and charity; he gave them food and lodging and attended to all their needs. God rewarded his charity by multiplying the bread and wine he distributed among the needy. Davanzat died on July 7, 1295, at the age of ninety-five.

Bl. Delphine of Signa.—Delphine was born in Provence, of the noble family of Glandeves. In obedience to Charles II, King of Sicily, she married Elzear, Count of Sabran, and one of the greatest ornaments of the Third Order, with whom she vied in the practice of virtue. She was known far and wide for her liberality toward the poor; to assist them in their want, she devoted a great part of her wealth. She daily fed twelve poor at her table, waited on them in person, and in her humility even washed their feet. It was also her delight to visit the sick in the hospitals, to bind their sores, and to render them the lowliest services. Her death occurred at Apt, in France, on November 26, 1358.

Dominic of Terris.—This saintly Tertiary belonged to the illustrious family of the Alexis. He daily provided twenty poor with food and expended the greater part of his revenues in relieving their needs. His liberality was lavished especially upon the hidden poor. To them he secretly sent food, clothing, and money. He

provided their daughters with dowries, and enabled them to give their children a good Christian education. He died at Montereale, on August 22, 1510.

Elizabeth of Austria.—She was the daughter of Maximilian II, of Germany, and wife of Charles IX, of France. After the death of the latter, she returned to her native country, where she gave herself up to a life of prayer and good works. She was ever ready to assist the poor and frequently visited and comforted the sick. She built a convent for the Poor Clares and contributed liberally for the embellishment of churches and chapels. Her death occurred on January 22, 1592.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Patroness of the Third Order.—One of the characteristic virtues of this amiable saint, is charity. From her infancy, she seems to have lived only for God and her neighbor. She was ever devising means and ways to come to the assistance of the poor and afflicted. She took whole families under her care, and distributed food to them every day. For the benefit of the poor sick she built a hospital at the foot of the hill on which her castle was situated; here she visited the sick almost daily, consoled them, waited on them, dressed their sores, and rendered them the most humble services without showing the least repugnance at the sight of their loathsome diseases. She built two other hospitals in the city of Marburg. Nine hundred persons were fed daily, either at the castle, at the hospital, or in their homes. During a famine Elizabeth distributed all the grain in the public granary. God manifested his pleasure at her heroic charity by most wonderful signs and miracles. She was called to her heavenly reward on November 19, 1231.

Elizabeth Lopez.—After the death of her husband, this saintly Tertiary shared her possessions with the poor, in whom she beheld our Divine Savior. She supplied all needy persons who appealed to her with food, clothing, and alms. She frequently visited hospitals, where she delighted in consoling and nursing the sick. She died the death of a saint at Villanova, in Spain, on September 27, 1500.

St. Elizabeth of Portugal.—This holy queen, daughter of Pedro III, King of Aragon, and niece of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, was also a true daughter of the Seraphic Father. She often declared that God had raised her to the throne only that she might be the providence of the poor and afflicted. She sought out the hidden poor and provided them with all necessaries, and rejoiced when she could give food and lodging to strangers and pilgrims. A number of charitable institutions owe their existence to her generosity; among them may be mentioned a hospital at Coimbra, a home for penitent fallen women at Torres Roras, and an asylum for foundlings. Elizabeth often visited these institutions and performed the duties of the humblest servant with a charity so heroic that God frequently rewarded it with miracles. She also expended large sums to ransom Christians who had fallen into the hands of the Turks and of pirates. Her great charity also shone forth in her constant endeavor to maintain peace in the kingdom. She succeeded by her pleadings in suppressing quarrels and averting war among princes, thus preventing untold misery and suffering among the people. She died at Coimbra, on July 8, 1336.

St. Elzear, Count of Sabran.—This great Tertiary saint was born of the illustrious family of Sabran at Anson-

is, in France. His mother was known far and wide as "the good countess," on account of her charity toward the poor; and this charity passed as a precious inheritance to her son. As Baron of Ansonis and Count of Ariano, Elzear was always zealous in defending the rights of the weak and lowly. He received their petitions, examined them carefully, and after recognizing their justice, cheerfully granted them. He treated his vassals with kindness and indulgence and strove to assist those who were in straitened circumstances. He had a list made of the indigent families in his domains and enjoined on his officials to distribute to them every year a quantity of grain proportioned to their needs, excepting from the list the idle and the vicious. In short, his revenues were less his own property than the patrimony of the poor. Daily he entertained twelve poor at his table, washed their feet, kissed them reverently, and then dismissed them with kind and comforting words. He frequently visited the hospitals to console and assist the sick in their sufferings, and in his humility he did not shrink from cleansing and dressing the most repulsive wounds. By his prayers, several lepers were cured. His holy death occurred at Paris, on September 27, 1325.

Eustochium, Countess of Calafati.—She was born at Messina, in Sicily, of the ancient Roman family of the Colonna. After her marriage with Bernard, Count of Calafati, she was led by the advice of Bl. Matthew of Girgenti to enter the Third Order of St. Francis, and edified all by her great piety, mortification, and charity. In spite of the opposition of her husband, she bestowed liberal alms on the poor and frequently nursed the sick in the hospitals. She died at Messina, about the year 1454.

VENERABLE PAUL HEATH, O.F.M.

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O. F. M.

ABOUT six weeks had elapsed since the martyrdom of Venerable John Baptist Bullaker, when a fellow friar of his, no less distinguished for sanctity than for learning, set out for the English missions, in the hope of gaining the martyr's crown. The story of his conversion from Protestantism, of his career in the Franciscan Order, and of his martyrdom for the faith, forms perhaps the fairest episode in the history of the second English Province.

Venerable Paul Heath, the son of a Protestant family in Peterborough, Northhamptonshire, received at his christening, on December 16, 1599, the name Henry. He was an unusually gifted child, and from early boyhood manifested an insatiable fondness for books. To give him the advantages of a liberal education, his parents sent him at the age of eighteen to the university of Cambridge. He matriculated at Corpus Christi College, where on account of his engaging manners and extraordinary diligence he soon won the esteem of his professors and associates. From one of his fellow students, who later became a Catholic and a Jesuit, we learn how earnestly Henry Heath devoted himself to his studies, how eagerly he sought the company of such as cared more for books than for pleasure, and how, even as a Protestant, he showed a decided aptitude and inclination for the life he was

one day to embrace. Serious doubts regarding the faith in which he had been reared began to trouble his mind; and the farther he advanced in his studies, the graver became his religious misgivings. No less prudent than sincere, however, he kept the matter a close secret from all except a few intimate friends, who presently joined him in his search for the truth.¹ Thus four years elapsed, when the authorities conferred on him the degree of bachelor of arts and placed him in charge of the college library. This appointment gave him an opportunity to delve into the rich mine of Catholic literature, largely the spoils of the confiscated monasteries.

At this time, no religious controversialist was more extolled in the Protestant circles at Cambridge than William Whitaker, a former master of the university.² With absorbing interest, young Heath read and studied the canon's attack on Cardinal Bellarmine, who had openly questioned the literary honesty of the Protestant divine. Consulting the original sources to which the disputants referred, Henry noticed how accurately the learned Cardinal quoted his authorities and how his less scrupulous adversary misquoted and misconstrued passages in order to buttress his theses. This roused the young man's suspicion and indignation. Night and day, he busied him-

1. These facts regarding the university career of Ven. Paul Heath are based on the letter which F. John Spencer, S. J., wrote martyr's death. The writer declares that he was an eye witness of what he recounts. See Mason: *Certamen Seraphicum* (Quaracchi, 1885), p. 74—Four of the martyr's friends likewise converted to the Catholic faith and the above-mentioned F. Spencer, joining the Jesuit Order, and three becoming Franciscans. The names of the latter, however, are not known. See Gaudentius: *Bedeutung und Verdienste des Franziskanerordens im Kampfe gegen den Protestantismus* (Bozen, 1880), p. 176; Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England* (London, 1878), p. 157; Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), p. 156.

2. The subsequent facts concerning Fr. Paul's conversion and later career at Douai are taken chiefly from the *Certamen Seraphicum*. For at least ten years, its author shared the same roof with the martyr and hence had ample opportunity to observe his private and public life. See Thaddeus: *The Franciscans in England* (London 1898), p. 272.

self with the teaching of the Catholic Church and soon perceived how utterly untenable Protestantism was on logical and historical grounds. Meanwhile, the grace of God enlightened and strengthened him, so that after the lapse of about a year, Henry was determined to embrace the old faith. It was probably through the imprudence or malice of a fellow student that the affair at last came to the notice of the university heads. Knowing what an influence he exerted over his associates, the authorities threatened him with imprisonment and expulsion. This only served to confirm the young man in his convictions. He secretly left Cambridge and proceeded to London.

Here; in the hotbed of Puritanism, however, Henry's constancy was put to a severe test. He sought to interest the Spanish ambassador in his behalf; but in vain. Still more disheartening was his experience with Mr. George Jerningham, a well-known Catholic nobleman, who took him for a spy and sent him packing with bitter reproach.³ Altogether at a loss how to prove his sincerity, Henry began to seek the aid of the Blessed Virgin, promising eventually to dedicate himself entirely to her service. The next time he met Mr. Jerningham, the nobleman's attitude was wholly changed. Through him he became acquainted with Rev. George Muscot, who after due preparation received him into the Church. Thereupon, provided with a letter of recommendation from the Spanish ambassador, he departed for the English College at Douai.

Henry Heath had been at the college but a short time, when two Fran-

ciscans from the neighboring friary came there. Their modest and mortified demeanor caught the fancy of the young convert, and he conceived an ardent desire to join their ranks. But his father confessor, whose advice he had sought, dissuaded him on the grounds that such a life would prove too difficult for him who had only recently embraced the true faith. But Henry had no peace. Again he began to pray to the Blessed Virgin, and again he experienced her aid. It was probably in May, 1624, that the preses of St. Bonaventure's, Fr. Jerome Pickford, invested him with the habit of St. Francis and gave him the name Paul of St. Magdalene.

"I am scarcely able to relate," writes Mason, "what a saintly and angelic life he led in the seraphic lyceum. Indeed, the virtues that others acquire only in part and by degree, were united in him and sprang up all at once; both in the beginning of his conversion and in the novitiate, no one was more austere than he in self-abnegation and self-discipline, no one more conspicuous for contempt of the world, no one more assiduous in prayer, more perfect in renouncing his own will, more fervent in the love of God and of heavenly things." Having completed the year of probation, Fr. Paul was admitted to profession by Fr. George Perrot who was governing the friary in the absence of the superior.⁴ The next three years, he studied theology under the direction of Fr. Francis Davenport, whereupon, in 1628, he was ordained priest.

The important offices which were subsequently entrusted to him show how highly the superiors esteemed the

3. In extenuation of the ambassador's and the nobleman's behavior, we must remember that the time spies infested the country, who frequently ingratiated themselves into Catholic households, in order to ferret out the names and hiding-places of priests. An instance of this kind is related by Stone (l. c., p. 157), where a certain Beard repaid the hospitality of unwary Catholics by denouncing them to the authorities.

4. He was "governing the friary," says Mason (p. 80), "in the absence of the preses" namely, Fr. Francis Davenport who had been sent to Rome to plead the cause of the newly-founded English custody at the General Chapter held at Pentecost, 1625. See *Franciscan Herald*, November, 1918.

young priest's virtue and learning. The first chapter of the English province, held in 1630, appointed him vicar of Douai, professor of moral theology, and spiritual director of the student clerics. Two years later, he succeeded Fr. Francis Bel as guardian of the friary. In the same year, after the death of Fr. William of St. Augustine, he was appointed head professor of dogmatic theology. The provincial chapter of 1637 again elected him guardian, at the same time entrusting him with the responsible offices of *custos* and provincial commissary. All these offices, we are told, Fr. Paul discharged with great fidelity, although he deemed himself unfit and unworthy to be placed over others. The Flemish Franciscan, Fr. Peter Marchant, who presided at the chapter of 1637 and who was intimately acquainted with the members of the English province, informs us that Fr. Paul was "a mirror of meekness, integrity, and sincerity, a beacon light of holiness, a model of religious observance among the brethren, and in the science of theology a shining and glowing star among the luminaries of the Douai University."

Even after his ordination, Fr. Paul evinced a remarkable aptitude for the sacred sciences. With a penetrating intellect, retentive memory, and acute judgment he combined untiring zeal and energy. One day, Dr. Poletius, then *regius professor* at the local university, attended a public disputation which the clerics had prepared at the friary. The manner in which Fr. Paul defended his thesis won unstinted applause from the learned divine. "I will say candidly," he remarked later, "that never in my life did I hear a theologian defend his thesis in a more learned and skillful manner."

No wonder that after his ordination, Fr. Paul was permitted to devote himself principally to teaching and

writing. In order to deepen his knowledge of theology and better to qualify himself for the sacred duties imposed upon him, he carefully studied the writings of Holy Scripture and of the Holy Fathers, the decisions of the Councils, and the history of the Church written by Baronius. In speculative theology, he was an ardent and efficient expounder of Bl. John Duns Scotus, the founder of the Franciscan school. His lucid exposition and sound vindication of the Scotistic doctrine was the frequent topic of comment not only among his brethren but also among the professors and students of the neighboring university. His writings, of which Mason adduces thirty titles, embrace every branch of higher learning, philosophy, dogmatic and moral theology, canon law, ascetics, and history. A number of them are of a controversial character, directed against the English Protestants of his day. How valuable his services were to the province, we may judge from the fact that his superiors found it expedient to refuse him permission to leave for the English missions, because, as they averred, the welfare of the province demanded his services as teacher of the clerics.

Despite the manifold cares as superior and professor, Fr. Paul found ample time to discharge the various functions of his religious and priestly calling. In 1635, when the Franciscan Sisters settled at Nieuport, he became their extraordinary confessor. At the same time, he heard confessions at the convent of the Poor Clares at Aire. Like a true son of St. Francis, he cherished a singular love for the sick and needy. When he heard of families in distress, he would visit them and even beg alms with which to relieve their wants. In him the lowly and unlettered found a trusty friend, ever ready to instruct and advise them in the way of salvation. Sinners and heretics seemed to

be the special objects of his priestly zeal. No way was too far, no weather too inclement, no other concern too pressing, no sacrifice too great, where the salvation of an erring soul was at stake. For their conversion he offered up his prayers and fasts and in the end won them over to Christ not so much by learned discussion as by the engaging humility and modesty of his demeanor. His success in this respect must have been extraordinary. Mason remarks that he could recount many instances of conversions wrought through the labors and prayers of Fr. Paul, but that he refrained from doing so because the persons concerned were still among the living.

Prayer and mortification constitute the fountain whence the saints of God draw light and strength for their exterior activity. Like the Seraph of Assisi, Fr. Paul was a great lover of prayer. Though the provincial constitutions exempted him from choir duty, he ever deemed it a privilege and an obligation to chant the divine office in common with the brethren. Many a time, after the others had finished the midnight chant and meditation and had retired to their rooms for a brief rest, he would pass the remainder of the night in prayer and contemplation before the Blessed Sacrament. Especially dear to him was the Franciscan custom of praying with arms extended in the form of a cross. To encourage his brethren in the practice of his form of prayer, he used to tell them what singular favors he had obtained through it from God. Mason says that he often heard the saintly friar relate the following incident. A contagious disease had broken out in the community. Several friars had already died of it, and a number were dangerously ill. When Fr. Paul, who apparently was guardian at the time, felt the sickness coming on him, he went to the church

and with his arms extended spent half an hour in prayer. Finally, overcome by fatigue, he dropped his arms and rose to his feet, only to find that the symptoms of the disease had entirely left him.

No less remarkable was his devotion to the Mother of God. To her intercession he ascribed his conversion to the true faith. He carefully carried out the promise he had made of entirely dedicating himself to her service. As a constant reminder of this pledge, he wore a little chain on his arm, which he never removed. Like Bl. John Duns Scotus, he was an ardent champion of her Immaculate Conception, defending and extolling this prerogative of Mary whenever an opportunity offered itself. In all difficulties, trials and temptations, he had recourse to Mary, his Mother, and constantly exhorted others to do likewise. It was to her that he took refuge when everybody and everything seemed to stand in the way of his joining the missionary friars in England. Shortly before his departure for England, he wrote a beautiful letter, or rather prayer, to his heavenly Queen. In this letter, he again pledges her undying love and fidelity and thanks her for all the benefits he had till then received through her, recounting above all how she had helped him find the true faith and how she had obtained the same grace for his father, who at the time was a man of eighty years and was living as lay brother in the community at Douai.

On the subject of Fr. Paul's spirit of mortification, his biographer becomes quite eloquent. "Why," he asks, "should I mention those bodily penances, abstinences, and fasts which the Rule and the Statutes of the Order prescribed and which Fr. Paul observed so scrupulously that he looked on the least remissness in this regard as a serious matter?" To these austerities he was wont to add many more of his own choice. His

bed was not the customary straw-sack, but the floor, where without removing his habit he took a few hours of sleep. For years he was accustomed to fast on bread and thin broth, two or three days of every week. Next to the skin he constantly wore a hairshirt and an iron chain around the waist, and often disciplined himself even to blood. So great was his love of poverty and self-denial that he always reserved the shab-

biest habit and the dingiest room for himself. Despite his learning and sanctity, he thought so little of himself that Mason can not help remarking how condescending and considerate he was in his dealings with the brethren over whom he was placed. Thus, in the solitude of the friary at Douai, did the man of God prepare himself for the supreme sacrifice of his life.

(To be concluded)

THE GRACE OF MAY

THE May will bring Our Lady's smile
 To bless the earth anew,
 And cherry boughs Her white shall wear,
 And skies Her mantle blue;

The dandelion's cloth of gold
 Will gleam across the grass,
 And meadow-daisies' hearts unfold
 As Mary's footsteps pass.

But fairer things for Mary wait
 Than sun and apple bloom;
 In hosts of souls Our Lady's love
 Has banished death and gloom;

More sweet than birds, the children's hymns
 That tell Our Lady's praise,
 And queenly flowers of virtue spring
 From grace of many Mays.

Hail, holy Queen, to thee we pray
 At dawning and at night
 Our life, our sweetness, and our hope,
 Oh, fill the year with light.

And most of all let May be glad
 As songs that children sing,
 For out of gladness, as from pain,
 Thy tender graces spring

—Catharine McPartlin, Tertiary.

THE CASTAWAY

By Zelma McDowell Penry, Tertiary

CHAPTER V

Synopsis of the preceding chapters—Senorita Ysobel Arguella and her aunt Josefa, of the rancho Las Rosas, Santa Barbara, Cal., discuss Antony Byrne, a young Irishman, who has recently purchased the neighboring rancho of Los Feliz. Ysobel, to the great horror of Tia Josefa, professes her love for him. Don Carlos, Ysobel's father appears with Antony, who causes a flurry in the household of the Arguellas by announcing the arrival of an English family. Ysobel, to Tia Josefa's consternation, goes to Padre Salvador to unburden her love-sick heart. The same evening, Antony repairs to the Mission with similar intent and astonishes the kind old Padre with the declaration that he can give Don Carlos no account of his family, and that he had sought out distant California to forget his sorrow on learning the truth after his adopted parents' death. An insurrection of the Indians breaks up the fiesta of San Antonio and incidentally separates the lovers. Ysobel reveals the secret of her heart to Editha. While admiring Editha's curios, Ysobel is startled by the sight of a painted portrait, presumably of Antony Byrne, which Editha declares to be the picture of the only man she loves.

WHEN Antony Byrne returned the warring natives to the north of Santa Barbara, he was in a state of mind which could by no means be described as calm. His mind, in fact, resembled a whirlpool, wherein all thoughts were caught and whirled into the consideration of the big problem that he was facing—how he was to win Señorita Ysobel Maria y Incarnacion Arguella from a father who demanded a full record of a man's ancestry, when the man in question was utterly at a loss to know who were his parents. He could not bring himself to go to the hacienda; and until he had thought it all out, he could not even make up his mind to go again to Padre Salvador. All of that long week, he wrestled with his problem. Finally his decision was made. He would go to Don Carlos,

lay the whole story before him, just as he had told it to Padre Salvador, and would beg for Ysobel's hand, presenting his own merits alone. Then if the old Don should prove adamant, he would go forth into the wide world and spend the rest of his life, if need be, in an effort to discover his identity.

Once arrived at this decision, a weight of stone seemed to drop from his spirit. He at once dispatched a note to Ysobel, and made ready to follow it within two hours. First, however, he would go and tell Padre Salvador of his plans, well knowing that they would meet with the Franciscan's approval, but loath to do anything without informing him.

At the very time that Antony was making ready to start for the Mission to receive the blessing of Padre Salvador on his proposed quest of Señorita Ysobel's hand, the Señorita was flinging herself out of Editha Woodbridge's room in a passion of resentment against what she believed to be the duplicity of the man she had grown to love.

Clearly before her mind's eye seemed to spread the whole situation, and her very soul recoiled at the picture. Antony Byrne, the man to whom the fair young Editha Woodbridge had given her love, even as she, Ysobel Arguella, had done, having left his native land for some unknown reason, had been confronted by the knowledge that Editha was to penetrate his obscure place of refuge. Ysobel's eyes flashed in scorn as she recalled his easy denial that he knew the English family. What an actor he was. He had left with the others to avoid a meeting. Unwillingly she admitted to herself that he could hardly have

planned the Indian uprising, yet had it not been that, something else would have served. He had remained away from the hacienda until the week which the strangers had planned as their time of sojourn had passed, and then—that perfidious note! Oh, all was so clear!

She felt that no denunciation could be too bitter—and to think that she had been willing to give her heart to such a villain. Then, most unaccountably she flung herself on her knees before her little altar of Our Lady, and wept bitterly—tears that seemed to hold more of sorrow than of anger.

There, Maggie on her way to the chapel, where she spent a great deal of her time, found her, and the simple Irish heart of the old dependent, who was so curious a part of the noble English family, went out to the motherless child who seemed to be in deep distress.

“If it is anything I could be helping?” she ventured tentatively, pausing on the threshold.

The weeping maiden sprang to her feet, her dark head raised haughtily in the face of the intrusion, but the sight of the bent and worn little figure had, as she had often noticed before, the effect of calming her.

“There is nothing that could help me, Maggie,” she answered drearily.

“Ah, but, asthore,” protested the old woman, “there is always something that can help—prayer.”

“Yes, pray for me, Maggie. El buen’ Dios alone offers me anything. I shall ask my father for permission to go to la Ciudad Mexico, there to give my life to Him in the convent.”

Maggie fixed her keen, faded blue eyes for a moment on the girl before her, then, with a wisdom begotten of a long life, she replied sagely:

“And so you would be givin’ what was left to the good’ God? No, I don’t think that of you, my dear.”

“What is left?—I don’t under-

stand.”

“Yes, what is left. I have lived for a long time, Miss Ysobel, and I’ve seen vocations to a religious life—but I’m safe in saying that they’re seldom bred of a sudden burst of grief. I’m sure that the dear Lord has called you to another life than that you’ve so suddenly made up your mind to seek.”

“Ah, Maggie, what shall I do then?” The girl had lost her haughty manner, and questioned the old servant as a little girl would have sought aid at her mother’s knee; and faithful old Maggie lived nobly up to the part so suddenly assigned to her.

“Well, nothing is easier, dear child,” she answered briskly. “You get one of those little shawl things you wear over your head, and take me instead of that brown-skinned savage woman that usually goes with you, and come straight along down to the good priest at the Mission. Then, while I say my beads in church, you tell your troubles to the Father. That will be sure to set it all right.”

Ysobel thought for a moment. Then suddenly decided to take the old woman’s advice. Accordingly, taking out one of her most sober-hued mantillas, and shrouding herself in its folds, she made ready to lay her story of Antony Byrne’s perfidy before her kindly spiritual guide.

So it happened that she arrived to seek audience with Padre Salvador, at the precise moment when young Antony Byrne, having obtained the missionary’s whole-hearted approval of his plan, rose to leave the Mission for the Arguella Rancho.

The priest, accompanying him to the portals of the Mission, was the first to perceive the Don’s daughter with Maggie approaching the spot. His face lighted with an instinctive appreciation of the dramatic situation, and he turned to the young man at his side.

“Antonio,” he exclaimed, “the ob-

ject of thy quest is even now coming towards thee. I shall leave you together for a few moments, and then thou mayest discover for thyself if thy hopes are well founded." And before the delighted Antony could reply, Padre Salvador had left him.

Maggie having parted from her young companion and turned her steps toward the church building, Ysobel went slowly toward the door which had been left standing ajar, as Antony had been about to take his leave. She approached with her eyes cast modestly and sadly on the ground, and thus had no warning of the meeting that was to take place until a sudden instinct led her to look up. Startled, she stepped back, her lovely face white, as Antony Byrne stood before her.

"Ysobel!" he exclaimed, his voice vibrant with joy.

Quickly, the maiden rallied her forces and, with the memory of the picture in Editha's hand, she drew her slight form up proudly.

"Señor Byrne," she enunciated coldly, "I should like to pass. I have come to see Padre Salvador."

"Why, Señorita," he retorted wonderingly, "did you not receive my note? I thought—"

"Señor Byrne," she repeated evenly, "it is easier to say once for all time, I wish to see you no more!"

"Why, Señorita," insisted the young man, completely taken aback by Ysobel's unfriendly attitude, "at least you will give me an opportunity to explain myself. Wherein have I offended you? I confess that I was wrong in failing to seek you before, but Padre Salvador will tell you—"

"Padre Salvador," she cut in haughtily, "can not protect himself or his spiritual children from the sting of lying tongues. I have said once, that which I now repeat, I wish to see you no more!"

She turned from him, and Antony in desperation breathed an ejacula-

tory prayer for aid. He was too much the true gentleman to force his attentions on the woman he loved, yet he felt that her antipathy to him was merely the result of a misunderstanding, and his heart cried out to heaven in the agony of the moment.

Ysobel glanced across to the steps of the Mission Church which Maggie was even then ascending, and catching the latter's eye, beckoned to her. Then, impelled by a sudden resolve, she turned back and addressed the young man in the room.

"Perhaps, Señor Antonio, you will say even that you have never before beheld the woman who approaches."

Antony sprang to her side at the tacit invitation, and followed her look with his own eyes. The sight of the bent and shriveled little figure coming towards them caused him to gasp in undisguised amazement. It was the same little old woman that he had seen and commented on on that day shortly before his departure from Ireland, when he walked with his brother in the garden of the rectory.

The scene came back to him with all the clearness of a sharp picture. He could even hear his brother Paul's deep voice remarking that the life of that very little old woman might contain material for a story of romantic interest. By what strange fate had she come to this scarcely known corner of the world? All of his wonderment was plainly written on his expressive countenance. To Ysobel his confusion was confirmation of her suspicions, and as she caught sight of Padre Salvador at that moment walking slowly toward the church building, she passed the astonished Antony and advanced to meet the priest and Maggie.

Even to the missionary's dimming vision, it was evident that something was wrong. So he quickened his steps, arriving in time to confront the two young people considerably in advance of the old serving woman.

"Love God, my children!" The customary greeting of the gray-robed friar fell with a new sweetness upon the heart of Antony; but Ysobel's flashing eyes softened not one whit as the holy man took in the situation with a look of enquiry.

Respectfully, but resolutely Ysobel answered his look.

"Padre, no further word can ever pass between this man and me. I am sure that he is not worthy of our regard."

The priest's eyes were very grave as he took in the full substance of her statement; but he was determined to allow both sides a fair hearing.

"There must be a serious reason for such words, my daughter, and it is but just that thou shouldst present it before the one most concerned."

"Ah, Padre," she yielded with evident hesitation, "the Señorita Woodbridge treasures a portrait of Señor Byrne, and she told me that she loves him more dearly than her life. And now, Padre mio, am I wrong in refusing to meet him when he has proved himself a liar by saying he did not know the English family?" Her voice was so low as to be scarcely audible, and a deep crimson dyed her beautiful face as she made the revelation.

Padre Salvador turned to the young man. "What answer canst thou make to this, my son?"

"Padre," returned the youth miserably, "I do not know what all this mystery is about. I neither know the persons of whom you speak, save by hearsay, nor did I ever hear their name except from Señorita Ysobel, Don Carlos, and you. I know nothing of any picture of myself. It is all a mystery to me!"

"He does know Maggie, Padre," broke in Ysobel, "he does! Ask him. Here she is."

The priest mutely questioned the young Irishman as Maggie, who had been coming forward at as slow a gait at it was possible for her to assume,

joined them. To his wonder, he read an affirmative in the depths of Antony's gray eyes.

"Yes, I have seen her, Padre. I remember her, and it is the greatest surprise I have yet encountered to see her so far from the spot where first my eyes rested on her. But as for having any knowledge of her, other than that one glimpse of her face, I have not. Ask her. She will say she does not know me. That will clear me, Padre."

Padre Salvador breathed a sigh of relief as Antony suggested this way out of the difficulty. He had not thought of Maggie as a factor in solving the mystery.

But Maggie was at that moment preoccupied, and with no one else than the good-looking young Señor Antonio Byrne, owner of Los Feliz Rancho. She was regarding him steadily as he talked, her fixed scrutiny gradually turning to one that was nearly horror.

"Maggie, dost thou know el Señor?"

The old woman wrested her fascinated gaze from the youth and turned it upon her inquisitor. She took a deep breath and moistened her lips before replying.

"Your Reverence," she said finally, relapsing into her soft brogue, "the good Lord and His Holy Mother knows I can't give ye an answer, for it's a ghost I'm seein'."

For a full minute, a dead silence lay on the little group. What could Maggie mean by her startling declaration? Her face was expressive of an awe that was not unmixed with fear, while Antony's visage wore a look of puzzled astonishment at the old woman's words. Only on the faces of Padre Salvador and Ysobel might have been discerned expressions of something besides surprise—a dawning, incredulous certainty.

Ysobel turned impulsively to Padre Salvador, all hostility gone from her

manner.

"Padre," she gasped, "my mind finds an answer to the puzzle. Shall I tell it?"

The priest nodded, his eyes meanwhile on the young man, the only one of the party who seemed absolutely in the dark over the turn events had taken.

"Señor Antonio," began the girl, her former shyness toward him giving way to a tense excitement, "if you do not know the English family, as you would say, why have you remained away from our home since their arrival? And why have you told us nothing of your own past life, your family, or anything that would make it possible for us to believe that you have nothing to conceal?"

Her musical tones cut through Antony's consciousness like the thrusts of a two-edged dagger, and he drew a deep breath before replying.

"Señorita Arguella," he said earnestly, "I know full well how my actions must have seemed to you. I did not realize before, because I knew nothing of the portrait of which you spoke just now. I can give no explanation of that. I have never had my portrait painted. I repeat that I do not know the Woodbridges nor this woman, though I did see her shortly before I left home. She was coming out of the church where my foster brother is curate; I remember we spoke of her, because she prayed every day so devoutly.

"But the reason I have never told you of my family, is that I do not know who my family is. I came to California in order to forget the sorrow that was mine when I learned that my supposed parents were not mine after all. I thought I had put that part of my life behind me. But then, I met you and—loved you, Señorita. I suppose," he concluded dully, "that there is no way to prove what I say. I had decided to tell my story to your father this morning,

and to beg his permission to offer you my heart,—but now it seems there is no use."

Ysobel Arguella heard him quietly to the end of his recital, but a keen observer could have noted on her vivid, expressive countenance, a look that was almost exultation. Her quick intelligence was fitting the pieces of the mystery together and finding a solution even while he talked. Antony, however, saw nothing of the signs in her face, for he was staring moodily, miserably at the stone-tiled floor.

"You have then no means of knowing, no clue by which you could trace your family?"

Antony glanced up, surprised by the subtle change in her voice.

"Nothing, save a small medal of Our Blessed Lady, with my name, Antony, on the reverse side. My foster parents tried every way to find out, and failed, why should I—"

"Have you got the medal?"

The words came like a cry from the lips of the old Irish servant, causing the trio to turn toward her enquiringly.

"Why—yes—"

"Ah, let me see it—it is a miracle!"

Utterly at a loss to know the reason for her strange perturbation, Antony drew out the little case in which he always carried the medal, and handed it to her.

The old woman seemed on the verge of swooning. She turned her eyes first on the bit of gold in her hand, then on the beautiful maiden before her, on the ascetic face of Padre Salvador, and finally, fastened them on the clear-cut features of Antony Byrne.

"It was these very hands that placed this medal around your neck, lad," she said solemnly. Then like a pean, her voice rose and rang through the silent cloisters. "Praise be to the good God. The child that was lost has been found!"

The happiest home in all California that day was the Hacienda Las Rosas. Explanations, joyous plans, tears, and laughter characterized the meeting of the Woodbridge family and their new-found son, while the Arguellas rejoiced as whole-heartedly as their guests—even Tia Josefa softening under the general atmosphere of thanksgiving. Antonio himself could hardly believe that he was really the long lost son of the Woodbridge family, and Sir James, Lady Woodbridge, and the fair young Editha accepted the facts with awe, and later unqualified joy. Sir James had emphatically included Maggie in the family group. "For without doubt it was Maggie's prayers that brought it all about," he said.

"Yes," agreed Lady Woodbridge, "and it was dear old Maggie who thought of putting the medal around our baby's neck before we sent him with his grandparents on that fateful voyage that meant their deaths and, as we thought, our child's too."

"Ah, such a wonderful ending to such a miserably begun day," sighed Editha, smiling happily at her brother and at the luminous face of Ysobel.

"But that recalls it," put in the latter, "whose picture is that, Editha?"

"Father's, painted when he was a young man. I always say that he is

the only man on earth who holds my heart—but now I have a dear brother to share it."

"And it was I that thought Sir James had died, and that it was the ghost of himself I was seein' when I faced Mr. Antony down there at the Mission," explained Maggie.

With those words the last shadow fell from Ysobel's mind, and she embraced Editha tenderly.

"My dearest friend and my beloved sister," she said softly. Then realizing what her words implied she crimsoned, and fled precipitately from the group.

At the far end of the patio, already cool and shadowy in the light of the fading day, Antony Woodbridge, as he must now be called, caught up with her. By common consent, the lovers turned their steps toward the other end of the patio where the little house chapel of the hacienda was situated. At the door they paused, hand in hand, like two children. Before the altar knelt the worn figure of Maggie, pouring out her thanks to the Crucified Savior and His Blessed Mother. Tears of happiness were streaming down her wrinkled face, and the golden gleam of the sun, then dropping into the broad Pacific, touched her with its transfiguring light.

(The End)



LETTER TO A TERTIARY

By a Franciscan Father

DEAR MISS A—,

Your brother's promptness in joining the Third Order at the first opportunity after receiving my letter, was truly characteristic of him. No shilly-shallying about him once he sees his way clear. Kindly offer him my congratulations and assure him that if he ever desires the aid of my counsels or my prayers in any matter pertaining to the Third Order, they shall be his for the asking.

I am truly glad you liked my letter on the Catholic home, as I now feel sure that my little Rose is determined to cling to the highest Catholic ideals. It is a great thing, you know, to have lofty principles. Good principles alone, of course, will not make us good, much less, perfect, as we may still waver in point of practice; but they provide us with a definite norm by which we measure our every word and deed, and we can thus easily be set right again if we should happen to go astray. But if our standard of action is wrong, we go off on a false trail at the very outset, and run great risk of becoming lost in a maze of evils.

Your plan to persuade the more zealous and as far as possible the more popular members of the Young Ladies' Society to enter the Third Order in a body, is splendid. If successful, it will certainly give the Third Order great prestige in your parish. Still I must warn you against letting your zeal carry you too far,—so far, namely, as to assure prospective members that nothing at all out of the ordinary is required of Tertiaries. "Oh, yes," so you might be tempted to reply to certain demurrers, "the Rule forbids undue finery and excessive costliness of dress; but it doesn't oblige under sin, you know; and besides, the Director can give dispensations." Which is very true; yet it would be wrong to

resort to such a method in order to increase the membership of the Third Order. If you find Tertiaries that lightly transgress the Rule, charity demands that you try to excuse them, but it is quite a different matter to encourage them. Tertiaries owe a duty to the Order no less than to their fellow men. As they are bound to edify the latter, so they are bound to maintain the good name of the former. Deliberate failure to do this would be tantamount to a betrayal of the high mission and spirit of the Third Order. If the purpose of the Order is to leaven the laity with the spirit of Catholicity, its members must embody that spirit in their daily lives. It is precisely for this reason that the Rule grants admission only to good practical Catholics and ordains that disobedient members be dismissed. Let your motto, therefore, be: As many Tertiaries as possible, but only good Tertiaries.

From these general considerations you may guess what my answer will be to your question regarding dancing. Even if the prescription against dancing be the only thing that restrains certain young ladies from entering the Third Order, you should rather do without them than suggest that they join without giving up that sport. It is true that some translations of the Rule leave room for doubt as to the meaning of the clause concerning dancing; but the Italian text, which was approved, if not made, by Pope Leo XIII, is unmistakable, as it says distinctly, "Stiano lontani dai balli e dagli spettacoli pericolosi e da ogni gozzoviglia." "They will refrain with the utmost caution from dances and from dangerous stage-plays and from all revelry." Since the Rule itself, however, makes allowance for special difficulties that may attend the

observance of some of its provisions by empowering the Directors to grant dispensations for "serious and good reasons," this dispensing power may, on occasion, be invoked also in regard to dancing. What may constitute a serious reason depends on circumstances and must be left to the judgment of the Director. Certain it is that the mere fact that a girl "just so loves to dance" does not constitute a sufficient reason; and likewise that there can be no sufficient reason for permitting a Tertiary to dance just as often and as much as she likes.

With this exception, an exception, of course, which applies to all provisions of the Rule, your prospective Tertiaries must consider that with the acceptance of the garb of penance they will relinquish their right to the amusement of dancing, just as the person that takes the pledge renounces his right to indulge in a harmless glass of wine or beer. I am aware that this will involve a sacrifice for some; but the advantage of abstaining from dancing will offer them ample compensation; and I verily believe that the article forbidding dancing will rather attract desirable persons to the Third Order than deter them from it.

Let me explain the paradox. In itself, that is, apart from circumstances, dancing, like the use of intoxicants, is something indifferent—neither good nor bad. If you are thirsty and you drink a glass of beer or wine to quench your thirst and do so, after the advice of St. Paul, for the honor of God, that act will be morally good, like taking a drink of water under the same circumstances. Similarly, if for the purpose of timely relaxation you take part in a perfectly decorous dance, that act, too, may be made morally good and even meritorious, just the same as a walk or ride in a park. Still there are dangers lurking in the dance, from its very nature, which are absent in most other amusements.

I need not go into details. You know what dancing is, and that things are done and gowns are worn in the dance that are regarded as improper in public on other occasions. No self-respecting young man, for example, walking with a girl in the street, will put his arm around her waist as he does in many dances. To deny that such contact of persons of different sex may at times be an occasion of sin to anybody, is to deny that all men have sinned in Adam and lost their original innocence and integrity. For some the danger is rarer and more remote than for the average person; for others it is less so, according to the character and temperament of each. Yet even if there were no danger for oneself in a given instance, one could still never tell—and that is the disagreeable thing about this pastime—whether there was not grave danger for one's partner. We can not know everyone's interior disposition in this matter. People are not wont to disclose their evil inclinations and interior struggles even to their most intimate friends. How bitter, then, must be this thought to a good girl every time she attends a dance—that what is innocent amusement for her may prove disastrous to the virtue of her companion.

Only by giving up dancing altogether can one remove all danger from that source for oneself as well as the probability of becoming an occasion of sin to others. This danger is far greater to-day than it was a few years ago owing to the wider and wider vogue of those abominations styled "modern dances." The Catholic that likes to dance, that hates to refuse a dance, and perhaps even laughs at the idea of danger in dancing, will find it extremely hard,—far more so than the moderate drinker,—to draw the line. The consequence will be that he will soon overstep the line. At first he will do so unwillingly; so at least he persuades his conscience;

then with less hesitation; and at last perhaps, with perfect abandon.

It was in view of this danger that I remarked before, that the prescription against dancing ought to attract rather than deter young people from the Third Order. I believe that the best among our young men and young women—and it is these we want—will, on consideration, welcome the opportunity which the Third Order offers of evading the dance with its attendant dangers once for all. Simply to decide the matter for oneself by making a resolution never to dance, would not be so easy, as such a personal resolution might be very hard to keep. Besides, many a person, if not most persons, would scout the idea of taking a pledge not to dance. It is different in the Third Order. The person that enters the Third Order makes no special resolution in regard to dancing; he merely follows the advice of the Church to enter the Order and promises to observe its Rule, which, among other things, forbids dancing. Thus his refusal to take part in this amusement is made comparatively easy, and his attitude is supported not by a personal resolution but by the Rule of a great Order and the authority of the Church. He is also spared the trouble of defending his position and of arguing the point. And if a reason be asked for his declining to dance, he has a ready answer: I am a Tertiary, and Tertiaries are forbidden to dance.

Apart from these benefits to individual Tertiaries, this provision of the Rule is of the last importance to the Third Order itself. The chief means of realizing its mission is the example of Tertiaries; but what will be the effect of their example if they frequent dances? "These Third Order members are no better than other people: they go to dances and balls, wear décolleté evening gowns, and are

just as worldly as all the rest." It is useless to reason with persons that make such comments; they simply will not consider a Tertiary a model Catholic unless—well,—unless hereally is one. Far better, therefore, as I intimated in the beginning, to have a small number of good Tertiaries than a large number of indifferent ones. Just in this regard the prescription against dancing will prove very effective, as it will keep some undesirable characters out of the Order. If certain Catholics are so enamored of dancing as to prefer it to membership in the Third Order, then so much the better for the Third Order. Pope Leo XIII did not expect to reform society by the example of Catholics of that stamp.

To dance or not to dance, that is the question. Happily, the Rule answers it negatively for Tertiaries. For, though dancing may sometimes be an innocent pastime, it is certainly not the very best kind of pastime from any sane point of view; and if abstaining from dancing would but add a few more evenings to the all too few spent at home "in the bosom of the family," that alone were reason enough for giving it up altogether.

I sincerely hope, my dear Rose, that these thoughts will be of some help to you in your very praiseworthy efforts to recruit new Tertiaries. If you wish you may read this whole letter to your young lady friends—and perhaps expatiate on certain points from your own personal knowledge. First of all, though, earnestly invoke the assistance of their Guardian Angels, and be sure, too, that your own St. Rose will be most glad to intercede for you. I myself have tried to pave the way with my own feeble prayers.

Wishing you much success and every blessing, I remain, my dear child,
Faithfully yours,

THE WATCHWORD OF ST. FRANCIS

By Marian Nesbitt, Tertiary

MOST men look for miracles as a sign of sanctity," says the holy solitary St. Pachomius. "But I prefer a solid heart-felt humility to raising the dead." What humility could be more "solid and heartfelt" than that of our Seraphic Father?—"The humble St. Francis"—thus has he been called in the centuries that are gone, and thus will he be known as long as time shall last, for he, in very truth, loved "to be esteemed as nothing." He had learned that lesson—the hardest of all, perchance, to poor human nature—to think nothing of himself, yet always to judge well and highly of others, and in so doing attained great wisdom and perfection.

His extraordinary personal charm and ample means gave him exceptional social opportunities in Assisi, where he was the leader of the young men—his contemporaries. But though their ideal and their model—the acknowledged head in all their amusements—his character was not weakened, nor his nature soiled. Indeed he seems ever to have been "clothed," as one of his modern biographers well expresses it, "in that delicately tempered armor of natural refinement which enabled him to throw off the evils of life as though they could not enter into his soul." This, combined, as we have seen, with the great humility which showed itself externally in his person and in his relations with those around him, influenced a wicked world in a way that appears little short of miraculous.

"Joyous he was," says an old chronicler. "And hope and peace abode on all who heard him, raining like dew from his sweet talk. Chosen by Divine Wisdom to be a living manifestation to the world of his Redeemer's

suffering and hidden life here below, he was, as we know, early inspired with high esteem and burning love of poverty and humiliation." Always and everywhere, he sought "the lowest place, and to be subject to everyone." Never did he try to advance himself, and gain the favor and consideration of men, under the pretext that thus he would be able to do more for God; but rather, by a singular forgetfulness and distrust of self, did he become an extraordinary instrument for good. Even in his youth, and in the height of worldly prosperity, he never for an instant lost his stainless, childlike heart; whilst the body which was destined eventually to receive the Stigmata of his Crucified Savior was, St. Bonaventure tells us, ever preserved unsullied—a crystal vase—holding a rare and wonderful soul. Long before the day when, feeling the directness of the Divine Call, and the need of entire self-abandonment, he gave himself wholly to his Lord—long before this, it must be remembered, he was "a power for purity and chivalry."

With utter self-sacrifice and absolute self-effacement, united to that most captivating gaiety and delightful courtesy for which he was so famous, he did the work of his Divine Master, preaching, exhorting, laboring, and suffering—indifferent alike to worldly honor or dishonor—believing himself to be a mere vessel of earth, ignorant of heavenly things; whilst in actual fact he was a silver trumpet, proclaiming the secrets of God, not as of himself, but as breathed into by the Holy Spirit; fulfilling in his own person, and in a very special and perfect manner, the words of Sacred Scripture, "Go, therefore, and I will be in thy mouth; and I will

ecclesiastical honors on account of his sanctity and learning, yet always remained a true Franciscan Friar—poor in spirit as well as in fact—a brilliant example of the meekness and mortification he practiced so unswervingly—wrote very luminously and concisely on this virtue of humility which we are considering in connection with the Little Poor One of Assisi, whose love of lowliness and self-abnegation drew down upon him such countless heavenly favors.

“We show great humility in being humble in our words, and, greater in being humble in our actions, but greatest of all in being humble in our hearts,” says St. Bonaventure. “For this virtue springs from the heart, and not from either words or acts, seeing that some persons display a false humility in their speeches, actions, bearing, and even in their very manner of walking. As for Jesus Christ, He was humble in heart, for He has said, ‘Learn of Me, because I am humble of heart.’ Humble in His words, for He told the Jews, ‘My doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me.’ And again, ‘The word which you have heard is not Mine, but the Father’s, who sent Me.’ Humble in His actions, for He abased Himself before His Apostles in order to wash their feet. It is also a great sign of humility if we humble ourselves on account of the number and gravity of our faults; but it is a still greater sign if we humble ourselves because of the many spiritual gifts and graces Almighty God has bestowed upon us; for even as a tree bends beneath an abundance of fruit, so should we ever more and more abase ourselves in proportion to the heavenly favors we have received. It is, however, the greatest sign of all if we humble ourselves in order to follow the perfect teach thee what thou shalt speak.”

That glorious son of St. Francis—the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure—who, when raised to the highest

example of humility given us by our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Such are the wonderful words of the learned St. Bonaventure, who had, it need scarcely be said, the tenderest devotion to Our Lady, whom he calls “the Mother of Humility.” In his beautiful treatise, *The Mirror of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, (Lesson xx), he speaks of the wonderful way in which the Queen of Angels and of men practiced this virtue. “See, dearly beloved,” he exclaims, “how Mary was blest on account of her extraordinary humility. To her, in truth, may be applied those words of Holy Scripture, ‘They called that place the Valley of Benediction.’ Verily, ‘if every soul is a Valley of God, according to the Prophet Isaias, who tells us that ‘every valley shall be filled’; how much more was Mary a valley—she who sounded the profoundest depths of humility. Neither is it astonishing that she should be the valley of valleys, seeing that she was ever humblest among the humble. Oh, with what blessings was this valley of benediction filled, because of her deep—her lovely—her marvellous humility. The deeper the valley is,” he continues “the greater is its capacity for receiving an abundance of water. The valley, moreover, receives its fertilizing waters both from above and from below. It receives them from above through the rains that pour down from the mountains; it receives them from below through the streams that arise from the springs. Thus was the humble and Immaculate Mary watered by the showers of vivifying grace which rained down upon her from the mountain; and by the springs that gushed forth from the earth, when the Divine and the Human, united in the Person of her Son coming to dwell in her, filled her so abundantly with blessing and grace.”

These reflections bring us back to our starting point—the humility of

St. Francis. It has been truly said that the spirit of a saint reveals itself in those virtues which he practices by preference. Now it can not be denied that St. Francis was simply consumed by his ardent desire for abjection and contempt. His thirst for humiliations was unquenchable; in fact, the very name of Friars Minor, which he gave to his children, proves that humility is the foundation—the keystone—of his Order. His humility grew with his sanctity; and the sanctity of the saint, as every one knows, goes on increasing to the last moment of his life. He is greater on the day his spirit swings its way to

God, than ever before. It is then that his sanctity and power are most conspicuous. As for St. Francis, his humility never shone more brightly than when he lay upon the ground with his brethren around him, reciting the psalm with which we are all familiar, *Voce mea ad Dominum clamavi*. Already earth—and the things of earth—seemed far away, and even as they chanted the words, “Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy Name; the just wait for me until Thou reward me,” he entered—“poor and humble”—yet exceedingly rich in merits into the joy of his heavenly home.

THE FIRST FRANCISCAN AMONG THE CHIPPEWAS

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

(Concluded)

ON July 17, 1853, Father Pierz, arrived at LaPointe. The Minnesota missions had been placed under the jurisdiction of the newly erected diocese of St. Paul, and Father Pierz took charge of them. As this relieved Fr. Skolla of much of his work, and as the number of Indian families at LaPointe had dwindled down to eight in consequence of the instructions of the Indian Department at Washington, D. C., which sent most of the Indians to Minnesota, Bishop Henni, of Milwaukee, thought that the zeal of this hard-working missionary could be utilized with far more profit to souls elsewhere. He sent him, therefore, to the Menominees of the Keshena Reservation, in northeastern Wisconsin.

Fr. Skolla had labored among his dear Chippewas for eight years, and had hoped to remain with them until his death. The command of his Bishop caused him, therefore, no little sorrow. But he obeyed the voice

of duty and left LaPointe on October 9, 1853. The Indians, who loved the zealous priest as a father, broke into tearful lamentations and sought by all means to keep him in their midst. Fr. Skolla finally tore himself away from his beloved mission and hurried off to Milwaukee to confer with his Bishop regarding his future. He reached Stiles on November 3, and received a cordial welcome from his new charges, the Menominees.

After six months, during which time he had baptized one hundred and fifty pagans, Fr. Skolla was invited by a Government Commissioner to come with his Indians to Wolf River Falls, the present Keshena, in order to deliberate on important affairs concerning the Menominees. At this meeting, the United States Government agreed to remove the Indians from the Oconto River to Wolf River at Keshena as their permanent habitation, in exchange for the Reservation directly across the Mississippi.

The Government agreed to give them for fifteen years a saw mill and a grist mill, a blacksmith, a carpenter, and two schools. As these terms seemed favorable, Fr. Skolla removed with his Indians to Keshena, and for a long time there was a most unusual activity in this place. Under the direction of the Government carpenter, houses were built, and an experienced farmer was sent to teach them how to till the soil. The first church was erected, in 1854, on the south side of Keshena Lake, about a mile from the village. Two years later, another church was erected in the present village of Keshena. Both churches were nothing more than slight frameworks of posts roofed and walled with birch bark, with the bare ground for the floor.

From November, 1853, till August, 1856, Fr. Skolla baptized in this mission three hundred and two Indians, one of whom was an aged chief over a hundred years old. The neophytes were full of fervor, and every Sunday from twenty to thirty of them received Holy Communion, which was quite unusual for those days when even the whites were wont to approach the Holy Table so seldom.

In spite of the good work he was doing at this place and notwithstanding his great sanctity, Fr. Skolla became the victim of vile slander. Rev. Fr. Chrysostom Verwyst, O.F.M., thus relates the story.

"Some malevolent and superstitious Indians used to lurk about Fr. Skolla's poor little shanty looking through the holes and cracks in the walls and watching everything he did. He kept a cat, and for innocent pastime he used to play with it and speak to it; since being all alone he had no one to converse with. Hearing him speak and not seeing anyone, the Indians surmised that the priest was communing with spirits. In like manner, when they saw him playing chess alone, as it is said he did at times for recreation, the superstitious natives

imagined that the chessmen were evil spirits with whom the missionary was holding intercourse. Or they supposed that the white figures represented the white people and the dark the Indians, and that their struggle on the chessboard typified the struggle of the two races for the mastery of the Indian country.

"Moreover, they saw him of an evening praying in the graveyard or entering the church for his private devotions. These pious customs gave rise to a most horrible calumny. The good priest was charged with opening the graves at night and taking out the hearts of newly buried corpses in order to make 'bad medicine' wherewith to injure people. This stupid assertion was repeated all over the reservation and believed by many of the natives, especially by the pagans. One day, a young person was buried and the calumnious charge was renewed. So strong was the sentiment against the good priest that some insisted on having the corpse exhumed and examined. When Fr. Skolla was informed of this, he said mildly, 'You may do as you please, but you will only hurt yourselves.' The disinterment was omitted at the time, but was later undertaken to satisfy the curiosity of the people. It is easy to see that under such circumstances the missionary was greatly hindered in his work for the salvation of these benighted people. At first, the Indians were wont to give him a small portion of their annuity for his support. This was subsequently withheld, most probably owing to the lying reports that had been circulated throughout the reservation about the devoted priest."

Our kind readers may be surprised to hear of such mortifying occurrences in the lives of missionaries. They are by no means uncommon. They writer recalls an amusing incident of a similar nature that happened to himself quite recently. Having

been absent from the missions for some time in pursuit of his priestly duties, the Indians began to wonder where he might be. Nobody knew, until one day someone whispered, "Father is in jail!" The awful news spread from town to town. "Is it really so?" asked one. "Yes," replied the other, "he is in the Leavenworth Penitentiary and I know the reason, too. He is in because he sent money to the Kaiser!" A poor missionary sending money to the Kaiser! Nor were the Indians alone in giving credence to the stupid story. A Protestant minister at Lac du Flambeau even had him sentenced to twenty years at hard labor! Not an altogether unwelcome change of occupation for one who has spent thirty-seven years of strenuous labor among the Indians of northern Wisconsin! When at length he returned to his Indians at Odanah, the silly gossipers held their tongues, while his faithful friends dried their tears and welcomed him back to their midst, rejoicing that the terrible sentence had been brought to so happy and unexpected a termination.

Fr. Skolla was not so successful in silencing his maligners, and having no longer means of support, he was compelled to leave the place. Sad of heart, he returned to his brethren in Europe. On a visit to the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Franciscans at Rome, he begged to be placed in charge of some other missionary field of the Order. At first, Fr. General was disposed to assign him as confessor for the Slavonian pilgrims to the Franciscan convent at Jerusalem, but owing to his advanced age and poor health, he sent him in the same capacity to Assisi. Here Fr. Skolla remained for four years; but as his health did not improve, he returned

to his native land. After an absence of twenty-two years, he crossed again the threshold of the peaceful convent of Nazareth, where more than thirty years before he had donned the brown habit of St. Francis. The beautiful valley, the roomy convent on the crest of the hill, the monastery garden, the surrounding fields all awoke memories of the past. The sun rose as brilliant as in the days of his youth. The flowers were as bright and fragrant as when he first trod the garden paths. The sonorous voices, too, of the friars, as they chanted the divine praises in the church, fell on his ear with the same solemn sweetness as in days of old. But these voices were no longer the voices of those he had loved; they belonged to a new generation. The voices he had known so well were now for the most part hushed in the grave, and he was like a stranger in his own home. Hence, he seldom spoke of his missionary life, and except for an occasional sermon, he lived the life of a recluse. For the amusement of the novices, he was wont at times to draw pictures of the scenes and peoples he had visited as missionary. The accordion, too, which had been his faithful companion in all his travels, produced under his skillful fingers the sweetest melodies in honor of the Blessed Queen of heaven, and he would sing her praises in German, English, French, Italian, Slovenian, Chippewa, or Menominee, as his humor might suggest. After some time, Fr. Skolla was sent to Tersat, near Fiume, there to spend the evening of his life under the mild sky of that locality, and it was here that he breathed his last on April 1, 1879. A small cross marks the resting place of this noble, self-sacrificing, and saintly Indian missionary.

COMPASSION

O Jesus, keep us by Thy side
Wherever Thou may'st be,
For tears with Thee are sweeter far
Than joys far off from Thee.

'Tis good to watch the tears of God
In dread Gethsemane;
And better still to share with Him
His soul's dread agony.

'Tis good to watch the false friend's kiss
That should the Lord betray,
And see how those He trusted most
In danger fled away.

And good it is ourselves to feel
False friendship's bitter smart,
That we may learn to lean above
On God's own changeless heart.

'Tis good to go to Herod's court
And hear the taunting jeer;
And good, though bitter, that we taste
The world's keen, heartless sneer.

'Tis good to watch Him, cross-laden
Issue from Pilate's gate,
And good indeed to bear with Him
The cross's blessed weight.

'Tis good in thought to follow Him
Upon His dolorous way,
And so to learn with love to bear
Our cross of every day.

And oh, how good to stand beside
The tree all-purpled o'er,
And feel the love of Jesus grow
Within us more and more.

And better still, perchance, to kneel
Beside the garden-grave,
And witness there how much it cost
A sinful world to save.

And good to see each human hope
Lie withering in decay,
If God be thus more glorified
Than by another way.

A happy thing it is to weep
With Jesus' Mother blest;
And good to know, as Mary knew,
Where broken hearts find rest.

—Sr. Mary Rose

CHECKMATING JUAN

By Anna C. Minogue

THE low adobe house showed white and peaceful in the moonlight.

The ranger, from his hiding place on the neighboring hill, told himself that the rumors he had heard about old Pedro's suspicious actions must be unfounded; for his watch for three nights had revealed nothing. Regularly the door had been closed, the light blown out, and the quietude of sleep had settled over the house.

Perhaps Juan Mondano had been seen hanging around the place; but he had been seen at other Mexican homes, too. Thanks to the Catholic priest from Gallup, Pedro had been behaving himself, and he was not likely to go bad again at the instigation of one so notoriously bad as Juan. He would go home and go to bed. What with watching for fires by day and bad Mexicans by night, he was worn out.

As he turned, a man lying in the shadow of a rock rose and slipped back into the bushes where his horse stood. He flung the reins over its head and mounting, started in the direction of the adobe house. A tap on the door opened it for him.

"Gone, at last!" he announced, in Spanish, stepping inside. "I thought I'd wear him out," and he produced his cigarette case.

The room was large and boasted more comforts than the ordinary dwelling of Mexicans of the class to which Pedro belonged. The furniture was shop made. A Navajo rug lay on the floor; another, of better quality, hung before the window. On the table were a deck of cards and a bottle of whiskey, which told that Pedro had not found time of waiting tedious. He now poured out a glass for his guest, another for himself; they bowed low and together drank to the

triumph of Mexico and the downfall of the Gringos.

"Where's Lupe?" asked the newcomer, a young man, with cruelty and cunning stamped on his dark face.

"In bed, hours ago," answered the other shortly.

At the words, a girl, crouched at the door of a small adjoining room, drew back and caught her breath. If her father were to open the door and find her up and dressed! But instantly she was reassured. He would not think of such a thing; and again she bent her ear to hear what was being said. She could not catch all the conversation; for they were cautious and spoke low. But she distinguished enough to make her realize that Juan was drawing her father into some adventure. She heard that horses and cattle were needed for the Mexican army. Some miles away, these were to be found in numbers; and, fortunately for the Mexican need, there were no eagle-eyed rangers in the vicinity to spy upon the adventure. Nothing was easier than to round up the horses and the cattle and get them across the border. Villa would pay well—besides the joy of revenge!

Old Pedro listened with glowing eyes; and then he began the recital of his fancied wrongs against the Americans. The story was familiar to the listening girl; but she gave it no credence. She had always found the Americans nice—even the pretty school teacher.

The remembrance of all the kindness of the teacher to her and the other Mexican pupils rushed over her. Never did she even smile at the mistakes they made in trying to learn the hard English; never did she frown at their stupidity; and how often, in talking to the other Americans at

the store, had she not expressed her fondness of her Mexican children! And how the children loved her—all but herself! If only she could love the pretty teacher, to whom she owed so much! repined the girl, leaning against the door. It was not her fault that Alberto went playing love songs on his mouth-harp—that he had quit lounging on the bench at the store; and taken to studying books instead, helped by the teacher after school hours.

Lupe could not love her, because of the change she had wrought upon Alberto. For once Alberto had cut off the burning red flower of a cactus and fastened it in Lupe's black hair; and once he had played a love song for her, as they walked home from the store together. Then the pretty teacher had come to open school—and the world had changed for Lupe. Still she had no hatred in her breast for the Americanos, and she revolted at the idea of her father helping the wicked Juan in despoiling them.

It was then she caught her own name.

"Now about Lupe," Juan was saying. "When we are safe across the Rio Grande and the money is ours, will you give her to me as you said you would?"

"Time enough to talk about that," the father replied; but Juan insisted.

"I run all the risk," he said. "All you have to do is to join me with your girl and belongings. Now, do you think I am doing this out of friendship for you only—or to get money? There are easier ways, let me tell you! If I am caught, you know what will happen to me! But for love—what will not a man do for love!"

"Not so loud!" cautioned the father.

"Don't you want something better for your girl than what the Mexican women hereabouts have? She will have everything, and in Mexico she will not be looked down upon, as the

Gringos look down upon her here. Villa is my friend. He will give me a fine office, when he wins the war. Who knows but, when we take back all this country from the Americans, he may appoint me Governor of New Mexico? Think of that!"

Thus the talk went on, and in the end, Lupe found herself promised to Juan, and the pledge solemnly sworn to; while the girl crouched on the floor, her face hidden in her hands. That Juan would succeed, she was as certain as if the horses and cattle were already on the other side of the river; that her father would fulfill his contract, she was no less assured. The glowing picture Juan had painted of her future, had no attractions for her. She was content with her simple life, even if it were crossed by sorrow. She did not wish to leave the home where she had been born, the people she knew; and the silent tears flowed, as she pictured herself the wife of the man she detested.

Presently, Juan left. Her father blew out the light and went to bed, leaving the girl alone with her new woe. What could she do? To whom could she appeal for help? She knew that to betray what she had first heard would be to endanger her father's life; and yet she could not let him go on, put himself into the hands of that wicked man; nor would she consider committing herself to such a future. As she lay there, like a trapped creature, she suddenly remembered the Padre who occasionally came to the village to say Mass. He would tell her what to do!

She knew he lived at Gallup, and Gallup was many miles away. If she were to write him a letter, some one else might get it, and all would be lost. She would go to him herself! Five miles across the desert was the railroad; she would follow it to Gallup. Her father would be so distressed over her absence, so busy looking for her,

he would go no further in the affair with Juan. When the Padre came back with her, they would both be safe thereafter.

To decide was to act, with Lupe. With her shoes in one hand, her rebozo in the other, she stole as softly as a mouse from the house. The moon was now hidden by low black clouds, and a wind was rising, swirling the sand about the girl's feet, as she started on her long walk across the desert. As she progressed, the wind grew fiercer. The sand was now blown about her head blinding her and making breathing difficult. She perceived her danger, but when she attempted to turn back, she was bewildered. She did not know in which direction the adobe house lay, and the wind continued to drive her before it. Several times she was sinking to the ground, but she knew to fall would be to risk burial in the sand; her only salvation was to keep on her feet. When she felt that she must give up, she was blown against a rock; with it for anchor, she stood, while wind and sand assailed her mercilessly.

When morning broke, she found herself in an unknown land. Around her, far as eye could reach, lay the desert, and not a sign of life anywhere. She was faint, and before the sun was an hour high, her tongue was parched, her throat dry and cracked, and the terrible thirst of the desert was on her. She felt as if she were going mad. She was on the point of giving up, when she saw something glittering like water in the distance. Hope drove her on, but as she drew near she found the glitter was from the steel tracks of the railway. She had been going in the right direction, after all, and she took heart. Reaching the track, however, she did not know in which direction Gallup lay. Since God had guided her through the terrible night, he would now, her simple faith assured her, point the way. She sank to her knees. But before

the petition could be voiced, nature gave out; and Lupe fell across the track. As she sank into unconsciousness, she seemed again to hear Alberto's harp.

A week later, Father Francis, who had returned to Gallup the previous night from a long missionary trip among the Indians, whose ancestors his Franciscan predecessors had won to Christ, was met, on his visit to the hospital, by the distressed Superior.

"We have a Mexican girl here, Father," she said, "who is giving us no end of concern. She was found lying on the Santa Fe track, miles from any village or ranch; and only that the engineer saw her red scarf in time, she would have been ground to pieces. She was conscious when they brought her here, but she has not spoken a word to anyone. She lies in bed all day, but eats well and sleeps well. We have tried every dialect we know on her, but she doesn't seem to understand what we say."

"Did you try 'United States,' Sister?" asked Father Francis, with a laugh. "Some of these young Mexicans resent being regarded as outsiders."

"Of course, Father, we spoke to her first in English!" said the Sister, coolly. Lupe's silence was no laughing matter for the hospital.

"Well, I'll exercise my linguistic knowledge on her," said the priest moving toward the women's ward. "I am certain of some results, for even if she is deaf and dumb, you see I know the Indian sign language."

Lupe lay in the luxury of a freshly bathed body and clean linen. Never did anyone rejoice more in physical comforts; and the days in the soft bed provided with nourishing food, waited on by the Sisters, had passed like a heavenly dream. She had not the faintest conception of where she was, and the Sisters, in their unfamiliar garb, were mysterious beings to her. Under such conditions, silence,

Lupe felt, was the part of prudence. She was safe from Juan; her father was busy looking for her; she dared not take these strange beings into her confidence. Therefore she ignored all their efforts to make her understand them, and quietly enjoyed the new life into which she had been so singularly dropped.

"What is your name child?"

She opened her eyes to see the Padre standing by her bed.

"O Padre! I'm Lupe!" she cried.

"Lupes" without number Father Francis met on his trail that led him hundreds of miles; but he was a tactful man.

"Why, so it is!" he exclaimed, extending his hand, which she dutifully kissed. "I am surprised to see you here in the hospital at Gallup, Lupe; tell me, my child, how it happened!"

Lupe needed no second bidding and volubly she poured out her story. An adroit question here and there, located this particular Lupe, her father, and the wicked Juan; and Father Francis knew that another long journey must be started that day. With great difficulty he had drawn Lupe's father from his evil ways, and no emissary of Villa must destroy his work. He praised the girl for her brave conduct, told her he would go home with her, and she need have no fear henceforth for her father or herself.

The search for Lupe had been abandoned. It was concluded that she had been buried in the sand. Why she should steal away from her father's house in the face of the storm, none of the Mexicans or Americans could understand. Only the father's well-known devotion for his motherless

child, his anguish at her loss, prevented suspicion from falling on him; for Lupe was known to be a retiring girl, keeping company with neither Mexicans or Americans.

But in the father's heart was the conviction that she had not been asleep that night, and that she had left home to escape marriage with Juan. That she had survived the sand storm he felt was impossible, and he mourned her as dead. His fury against Juan, whom he regarded as his evil genius, was terrible. After encountering it once, Juan returned no more to the little adobe house.

Suspicion of a different kind grew in another heart, and it was noticed that when the search was abandoned, Alberto lost all interest in the things that had made up his simple life. His books were never opened; to the admonitions of the pretty teacher he returned a sad smile; and no more did the Mexicans, returning from work, or ranchmen riding home, hear the plaintive notes of his mouth-harp, as he wandered along the trail that led past the school house.

The appearance of Father Francis with Lupe was the cause of general rejoicing. He gave out that she had gained some knowledge which she felt it was her duty to convey to him; and she had not hesitated to brave the night and the storm to perform it. His interview with her father, however, was such that the conversion of old Pedro was complete.

Alberto, still unconvinced that hopeless love had not prompted her departure, became the lover Lupe would have had him.



ON THE PERFECTION OF LIFE

From the Latin of Saint Bonaventure*

By Fr. Jasper, O.F.M.

Prolog

Blessed is the man whom Thou shalt instruct, O Lord: and shalt teach him out of Thy law (Ps. 93, 12).

NO one, I confess, is to be thought wise, except he alone, whom the unction (grace and wisdom) of the Holy Ghost has taught. For he alone, as David the Prophet avers, is truly blessed, he alone truly wise, whose mind the Lord has instructed, and whose soul He has taught out of His law. For *the law of the Lord* (Ps. 18, 8) alone is *unspotted*, alone blameless, alone *converting souls* to salvation. But the knowledge of this law and the understanding thereof are not to be obtained so much from without—in the letter, but rather by the loving attitude of the devout mind. It is to be sought *in the spirit and in truth* (1 Thess. 1,5), in order that He may teach interiorly Who alone knows how to change the exterior severity of the law into interior sweetness.

Now the law of the Lord teaches *what is to be done, what to be avoided, what to be believed, what to be prayed for, what to be desired, what to be feared*; it teaches to be unspotted and blameless; it teaches to keep what has been promised, to weep for what has been done amiss; it teaches to despise wordly things, and to reject the things of the flesh; it teaches, in fine, to turn our whole heart, our whole soul, our whole mind to Jesus Christ alone (Matth. 22,37). In comparison with this doctrine all wisdom of the world is vain and insipid. To quote St. Bernard, "No matter what others may say, I will not call him wise, who

does not fear nor love God."¹ He who is not a forgetful hearer of this doctrine, but a zealous doer, he is truly wise, he is truly blessed. *Blessed, therefore, is the man, whom Thou shalt instruct, O Lord, and shalt teach out of Thy law.*

You, then, devout soul,² have asked me, that from the poverty of my heart I should set down in writing something to which you might occasionally turn for devotion and instruction. I certainly do confess that on account of my insufficiency I myself am rather in need of such instruction, especially since there is in me neither the splendor of exterior example nor the ardor of interior devotion nor the support of knowledge. Encouraged, however, by the sincerity of your devotion I have humbly yielded to your earnest pleading. But I entreat your kindness to regard the sincerity of my intentions rather than the result of my endeavors, and the truth of the matter rather than the beauty of the style; and if through brevity or want of time I have failed to meet your wishes, I pray you kindly to excuse and pardon me.

CHAPTER I

True Self-Knowledge

TO a spouse of Christ who desires to reach the height of perfection of life, it is first of all necessary to begin with herself; so that forgetting all exterior things, she may enter into the solitude of her conscience, and there discuss, examine, and inspect with diligent reflection all her defects, all her habits, all her affections, all

*This version of St. Bonaventure's beautiful treatise on Christian perfection follows the Quaracchi edition of the Saint's works. The Italics are those of the emended Latin text.

1. Serm. 73. de Diversis.

2. Bl. Isabel, the sister of St. Louis IX, King of France.

her works, all her sins, past as well as present; and if she finds within herself anything unrighteous, that she immediately weep over it in the bitterness of her heart.

That you may arrive at a better understanding hereof, you must know that we commit all our sins and all our evil actions either through *neglect*, or through *concupiscence*, or through *perverseness*. With these three the recollection of all your faults must be concerned; otherwise you will never be able to come to a perfect knowledge of yourself. If then you wish to know yourself, think on the sins you have committed and lament over them. First you must consider again and again how negligently you *watch over your heart*, how negligently you *spend your time*, what *evil intention you have* in your work. These three things must be observed with the greatest care; namely, that the heart be well guarded, the time be usefully spent, and a good and lawful intention be had in every action. Also you must consider again and again how negligent you have been in *prayer*, how negligent in *reading*, and how negligent in *performing your work*. In these three things you must exercise and perfect yourself with all diligence if you wish to bring forth fruit in due season (Ps.1,3); because the one will never suffice without the rest. In like manner, you must consider again and again how negligent you are or have been in *repenting*, how negligent in *resisting*, and how negligent in *progressing*. For you ought to *repent* exceedingly for the sins you have committed, *resist* the temptations of the devil, and *progress* from virtue to virtue (Ps.83,8), so that you may come to the Promised Land. Thus you must meditate on your neglect.

But if you wish to have a still better knowledge of yourself, you must consider in the second place, whether there is or has been in you the *concu-*

piscence of pleasure, of *curiosity*, or of *vanity*. Then certainly does the concupiscence of *pleasure* thrive in a devout soul, when she desires *sweet things*, that is delicacies, when she desires *soft things*, that is fine garments, when she desires *carnal things*, that is sensual pleasures. Then certainly does the concupiscence of *curiosity* thrive in a servant of God, when she desires to *know secret things*, when she desires to *see fair things*, when she desires to *have rare things*. Then certainly does the concupiscence of *vanity* thrive in a spouse of Christ, when she desires the *favor of men*, when she seeks their *praise*, when she covets their *esteem*. All these things a handmaid of Christ must flee like poison, because they are the roots of all evil.

Again, if you wish to have a certain knowledge of yourself, you must consider diligently in the third place, whether there is or has been in you the perverseness of *anger*, the perverseness of *envy*, the perverseness of *sloth*. Listen attentively to what I say. Then certainly does *anger* thrive in a devout soul, when either in her mind, or heart, or affection, or by sign, or look, or word, or clamor she shows ever so little indignation coming from the heart, or manifests any rancor against her neighbor. Then does *envy* reign in man, when he is glad of his neighbor's adversity and sad at his prosperity, when he rejoices over his neighbor's misfortunes and repines at his good things. Then does *sloth* thrive in a religious, when he is tepid, drowsy, idle, tardy, negligent, remiss, careless, indevout, morose, and disgusted. All these things the spouse of Christ must detest and flee like deadly poison, because in them is the ruin of body and soul.

If, therefore, beloved servant of God, you wish to come to a perfect knowledge of yourself, "return to yourself, enter into your heart, learn to value your soul. Examine what

you are, what you have been, what you ought to be, what you can be: what you were by nature, what you are through sin, what you ought to be by your endeavors, what you still can be through grace."³ "Listen besides to David, the Prophet, how he proposes himself to you as an example: *I meditated*, he says, *in the night with my own heart, and I was exercised, and I swept my spirit* (Ps. 76,7). He *meditated with his own heart*; do you also meditate with your heart. *He swept his spirit*; do you sweep your spirit; cultivate that field (which is your heart), attend to yourself. If you continue in this exercise, you will without doubt find a precious hidden treasure (Matth. 13, 44). For from this exercise, accrues an abundance of gold, knowledge is augmented, wisdom is increased; by this exercise the eye of the heart is cleansed, the mind sharpened, the vision widened. He estimates nothing rightly, who does not know himself, who does not consider his condition and worth. He does not know at all, what he ought to think of the angelic, what of the divine spirit, who does not first meditate on his own spirit. If you are as yet unable to enter into yourself, how will you be able to examine into those things which are above you; if you are as yet not able to enter the first tabernacle, with what audacity do you presume to enter the second tabernacle?"⁴

If you desire to be raised to the second and third heaven (II Cor. 12, 2), then let your entrance be through the first, that is your heart; and in what manner you can or ought to do

this, I have taught you sufficiently in the foregoing. St. Bernard also gives you excellent advice on this point by saying: "If you wish to know your real state, then discuss and examine your life incessantly and consider diligently, how much you are progressing and how much you are wanting, of what manner is your conduct, of what sort are your affections, how like or how unlike you are to God, how near to Him or how far from Him."⁵

O how very dangerous it is for a religious to wish to know many things, but not to know himself! O how near to perdition and ruin is the religious who is curious to know things, who is solicitous in judging the consciences of others, but who neglects and does not know himself! O my God, whence comes such blindness in a religious? Behold, the reason is not far to seek. Listen: When the mind of man is distracted by cares, he does not enter into himself through the *memory*; when it is clouded by phantasms, he does not enter into himself through the *intellect*; when it is drawn by *unlawful desires*, he will never enter into himself through a *desire* for interior sweetness and spiritual joy. Hence being entirely taken up with these things of the senses, he can not enter into himself as the image of God, and thus being wholly wretched, he neglects and does not know himself. Setting everything else aside therefore, think of yourself, know yourself. For this also St. Bernard prayed, saying, "May God give me to know nothing else but myself."⁶

3. Tract. de interiore domo, c. 36. n. 76.

4. Richard. a S. Vict., III. Beni. mai. c. 5.

5. Medit. c. 5. n. 14.

6. Serm. 2, de Diversis, n. 1.

FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.

CHAPTER VIII

(Concluded)

Fate of Fr. Juan de la Cruz—Father or Brother?—Confusion of Chroniclers—Brother Luis at Pecos—His End—Quivira—Conclusion of Rev. Michael A. Shine—Coronado's Farthest East—Locality of Fr. Padilla's Martyrdom.

WE have yet to relate what happened to Fr. Juan de la Cruz and Brother Luis de Ubeda. After Coronado's departure, Fr. Juan took up his abode with the Tiguex, who resided in the district now covered by Bernalillo and vicinity, New Mexico. He strove zealously to gain the good will of the Indians, and, but for the usual inconsiderate conduct of the Spaniards and for the hatred of the heathen medicine men, who feared for their occupation if the friar succeeded, Fr. Juan would doubtless have converted most of the natives. As it is, the result of his endeavors is unknown. The Spaniards had camped in that region for about two years, and they must have erected a church for their own needs, which, therefore, would be the first house of worship in the territory. The Indians from there and from distant pueblos must have seen and heard a good deal of the beauties of Catholic worship and doctrine, even if we could believe, what is not possible, that the Fathers confined their ministrations to the Spaniards. Unfortunately, instead of practising what the missionaries preached, Coronado's goldhunters and adventurers not unfrequently scandalized and embittered the natives, and provoked them to open hostility. Nevertheless, Fr. Juan de la Cruz hoped by kindness and devotion to their welfare to effect

a change of heart in the Tiguex pueblos after the invaders had departed. Nor were his hopes unfounded; for Fr. Juan was a most exemplary son of St. Francis, and the Indians had already learned to esteem him for his patience, gentleness, self-denial, and infinite kindness. Moreover, the reverence with which the rude soldiers themselves had treated the good Father by order of the general, must have impressed the natives deeply. Coronado, says Mendieta, followed by other Spanish chroniclers, held Fr. Juan de la Cruz in such high esteem that he commanded the soldiers to uncover their heads whenever they heard the name of this Father pronounced.¹⁹

At first, Fr. Juan was well treated, but finally the Indians killed him with arrows, presumably at the instigation of the jealous medicine men. The date and year of his death is unknown, although Vetancurt mentions him on November 30. Bandelier²⁰ has him murdered on November 25, but mentions no authority.

Almost hopeless confusion prevails among historians with regard to the standing of this friar in the Order. Bandelier says, "Gonzaga, who has whittened a short notice of Fray Juan de la Cruz, calls him an old man and a chorister." Bandelier, evidently, has not seen Gonzaga, but allowed himself to be misled by Vetancurt,

19. "El Capitan Francisco Vásquez Cornado tenia mandado á sus soldados se destocasen cuando oyesen el nombre de Fr. Juan de la Cruz." (Mendieta, 745; Gonzaga, 1298; Torquemada, 612; Vetancurt, November 30; Tello, 491; Bandelier, *Am. Cath. Quart. Review*, July, 1890, 551.)

20. *Am. Cath. Quart. Review*, July, 1890, p. 552.

who writes, "Gonzaga does not give his name, but calls him an old man and Chorista."²¹ On the contrary, Gonzaga, in his sketch, which consists of fourteen lines in his large folio, on page 1298, three times gives his name in full *Frater Joannes a Cruce*; nor does he call Fr. Juan an old man and a chorista, but, on page 1287, a professed lay brother—*laicus professus*. It is strange that Vetancurt should commit such a blunder.

Mendieta and Torquemada simply call him Fr. Juan de la Cruz, which may signify either a priest or a lay brother.

Tello, followed by Mota Padilla, styles him a lay brother in connection with Fr. Luis de Ubeda, of whom more presently, *Fr. Juan de la Cruz y Fr. Luis de Ubeda, legos*. Then, as well as before, to make confusion more confounding, Tello uses the initials *P. Fr.*—Father, Brother—before the name, which in case of a lay brother is absurd. Likewise, Beaumont²² speaks of the two lay brothers, Fr. Juan de la Cruz and Fr. Luis de Ubeda, and then uses the initials *P. Fr.* Luis de Ubeda, which is unintelligible.

It is scarcely possible, however, that Fr. Marcos de Niza, the provincial, should have left two lay brothers in the heart of a heathen population without affording them an opportunity to receive the sacraments; for, as we know, Fr. Padilla made up his mind to labor among the Quiviras in far Nebraska. Nor could they administer the sacraments, except Baptism, and then but privately. Hence, we must conclude that Fray Juan de la Cruz was a priest. He and Brother Luis de Ubeda could live in two

separate pueblos, as they did, and yet be within reach of each other.

Bandelier also makes Fr. Juan a Frenchman, and he quotes Mendieta as authority; but that Franciscan historian has in mind an altogether different person, as Bandelier could have seen from the index. This Father was, indeed, a Frenchman by birth, and a member of the Franciscan province of Aputania, who, when Fr. Padilla went to New Mexico, remained in his place in charge of the convent of Tuchpan.²³

None of the early chroniclers, Mendieta, Torquemada, Gonzaga, and Vetancurt, mention Fr. Luis de Ubeda, but his name occurs frequently in the chronicles of Fr. Tello, Fr. Beaumont, and Mota Padilla. Castañeda, who wrote twenty years after the event, but who had seen Brother Luis, writes as follows of him: "Fray Luis, a lay brother, remained at Cicuye (Pecos). Nothing more has been heard of him since; but, before the army left Tiguex, some men who went to take to him a number of sheep that were left for him, met him as he was on his way to visit some other villages, which were fifteen or twenty leagues from Cicuye, accompanied by some followers. He left very hopeful²⁴ that he was liked at the village, and that his teaching would bear fruit, although he complained that the old men were falling away from him. I, for my part, believe that they finally killed him. He was a man of good and holy life, and may our Lord protect him."²⁵

The narrative of Tello and Beaumont agrees with Castañeda's report. Brother Luis de Ubeda, they write, had already moved to Cicuye before

21. *Chorista* means a young cleric aspiring to the priesthood.

22. *Cronica*, tomo iv, 380, 383.

23. Mendieta, 378; Torquemada, iii, 335; Tello, 406. The latter expressly says: "queddó en el (convento) de Tuchpan," when Fr. Padilla departed; Beaumont, iv, 305, repeats Tello's statement.

24. "No dio poca buena esperanza que estaba en gracia del pueblo." (Castañeda. Pt. II. cap. iv.)

25. *14th Annual Report* 534-535.

Coronado left the country with his troops. Just previous to their departure, the general sent to the Brother some sheep and goats, which had come with the cattle, in charge of twenty soldiers, who also carried some gifts, which the Brother might use to gain the good will of the Indians. Before these soldiers reached the town of Cicuye, they met the religious as he was about to make a visit to some other pueblos fifteen or twenty leagues distant. The troops rejoiced to see him, and once more asked him to come with them; but he would not. So the Spaniards, in the name of Coronado, charged the Indians to treat Brother Luis well, to supply him with food, to listen to his holy teachings, and to do him no harm, as much good would come to them from God through the prayers of the holy man. The Indians had already promised the general to treat the Brother kindly, and they had assigned him a little hut, outside the village, where he lived by himself. Every morning they would bring him a little gruel and some tortillas; but they would not say a word. What appeared ominous was the conduct of the medicine men, as he informed the soldiers. These wicked sorcerers would pass his abode only with a malignant scowl. Brother Luis, however, on noticing them would say, "May God convert you." The soldiers left him in his solitude, and it is not known what happened to him thereafter; but it is regarded as certain that he became a martyr. The Brother was a perfect religious, a strict observer of the Franciscan Rule, and much esteemed by every one. Gerónimo Mercado de Sotomayor, one of the hidalgos who participated in the expedition of Coronado, declared that to him Brother Luis de Ubeda seemed to be one of the most perfect religious in the world, for his life was a per-

petual prayer. As an instance, Sotomayor points out that directly the army camped anywhere, the good Brother would search for a suitable place, where he could kneel and pray to his heart's content.²⁶

We may now sum up the evidence regarding the religious who figured so conspicuously in the discovery and first conquest of New Mexico. It is beyond dispute that Fr. Marcos de Niza early in June, 1539, discovered the territory and came in sight of Zuñi. Having ascertained that there were two Friars Juan de la Cruz, (which is not a family name), the obscure passage mentioned in *Franciscan Herald*, on page 433, of the November issue, 1918, becomes clear; five Franciscans entered New Mexico, and with Francisco Vásquez Coronado reached Zuñi in July, 1540. These five Friars Minor were, beyond doubt, Fr. Provincial Marcos de Niza, Fr. Guardian Juan de Padilla, Fr. Juan de la Cruz, Brother Luis de Ubeda, and Brother Daniel, an Italian by birth. The latter accompanied Fr. Marcos back to Mexico in the fall of 1540, whilst Fr. Padilla, Fr. Juan, and Brother Luis remained behind and became the first martyrs for the Faith in the United States.

Much has been written and printed with regard to the identity of Quivira and the exact location of the village where Fr. Juan de Padilla planted the Emblem of Salvation, and where, of course, he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar, and thus introduced true divine worship into the very heart of the North American Continent. The latest historical scholar to make a critical study of the subject is the Rev. Michael A. Shine, Rector of St. John's Church, Plattsmouth, Nebraska, and member of the Nebraska Historical Society. In an article published in *The Catholic Historical Review*, vol. ii, pp. 3-19, under the head,

26. Fr. Tello, 485-486; Fr. Beaumont, iv, 383-384.

"The Lost Province of Quivira," which has since appeared in pamphlet form, the Rev. author reaches the conviction "that Nebraska is the real land of *Quivira* and Harahey;" "that they (Coronado and his company, with whom marched Fr. Juan de Padilla) found the first village thirty leagues beyond the crossing, in the vicinity of Georgetown, Custer County, on the South Fork of the Loup River. Proceeding from there in a northeasterly direction, they would cross all the large tributaries of the Loup River, which were later the favorite village sites of the Pawnee Confederacy. The twenty-five leagues through these settlements means the distance north or northeast to the Elkhorn River, beyond which was indeed the real Province of Arache, Taque or Harahey, which means nothing else than the Country of the Arikara, or Horn People, so called because of their peculiar head dressing. To the southeast of Quivira, or down the river, were the Guas who are none other than the Kansas Indians, later on called Quans and Kaws by the French. The meaning of the word *Quivira* and its derivation now become plain and simple, for it is nothing else than the Spanish pronunciation of the name of this Indian nation, the Skidi-ra or Wolf people. Coronado arrived here on July 11, 1541, the forty-second day from the Platte crossing. He remained here until August 6, when the return trip began. It required twelve days to reach the crossing; they arrived there on August 17, 1541. On this return trip a cross was raised and an inscription, made with a chisel, was placed at the foot of it. I am inclined to believe that this inscription was cut on a stone that is located somewhere within a radius of fifty miles around St. Paul, Nebraska."

(Howard County, now Neosho Co).

According to Father Shine, therefore, Coronado and his select troops attended by Fr. Juan de Padilla, marched from Tiguex (Bernalillo) by way of Cicuye (Pecos), southeast to about the vicinity of the present La Cuesta, then northeast to the Rio Gallinas, about four miles north of the present Gallinas Springs, in San Miguel County, New Mexico; thence northeast through Union County into Hartley County, Texas; thence directly east to Mustang Creek (the Buffalo Ravine), turning southeast along this creek, through Oldham, Potter, Randall, Armstrong and Briscoe counties to the Red River at longitude 101, northeast of Silverton, Texas; thence, directly north through Donley, Gray, Roberts, and Ochiltree counties, Texas, through Beaver County, Oklahoma, through the counties of Seward, Haskell, Finney, Scott, Logan, Thomas, and Rawlins, Kansas, into Nebraska, penetrating the counties of Hitchcock, Hayes, and Lincoln, as far as the Platte River. From here the march changed abruptly to the northeast, though Custer, Sherman, and Howard counties, and proceeded as far as Genoa, in northeastern Nance County. This was Coronado's farthest east. Fr. Padilla probably had his headquarters, and planted the Cross somewhere in Howard County, Nebraska. Going south from there one day's journey, from twenty-five to thirty miles, to reach the Kansas Indians, he was killed by a band of roving savages.

On the other hand, Bandelier, Winship, Hodge, Lummis, and Coues, believe Coronado found Quivira to extend over the central portion of Kansas from Dodge City to the northeastern portion of that State, as far north as the boundary line of Nebraska.

IN BROTHER GILES'S GARDEN

By Mary J. Malloy

BROTHER Giles sat on a rough little bench in the middle of his cabbage patch and looked about him. Stout were his cabbages of girth, not fair to look upon, indeed, as the flowers that flaunted their bright heads in the midst of the even rows—for so Father Francis would always have it. Unsought for honey were the cabbages of the roving bee; no waft of fragrance did they send the passer-by; but it was God's rains that nourished them and God's suns that quickened them to ripeness, and God's thoughts that fashioned them of different patterns from his flowers; and of even more value were they to his creature, man. "Ecco, there is much to be said for Brother Cabbage," said Friar Giles.

With that, there came by Father Francis himself, who stopped to speak him; and as he leaned upon the low paling that closed the patch within,—because more than once had wandering flocks wrought havoc with the undefended anatomy of Brother Cabbage, —a crimson rose, taller than her fellows, stretched up and lay against his poor habit, turning its shabbiness into beauty.

"See thou our Sister Rose," said Father Francis, laying his hand gently upon her, as in blessing. "Ecco, Brother Giles, is there not much to be said also for my Sister Rose? Her color, the wounds of my Lord: her beauty, the thought that conceived her: her fragrance, the incense of His goodness, blowing all about His world. Ah, there is much to be said, also, for our little Sister Rose—canst thou gainsay me?" For Francis loved the plain speech of Giles who gave in to no man's mind when once he knew his thought to be good. "Canst thou match the praise of thy cabbage with

hers, O my brother?"

"Such praise may pass as it doth please thee, Father Francis," Giles answered him, "for it is our Lord that makes them both. Now, of a truth, thy rose is sweet and fair—but see how grand and wonderful is my cabbage! No time has he to cast forth his sweet perfume upon the air, or put on loveliness of color or graceful sway upon a slender stem that men may see and commend. But look thee, Father Francis, thy rose hath many a sly thorn beneath the beauty of her to pierce a man unawares; and in her heart lies many a canker hidden that kills her freshness ere its prime.

"Here is my Brother Cabbage. Close to the ground he sits, and wastes no time in pleasuring. He knows that within his humble heart and his homely brawn is that which makes the blood of man run clean and pure and strong in his veins, so that at last from out its current speaks the brain that lifts him to his Maker, the heart that has caught its fire from His, the power, the strength, the manhood but a little lesser than the angels. This does my cabbage for his master, man. Thy rose blooms but a day to charm his eye, and dies, and is forgotten of him—*ecco, ecco*, Father Francis, is there not then more to be said for my Brother Cabbage? 'Bo, bo!'" he broke off in sudden disgust of himself that he should preach to Father Francis, standing smiling at him behind the roses. "Of a verity, *molto dico e poco fo!*—I talk much and do little."

"Nay, nay, Brother Giles, all thou sayest is true. But think thee that as thy cabbage hath his part ordained him of Heaven, so hath my rose hers and thou and I—the peace of God be

with us all!"

So he passed by, and Brother Giles sat down again upon his bench to ponder of how he might make of Brother Cabbage a larger and fatter benediction for the brethren. The afternoon was warm, the air drowsy; it was not long before roses and cabbages fled together down the way of his dreams, as his heavy lids dropped into sleep.

Then into the patch came stealing the novice Angelo, guileless of face and mild of voice, but strangely mis-called, by reason of the mischievous spirit that dwelt within his breast. In his hand he grasped a long sharp kitchen knife; in his eye there danced a little imp that looked out upon the slumbering Giles with joyous malice.

"Too much he loves his cabbages," quoth Angelo; "I will slash him one—the largest and finest, and be gone before he wakens. Then to-night when he puzzles and laments him with the brethren over his loss, I will play upon him and get him to believe that it was the Spirit of Evil who did the thing, for that he sat by them too great store."

Blithely he set him to work and shore from the finest of Brother Giles's cabbages such fullness of vesture that not a fellow of the garden would willingly claim kinship, for shame of his looks. "Bo, bo!" sang Angelo, mocking him of Giles and deeming himself unheard—"but this time it is *'molto fo e poco dico.'*"

A sudden hand caught at his shoulder—lo! Brother Giles was gazing upon him with looks that turned the joyous blood of Angelo into water.

Down on his knees he fell amidst the slain greenery of Brother Cabbage, a shrill cry of alarm upon his

boyish lips.

"It was but a jest!" he wavered out, calling inwardly on Santissima to come in time, for the gleam of Brother Giles's eye was like the lightning of a summer's storm. "Nay, nay, 'twas but a jest, I tell thee! Thou wouldst not perchance, *strike* me, thy brother,—unarmed that I am, Brother Giles!" He threw his hands upward, forgetful of the sharp knife he still held, its point thrust directly at his dreaded victim. "*Ahi, ahi*, thou wouldst not do me harm—where is thy charity, Brother Giles?—and I unarmed to help me!"

For an instance Giles glared at him with fierce tempest on his brow. Then sudden merriment shook his frame, gazing at his own bare hands and the sharpness of Brother Angelo's knife.

"Cast aside thy fear, my brother," said he. "Small charity had I indeed to strike so unprotected a man as thee! But here do I tell thee—try not such tricks on me again, Brother Angelo. In truth, it might be better for thee in such case that I, too, held some weapon, so that thou mightest feel the safer!—Sad is thy state, O my Brother Cabbage—but still hast thou thy word for me. Whilst thou wert firm and solid to the eye, in the fineness of thy wrapping here in the garden, thou didst no such things for me or my brethren as I praised thee for to Father Francis. But now that thou art cut and shorn and stabbed to the heart, I will carry thee to the kitchen; and then, like the rending of a man's heart to his everlasting good, will come forth thy real value and thy truest good—*Ecco*, there is still much to be said for thee, O my Brother Cabbage!"



COMMUNICATIONS

TO THE EDITOR:—

"Unite for the common good," was the clarion call of the great Pontiff, Leo XIII. It is most encouraging to hear that this call of the great Tertiary Pope is now being taken up by zealous directors of the Third Order of St. Francis, who expect to call into existence in 1921 a Federation of Third Order Members in the United States.

That those who are still in doubt as to the advisability of such a Federation, may take courage and assist in its promotion, I am taking the liberty to present a few excerpts from the Encyclical of the greatest Tertiary of his age, which plainly demonstrates the great need of such a union.

Leo XIII writes:

If it has always been necessary that, according to the different grades of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, all the children of the Church should be sedulously united by the bonds of mutual charity and by the pursuit of the same objects, so as to form but one heart and soul, this Union is become in our days more indispensable than ever... In the presence of the immensity of the evils which overwhelm society and the perils which menace it, Our duty compels Us to again warn all men of good will, especially those who occupy exalted positions, and to conjure them as we now do, to devise what remedies the situation calls for and with prudent energy to apply them without delay...

May God grant that the Faithful will take courage from what We say and be guided to unite their efforts more efficaciously for the common good; that they may be more enlightened and that our adversaries may understand the injustice which they commit in persecuting the most loving mother, and the most faithful benefactress of humanity... *The clergy and laity are awakening to a new life and organizing with a generous emulation in defence of the sacred cause of religion. It is this Union which We have so often recommended and which We recommend again, which We bless that it may develop still more and may rise like an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of the enemies of God...*

All can contribute to this work which will

be so splendidly meritorious for them: literary and learned men, by defending the Church in books or in the daily press which is such a powerful instrument now made use of by her enemies; fathers of families and teachers, by giving a Christian education to children; magistrates and representatives of the people, by showing themselves firm in the principles which they defend as well as by the integrity of their lives and in the profession of their faith without any vestige of human respect. Our age exacts lofty ideals, generous designs and the exact observance of the laws. Let us assist in uniting all our efforts for attaining that higher end, namely, the triumph of Jesus Christ and His Church. Such is the duty of Catholics...

It is gratifying to note that the commands of Pope Leo have been carried out in many parts of the world. Here, too, in our own beloved country zealous members of the hierarchy, clergy, and laity have been urging Catholics to unite their forces, and now a great awakening is manifesting itself along these lines in Franciscan circles.

God speed the promoters of such a union. May the Franciscans of the Church Triumphant give courage and direction to the militant followers of the humble Saint of Assisi for an early establishment of such a union which should "rise like an impregnable wall against the violence of the enemies of God."

ANTONY MATRE, Knight of St. Gregory the Great and Tertiary.

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITOR:—

The increase in subscription rate is not only expedient but justified. More than that, every loyal man or woman who realizes how important Franciscan Herald is for the welfare of the Third Order, should become a subscriber! The Third Order of St. Francis is greatly needed among our Catholic laity.

WM. THORNTON PARKER, M.D.
Northampton, Mass.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Conducted by Grace Strong, Tertiary

Foreword

IN taking charge of this new Department of **The Christian Home** in *The Herald*, it is our earnest hope to make it interesting and helpful to our readers. The subjects taken up from month to month will chiefly appeal to women, whether their business is directly centered in the home, or in other fields of work.

One of the two things the editor likes best is to get into touch with his or her readers:—the other thing, of course, is to get into touch with those readers' pocket-books! Even a communication from an irate subscriber is better than none at all. In the course of some varied journalistic years, we have addressed different groups of readers, and those positions were always the happiest, which brought us into personal acquaintance with our readers, made us feel as if we were addressing human beings, instead of sowing our words on empty space.

We invite you, therefore, to write to us. This Department is opened for you. We want to interest you, entertain you, help you—and we want to know if we are succeeding. We want your suggestions. If you have anything to give that will add to the value of the Home Department, benefit others in any way, write it out briefly and we shall be glad to give it space. Address all letters to Grace Strong, care of *Franciscan Herald*, Teutopolis, Ill.

We have always felt that such departments in our Catholic magazines and papers should make as strong an appeal to our Catholic women as similar departments in secular journals do to their readers. But if they do, in too many cases it is without that cooperation from their readers which

the other publications find. Get into the habit of helping the Catholic Press along by writing for it. You benefit yourself at the same time; for in the last analysis the paper exists for you.

And the Home Department of the *Herald* has been called into existence solely for you. It is yours. That is the way we want you to regard it. It wants to help you with your problems; it wants to give you the word of cheer; it wants, in short, to be a friend to you.

In conclusion, we hang out on the door of **The Home** the sign which the Knights of Columbus have immortalized:

EVERYBODY WELCOME
EVERYTHING FREE

The Patron Saint of the New Woman

WE have the "new" woman, the "new thought, and various other "new" things, in the face of Solomon's declaration that there is nothing new under the sun. But Solomon's words have many a time received confirmation from present-day authority, as research brings out of the sands of time a record to prove that some proudly acclaimed modern discovery was a workingday fact for the ancients.

Just why we should call the woman "new," who decides that a higher education is desirable, or who believes that since she has to live under the law and suffer the penalty for its infraction, she should have a voice in saying by whom that law shall be administered, or who having been endowed by nature with a pair of hands and a brain to direct them wants to do her share of the world's work—why this woman and her agreeing sisters should have that appellation attached

to them, is singular; since the slightest knowledge of history shows that those identical things have been happening in every age and every clime.

And upon one of those exponents of the right and duty of woman to step out and correct the world's evil, when man shows himself helpless or recreant, the Church, on April 6, set its high mark of honor, when Joan of Arc was canonized.

If we except the "Little Poor Man of Assisi," there is no saint with a stronger popular appeal than his Tertiary daughter—the Maid of Orleans. Every heart goes down before that fearless girl who believed her voices, though they denied every tradition that environed her, and called her to a place no woman of her time would have thought of approaching.

Her country needed her, she realized God's mission for her, and she did not hesitate. She met it all—the sneer, the laugh, the deception, the mock, the doubt, the half-heartedness of those she came to aid, the jealousy, the fear, the vacillation of those with the power to give her what she asked; she met it all, and buried the anguish for the blindness of her brothers in her heart, and stepped over every obstacle thrown in her way, until she reached her God-appointed goal—the salvation of her country.

Civilization to-day is pretty much in the same condition in which France was when the call came to Joan. There is with us all a nameless dread. We are like a traveler in a pathless forest, seeking his way, with the consciousness of a wild beast regarding him. War is over; yet we have strange moments, when we are assailed by the fear that humanity is heading toward another cataclysm.

In such a time as this, how fatalistic is the attitude of many! We hear their plaintive voices bewailing the golden days of the past, when the woman sat in the home, with her children playing about her feet, while

her husband spent his serene day in the counting house or the primitive workshop earning what sufficed for their simple wants. Those days were good; but when atmospheric conditions up higher have swollen the stream, can you gather the overflowed waters back into the dam? Widen the channels so that the waters will be a source of greater power, and not a menace to the surrounding lands!

The war and resulting conditions have changed, as fifty years of ordinary living might not have done, the status of woman. It may not be a welcome change to some; but they have got to accept it. And how are they going to accept it? With faces turned backward, or bravely fronting the situation, resolved to do their duty under the new condition as faithfully and fearlessly as under the old?

Catholic women, you are needed! The call for you has sounded, and by voices as urgent as summoned Joan to her hard task. You are told that your cities need to be freed from corrupt politics, and it is your duty to join with the forces striving for this. You are told that the sick and the poor need not your money so much as your service, and it is your duty to affiliate with social agencies. You are told that industrial conditions are breeding revolution, and it is your duty to forget your narrow, selfish interests, and make the interests of humanity your interests instead.

This is no pleasant task. Neither was Joan's. But that did not deter her. She took upon her girlish form the heavy armor of the soldier and fought with him, until she drove the invaders from her country. Does it not seem prophetic, too, that not during the centuries that have elapsed since her pure soul ascended to God from the flames at Rouen, she should be canonized until now, when war leaving the world rocking, woman is called to help in the restoration of its equilibrium?

M. T.

At the Crossroads

THERE are no guideposts marking the important crossroads of life. We come to them unawares, and it often happens that we make our choice unawares, and not until long afterward do we realize that the line of conduct we pursued at a certain past hour was a determining act, making our present success or failure, our present happiness or unhappiness.

Again, we are aware that the issue is vital, and the decision that must be promptly made is irrevocable.

Women thus brought suddenly to such an emergency usually act on the impulse—and rarely make a mistake. For the impulse is nothing more than the stepping of the soul into command, and we may safely trust the divine part within us to guide us aright.

And now for my story!

When Mrs. S—was left a rich young widow, with two sons, there was not much doubt in the mind of her neighbors, about the future of the mother and the children. She was fond of pleasure, and wifehood and motherhood had been carried without any sense of responsibility—at least so it looked. Grief would not wear very deep, and now with a freer hand they would see her “cutting a widewathe.” Easygoing, she would take the way of least resistance with the boys, and two more young lives stood a fair chance to be ruined. Pity they were not girls! Pity S—had to die! And greatest pity of all that he should have married a frivolous girl almost young enough to be his daughter!

Her period of mourning over, Mrs. S—gave her neighbors cause to say, “I told you so!” She seemed wholly bent on pleasure. She received marked attention from several eligible men, but while the gossips often had her engaged, it was noted that usually the suitors dropped off. Though she went out so much, it had to be ad-

mitted the boys were showing no signs of obstreperousness, due to maternal neglect. But wait until they begin to feel their oats! admonished the wise ones. Time wore on, they entered young manhood, and are as dutiful sons as you will find in a day's journey, and clean, upright, and industrious, as well.

Mrs. S—never took the world and his wife behind her home life; but she did tell a friend of a momentous occasion, and that friend told me—and I am telling you to illustrate this belief of mine that if we take heed, as we are bidden to do, we shall find ourselves doing the right thing, unconsciously, when suddenly confronted by a determining situation.

Mrs. S—was all in all to her children, and they were the same to her. But she knew she must keep the whip-hand, and she knew that this is never done by the woman who lets too much of herself be given—that who makes a slave of one's self usually gets a slave's reward. She never allowed the children to think they were the only objects in her life; she made them realize that her own life meant something to her, as well. The older boy was jealous enough of his mother's many admirers, and while she often longed to tell him he need have no fear of a step-father, she never did.

When he was about fifteen years of age, and masculine assertiveness was beginning to make itself felt, she knew that, sooner or later, they would come to the place of test, and it would depend on how she met it, whether she would maintain her parental authority without question, without friction, or find herself on the defensive. He perhaps realized that his childish fear of a second marriage for his mother was groundless, that she was just like other boys' mothers, the slave of her children, even though she had skillfully hidden her chains.

They were at breakfast, she, the two boys, and her father-in-law, who

made his home with her. The topic of conversation was a local election, on which there was considerable difference of opinion in the town. Mrs. S—had expressed a view, which was not shared by her older son; but instead of meeting it with an argument, he made a remark, bordering on a sneer, about a woman understanding politics! She told her friend afterwards that the words did not anger her, did not even surprise her. All emotions were crushed out by the knowledge that the moment had come, when she must keep her boy freely under her control till he reached the manhood she desired for him, or find her authority set aside, not only by him, but by his brother, who would naturally follow him. She rose from her place and stepping to his chair, slapped him across the mouth.

"That will teach you how not to address your mother!" she said, quietly.

Astounded, the boy could only gasp, "Why, mother!"

She returned to her chair and took up the conversation with her father-in-law. The incident was closed, it would appear, as far as she was concerned.

After breakfast, the boy went to his room. His meditation plainly showed him that behind that easy-going, indulgent, gay-hearted mother, was a woman he hardly knew, and her possibilities shook him. He might oppose her, but he, not she, would be the loser. And he loved her. Perhaps, too, it was given him to understand that she had sacrificed greatly for him and his brother; that she might have loved some one of those suitors, had a husband to relieve her of her double burden, other children to gladden her life. It was a different youth who, an hour later, sought his mother.

"Mother," he pleaded, "forgive me! I promise you I will never have to ask your forgiveness again for an act or word of mine!"

She took him to her heart. Then knowing he should have an explanation, she said:

"When I meet your father again, my son, he will not ask me how I have managed the property, how much money I was able to turn over to you and your brother, when you came of age; but he will ask me, if I made good men of you two. If you and your brother will cooperate with me, I shall be able to answer that I did. But of one thing be certain: I am at least going to be able to tell him that I tried!"

In relating the circumstance, she told her friend that had she taken thought she would not have had the nerve to strike the half-grown boy; that it was, furthermore, in accordance with her temperament to have laughed at him for his immaturity in belittling opinion because expressed by a woman, or have twitted him on his lack of manners in thus meeting an argument. The impulse within drove her to an act entirely contrary to her habitual line of conduct; for even when they were children she had rarely resorted to corporal punishment.

But it proved the right act. It brought the boy, old beyond his years, to an understanding of himself and to an understanding of his mother. He saw that because she carried the burden of responsibility with a light heart, she was not the less conscious of it; that behind that gaiety was hidden the sacred grief of the wife for her husband; that motherhood for her had in addition the duty she owed their father to fill his place toward their children. The boy not only kept his promise to her, but his filial attitude became the pattern for his brother.

But the gossips never could understand why Mrs. S—failed in all their predictions concerning her and her children!

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College.—Our Most Rev. Fr. General returned on the last of February to Rome from Naples, where he had taken part in the solemn celebration of the seventh centenary of St. Francis's first visit to the Holy Land, and where he had also conducted the canonical visitation of the Province of St. James of the Marches. Probably as soon as peace is concluded, he will make a visit to the United States.—

On the same day, Very Rev. Fr. Godfrey Schilling, O.F.M., Commissary of the Holy Land, of Washington, D. C., arrived here accompanied by Fr. Placidus Lenné, a lay brother. Fr. Godfrey is in poor health, and he hopes to recuperate his shattered strength at the famous baths of Naples.—

The military hospital occupying a part of our college has been discontinued, and the apartments are gradually being restored to their former condition.—

Fr. Gaudentius Orfali, O.F.M., an alumnus of the Custody of the Holy Land, has passed, with marked success, the prescribed examination before the Biblical Commission in the apartments of the Vatican. He was accordingly awarded the licentiate in Holy Scriptures.

Jerusalem, Palestine.—The Rev. Fr. Alexander Couget, formerly vicar custodian of the Holy Land, who for many years was engaged in the sacred ministry in Canada, has been permitted to return and take up missionary work in Jerusalem. Till a short time ago, Fr. Alexander was attached to the French forces at Saloniki.

Italy.—A Capuchin friar, Fr. Linus Bianchi, recently invented an ingenious apparatus to prevent railroad disasters. It is so constructed as to indicate automatically whether there is any obstruction on the track, by signaling in due time to the nearest station and to the train crew. After many experiments, the invention received the unanimous approval of expert mechanics and of the Italian Government.

Orleans, France.—The Third Order of St. Francis celebrated a great triumph on April 6, when one of its famous children was solemnly canonized in the person of the Maid of Orleans, St. Joan of Arc. This wonderful maiden, one of the most extraordinary characters in medieval history, the idol of France and the paragon of every womanly virtue, was raised up by Providence like another Judith of old, to save her country in the time of gravest peril. After accomplishing her heroic mission, she fell into the hands of the English, who con-

demned her to be burnt at the stake as a witch. Twenty-four years after her cruel death, the Pope ordered a revision of her trial. The illegality of the former proceedings was made clear and the maid's fair name was restored. The cause of her beatification was introduced in 1869, by Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and was brought to a happy close on April 11, 1909, by Pope Pius X. During the terrible world-war, renegade France again turned to *la Pucelle* to assist her in repelling the enemy, and her name has thus become a household word throughout the world. It is most devoutly to be hoped that she who had her country's welfare so much at heart, will protect it not only from foreign foes, but will restore to it that priceless boon of the true faith, of which its own godless government is so intent on robbing it.

Montreal, Canada.—In September, 1915, at the close of the annual retreat, Rev. Fr. Ethelbert, O.F.M., received the majority of the students of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, into the Third Order of St. Francis. A year later, these Tertiaries were professed by the Right Rev. President, Monsignor J. T. Kidd. Nearly all of these seminarians are now priests in the various dioceses of Canada. Since then the number of students has greatly increased, and a grand reception into the Third Order was planned for this scholastic term. With the approval of his Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, a fraternity was established under the patronage of St. Augustine. The reception took place on December 28, last, in the seminary chapel. Ninety-two seminarians, representing fourteen Canadian dioceses, and one Newfoundland and one American diocese, were invested with the Third Order cord and scapular. Rev. Francis P. Carroll, the director of the fraternity officiated. On January 4, 1919, about fifteen Tertiary novices were professed.

Paterson, N. J.—The *Herald* is in receipt of the following sad communication from Rev. Albert O'Brien, O.F.M., of Paterson, N. J., who is at present in Washington, D. C.: "Our Province (of the Most Holy Name) is passing through a very sad time. Our house of theology in Paterson is having an attack of influenza, and nearly everyone is down with it. We have lost two priests, Fr. Richard Flanagan and Leonard Heckman, and two deacons, Fr. Edmund Killian and Norbert More. Fr. Benedict, professor of theology, is very low as well as several others. We had three funerals last week,

and another will take place to-morrow (April 7), all from that one house. We are hoping that the worst is over. But pray for them." This is, indeed, sad news, and our hearts go out in warmest sympathy to our stricken brethren. While assuring them of our prayers that God may soon withdraw "the shadow of his hand," we kindly ask our readers to unite their prayers with ours for the same intention.

St. Paul, Minn., Sacred Heart Church.—At the monthly meeting, held March 9, fourteen novices made their profession. The music on this occasion was rendered by members of the Minneapolis pro-cathedral choir, under the direction of the Tertiary priest, Father Kern. At the meeting on March 23, eighteen postulants were received into the Third Order. The solemnity was enhanced by the singing of the Sacred Heart choir. Within the past month, our fraternity organized the "Tertiary Franciscan Indian Mission Sewing Circle." The impetus was given by the Tertiaries themselves. With the close of the war, Red Cross work came to an abrupt end. Having learned to love such work, these Tertiaries naturally sought new channels into which to direct their energies. The outcome is our mission sewing circle. The object is to make altar linens as well as articles of clothing for the Indian missions in charge of the Franciscan Fathers in this country. The annual membership fee is \$1.50. The meetings are held on every second and fourth Wednesday of the month, from 10 A. M., to 4 P. M., in the Catholic Guild Halls, centrally located in the down town district. The following were elected officers: President, Mrs. H. T. Quinlan; Vice-President, Mrs. Mary F. Knoche; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Catherine McPartlin; Financial Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth McCormick; Chairman of Supplies, Mrs. Anna Scott. Rev. Fr. Francis Solano, O.F.M., director of the Tertiary fraternity of the Sacred Heart, is also the spiritual director of the sewing circle.

Spokane, Wash., St. Francis Church.—Our Third Order fraternity continues to make the most favorable progress. At the recent election of officers, the following members were chosen: Prefect, Mrs. J. Huetler; Vice-Prefect, Mrs. L. White; Secretary, Mrs. Hy. Schmid; Treasurer, Mrs. C. Martin. The council is composed of the following members: Mrs. Jos. Jauelle, Mrs. A. Walsh, Mrs. E. Hedican, Mrs. M. Jennings, Mrs. C. Mink, Mrs. J. McCoy, and Mrs. A. Schoenberg.

Seattle, Wash., St. George Church.—The Tertiary fraternity in the metropolis of the great Northwest is thriving most satisfac-

torily. At every meeting but one since its establishment, new members have been received. The Tertiaries of Seattle are naturally very much interested in the growth and prosperity of the city's South End which is in charge of the Franciscan Fathers of the Santa Barbara Province. A new school has been started in the Georgetown district, while a new church is contemplated in South Park.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—The English-speaking fraternities of the Third Order of St. Peter's have succeeded in establishing a fund, mostly by collecting Liberty Bonds; the annual interest of which will suffice for the education of a student for the priesthood in the Franciscan Order. The first student to benefit by this charitable enterprise will be sent to St. Joseph's College, at Teutopolis, next September. During the month of April, fourteen Tertiaries celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their profession in the Third Order.

Cincinnati, O., St. Francis Monastery.—On March 21, Rev. Fr. Vincent Trost, O.F.M., of Cincinnati, succumbed to influenza at Buffalo, N. Y., where he had gone to conduct a mission. Fr. Vincent belonged to the mission band of the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of St. John the Baptist, and was well known throughout the country as a powerful speaker. Some years ago he lost the use of one of his arms in consequence of an operation, but the unhappy accident did not cool the ardor of his zeal for souls. He was fifty-six years of age at the time of his death.

Coming close on the heels of this sad death notice was the announcement that Rev. Fr. Leonard Nurre, of the same Province, had breathed his last at Cincinnati, Ohio, on April 8. Some time ago, he suffered a paralytic stroke; but hopes were still entertained for his ultimate recovery. All during his priestly life Fr. Leonard had been engaged in parochial work. Last year, he conducted the canonical visitation of our Province of the Sacred Heart, as the personal representative of the Most Rev. Fr. General. At the Chapter held last summer in Cincinnati he was chosen one of the provincial definitors. Fr. Leonard is the tenth priest lost by death by the Cincinnati Province since August 9, 1918. These sad losses are keenly felt and we pray God to replace these noble priests by instilling into the hearts of many of our young men the desire to serve Him in religion and in the priesthood.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—Our Rev. Director was very well pleased with the goodly attendance at the recent meetings of the Tertiary fraternities. At

the meeting held March 23, the fraternity of the Immaculate Conception received an increase of sixty new members, while fifty novices were admitted to their profession. At the councilors' meeting, on March 26, plans were discussed for increasing the membership of the Third Order in the various parishes of the city. The prefects were urged to persuade men to attend the regular meetings and prove thus by their example that they are true sons of St. Francis. It was pointed out that in the present unsettled condition of the world, the three Orders of St. Francis will be called on to play no unimportant part in saving humanity from the yawning abyss of socialism and infidelity that threatens to engulf it. It was also announced at this meeting that the Peter's Pence collected from among the Tertiaries of St. Louis had netted \$200. Our Tertiaries also donated an alms of \$50 to the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Franciscan Order and another \$50 to the Franciscan Missions.

St. Louis, Mo., Koch's Hospital.—A new fraternity of the Third Order was erected recently at Koch's Hospital for tubercular patients in South St. Louis and placed under the patronage of St. Clare. The chaplain, Rev. Fr. Lambert, O.F.M., conducted the first meeting, on which occasion he explained the nature, the object, and the advantages of the Third Order. Hereupon, the physician in charge of the institution Dr. Dwyer and his entire family together with sixteen nurses donned the garb of St. Francis. This is a most promising beginning, and God knows how much good can be accomplished in an institution of this kind by a fervent group of Franciscan Tertiaries. The following were appointed officers: Miss Josephine Torran, prefect; Dr. Dwyer, secretary; Misses Endris, McLaughlin, and Crow, councilors. *Franciscan Herald* congratulates the Rev. Chaplain and the new fraternity on their initiative in following the suggestion of the Provincial Board of the Tertiary Province to introduce the Third Order in such public institutions and begs God to bless them and to lead others to imitate their example.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Francis de Sales Church.—On Sunday, March 9, forty-three new members were received into our Third Order fraternity, which now has a membership of 203. Eleven of the new novices are men. The attendance at the meeting was good beyond all expectation, much to the satisfaction of our Director, Rev. F. Holweck. After the meeting, a Peter's Pence collection was taken up which netted some \$25.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.—It is most gratifying to notice the steady

increase in the attendance at the monthly meetings of our fraternities, our last meeting, on April 6, breaking all records in this respect. The organized methods to secure good attendance which we have adopted are, no doubt, responsible for the eager interest shown by our Tertiaries in all that concerns their fraternity and we trust that this interest will never flag. It was announced at this meeting that the drive for the "Students' Fund" will be launched at the next monthly meeting of our English-speaking Tertiaries in May. The invitations to the "Pound Party" given for the benefit of our Tertiary Day Nursery were generously responded to. May God bless our kind benefactors for their hearty cooperation in this noble work of charity.

Dunwoodie, N. Y., St. Joseph's Seminary.—We learn from our esteemed contemporary the *Seraphic Chronicle* that on February 3, one hundred and fifteen Tertiary novices of the Dunwoodie Seminary were admitted to their profession, while forty other students availed themselves of the opportunity to enroll themselves in Third Order of St. Francis. Thus has the tiny mustard seed sown by a few seminarians, whose preparatory studies were made under Franciscan influences, grown within the space of one short year into a mighty tree, since the seminary fraternity includes now practically the entire student body. Before the ceremonies of reception and profession, a scholarly discourse on the Third Order was given to the students by Rev. Theodosius Foley, O. M. cap., of the Sacred Heart Seraphicate, Yonkers, N. Y. The Director of the fraternity is Rev. T. Joseph Doyle, who is leaving nothing undone to imbue his Tertiaries with the true spirit of St. Francis that they as priests may in turn communicate this same spirit to their future charges and thus labor more successfully in winning souls for Christ.

Washington, D. C., Mt. St. Sepulchre.—In the Church of the Franciscan Monastery at Washington, D. C., on Sunday, March 30, the Right Rev. William Turner, D.D., Bishop-Elect of the Diocese of Buffalo, received the fullness of the Apostolic Succession from the hands of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

Besides the new Bishop's relatives, there were present the Archbishops of New York and Philadelphia; several Bishops and Monsignori; the faculties of the Catholic University, of which Bishop Turner had been an honored member for thirteen years; and a large number of priests from the diocese of Buffalo, together with a number of local pastors. As His Eminence sat before the Altar surrounded by his Assistant Priest and Deacons, while before him stood the

Bishop-Elect in a snow-white vestment, accompanied by the two co-consecrating Bishops in rose copes and white mitres—the day being *Laetare* Sunday—the striking grandeur of the scene was such as to defy description.

It is true that at the National Capital, which is not only a civic, but a religious center, one sees many a notable event of Church as well as of State. Nevertheless it has happened but twice that an episcopal consecration took place in the District of Columbia, and so it is a source of special pride to the Franciscans of Mt. St. Sepulchre that their Church should be chosen for a ceremony of such momentous importance. And there are other reasons, too, for our rejoicing; for not only is the new Bishop a member of the Third Order, but he is, and has been for years, a real friend and a most welcome visitor at the Monastery. It is, therefore, with special fervor that we Franciscans remember this Pastor of souls in our prayers and beg the Good Shepherd to guide and sustain him through the weary watches of the years during which he must spend himself for the fortunate flock that has been entrusted to his care.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College.—Although the holy season of Lent precluded worldly entertainments, the students nevertheless spent several pleasant evenings in the college auditorium listening to programs whose aim was more intellectual than entertaining. On Sunday, March 30, the St. Bernardine Literary Circle debated the subject: "Resolved that Christian nations should now disarm and depend on arbitration for the settlement of disputes." The affirmative was held by William Wernsing and Harold Fochtman, the negative by Henry Rutherford and Frank Ettel. Both teams gave a good account of themselves, and the debate proved very interesting. The judges Rev. George Nell and Mr. Joseph Feldhake, of Effingham, and Mr. Henry

Weber, of Teutopolis, awarded the palm of victory to the affirmative side, though they expressed at the same time their appreciation of the merits of the negative. Other members of the Circle added much to the evening's enjoyment by contributing the following well rendered musical numbers.

Polish Dance (piano duet).....	W. Scharwenka
	O Eberle & H Fochtman
Little Symphony in D (violin duet),....	Chas. Dancla
	J. Reisch & W. Cool
	F. Fosselman, Accompanist
Festive March (double duet).....	J. W. Itbergor
	Violin: J. Reisch & Wm. Cool
	Piano: H. Fochtman & O. Helderle

On Sunday, April 6, the Second Collegiate Class gave a unique rendering of Cicero's classical defense of Ligarius. The stage was set to represent the Roman senate and the various speakers, clad in flowing togas, delivered their portions of this famous speech fluently and eloquently, as if Latin were their mother tongue.

Holy Week was most appropriately inaugurated on Palm Sunday by the chapel services in the morning, the special feature of which was the solemn singing of the Passion, portions of which were sung in four voices by the full choir; while in the evening of the same day, Mr. Antony Matre, the well-known Secretary of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, held his audience spellbound by his inspiring illustrated lecture on the world-famous Passion Play of Oberammergau. Many of the *Herald's* readers have been privileged to listen to Mr. Matre depict in his own inimitable and graphic manner the story of our Blessed Savior's Passion as presented by the simple Bavarian peasants, and they can easily realize the deep impression his words made on his college audience. This is the second lecture Mr. Matre has given in our college auditorium, and we are all eagerly looking forward to the pleasure of having him again in our midst.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Louis Fraternity:—Johanna (Frances) Ryan; Jane (Pascal) Cummings; Susan (Elizabeth) Wilson; Julia (Anne) Pinteaux.

St. Elizabeth Fraternity:—Martin (Joseph) Piehler; Maria (Elizabeth) Boshold; Elizabeth (Agnes) Keller; Elizabeth (Clara) Neuman.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Anna (Agnes) Timony; Catherine (Rose) O'Keefe; Mary (Gertrude) Meade; Jane (Clara) Murry; Mary (Margaret) Murphy.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:—Rose (Lidwina) Wendling.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—Patrick Bird; Marie J. Youngman; Elizabeth O'Calligan.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—M. Klaustermeier; M. Bruhl; M. Hessmeyer.

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

The Church and Democracy

WHEN some months ago the National Catholic War Council published its first reconstruction pamphlet, not a few non-Catholics in the country were surprised or at least affected to be surprised that representative Catholic churchmen should so boldly champion the cause of the people.

It is nothing unusual for non-Catholic writers and speakers to refer to the Church as anti-democratic and to express surprise that she should identify herself with modern popular movements. This attitude is the result of a protracted campaign of calumny conducted against the Church by self-styled reformers of society and friends of humanity, to discredit her and her work in the eyes of the masses. During the past century, no calumny has been more widely spread and believed than that the Church was the enemy of republican institutions and was bent on destroying democracy. The inference to be drawn, of course, was: since the Church is opposed to the people, the people must oppose the Church. The falseness of the accusations was obvious and undeniable, yet such is the force of repetition, that statements, however incredible in themselves, rarely fail, if repeated with sufficient audacity and frequency to gain a measure of credence. So in this case the un-

doubted calumnies came to be believed, and the historic Church of the poor to be regarded as the champion of the rich and powerful and as the enemy of the people. This picture of the Catholic Church in the popular imagination is, of course, a gross caricature. But, as we have said, the oft-repeated calumnies were believed, and that even by Catholics; so that some Catholics have begun to assume an apologetic attitude on the point. There is nothing to apologize for, nothing to be ashamed of, but much to be proud of, in the relation of the Catholic Church to democracy, whether ancient, medieval, or modern. There is nothing either in the doctrine or in the history of the Church, that can be said to be hostile to the social welfare of the people, but much that must be said to be directly conducive to their best material interests.

Socialism has no monopoly on democracy. There is such a thing as Christian Democracy, which, by the way, is some eighteen centuries older than Social Democracy. Whatever is truly democratic and good and praiseworthy in Socialism is not Socialism at all, but Catholicism; and whatever is anti-democratic and obnoxious and extravagant in Socialism is the outgrowth of the anti-Catholic theories commonly identified with it. There is no essential difference, much less an open conflict, between modern

democracy and Christian democracy. The fundamental ideas of the popular movement of to-day comprise personal and social liberty, equality of justice, love of brotherhood. These ideas are neither socialistic nor new, but Christian and as old as Christianity itself. These tenets the Church has not only preached but also practiced from the beginning.



The Flesh Versus the Spirit

IT is said that American Catholics spent last year \$35,000,000 for candy; \$21,000,000 for soft drinks; \$2,100,000 for chewing gum, and \$950,000 for the missions.

We have gleaned this curious bit of information from *The Catholic Charities Review*. It would be interesting to know just how many millions American Catholics spent for tobacco and spirituous beverages. We think it is safe to say that they paid out at least as much for hard drinks and tobacco as for soft drinks and sweets. Assuming this to be the case, we find that roundly speaking the Catholic population of the country squandered in one year the huge sum of \$100,000,000 for creature comforts, while they gave to the Catholic missions about \$1,000,000. In other words, for every one dollar they devoted to supplying the spiritual needs of the Church's poorest children, they devoted one hundred dollars to ministering to the comfort of the body.

It must be remembered that all this happened last year when we were in the midst of a world war, when the civil authorities placed all sorts of restrictions on the purchase and use of luxuries, and when the Catholic missions the world over were suffering from a lack of even the necessities of life. Is it any wonder that Catholic missionaries are hampered in their work of propagating the Faith and in some cases even forced tearfully to relinquish their flocks to hirelings, better situated financially than themselves? We do not say that Ameri-

can Catholics are ungenerous; for they are supporting, besides the missions, numerous churches and schools and institutions of charity. But we do say that they are as extravagant as Americans generally. Is it not time for them to take a few lessons in elementary economy? We suggest that our readers make a start by pledging themselves to lay aside for the missions one dime for every dollar they spend for luxuries and amusements. Now we shall see our mission fund swell!



Lest We Forget

THOUGH the event was hardly anywhere marked by elaborate celebrations, the seventh centenary of the coming of St. Francis to Palestine and the founding there of the Franciscan Custody of the Holy Land was not allowed to pass unnoticed by the Catholic press of the country. A very interesting and appreciative article on the "Catholic Missions of the Holy Land," from the pen of Rev. Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B., appeared in the April issue of *Catholic Missions*. The writer gives unstinted praise to the sons of St. Francis, who for the last seven centuries have been the ever faithful wardens of the holy places. Thus for instance he writes:

Of all the missions which the Order possesses, the *Custody of the Holy Land* is no doubt the noblest and has been styled the "Pearl of the Franciscans." Though the Friars can not boast of having achieved great results in either reuniting the Oriental schismatics or in converting Jews or Mohammedans (the reasons are obvious.—Ed.), yet they have done a great work in administering to the Oriental as well as to the Latin Catholics, in building and maintaining churches and schools, orphanages and hospices, in sacrificing their lives and shedding their blood for the rights and privileges of the Catholic Church in the Holy Land.

It has been reckoned that over 2000 friars have died as martyrs for their faith in Palestine. If Catholics from all parts of the world were and still are allowed to offer their prayers on the sacred spots of Pales-

tine, it is greatly due to the efforts, the perseverance, and the sacrifices of the Franciscan Friars.

Anybody that is at all familiar with the history of the Holy Land will know that this is not fulsome praise, but the literal truth. For the history of the holy places for the last seven hundred years is in reality nothing but the story of the labors and sufferings of the heroic defenders of Christendom's most treasured sanctuaries. After all the high encomiums Dom Maternus has lavished on the Friars and their work, it seems almost ungenerous in us to call attention to a misstatement in his article regarding the prewar status of the Custody of the Holy Land. The figures quoted evidently refer only to Judea and Galilee. The fact of the matter is the Franciscan Custody comprises also Phenicia, Syria, Armenia, the Isle of Cyprus, and Lower Egypt, and that in these provinces there are in all 443 friars (230 priests and 213 lay brothers), who are in charge of 153 churches and chapels, 52 parishes, 48 sanctuaries, 18 hospices for pilgrims, 60 schools with 4,950 children, and more than 100,000 Catholics.

It will be remembered that the Holy Father recently confirmed the Franciscans of the Custody in all their ancient rights and privileges. Whether the friars will remain in possession, depends just now, not on the will of the Supreme Pontiff, but on the pleasure of the three or four men through whose fingers are slipping the threads of the world's destiny. The Catholic Press Association's correspondent pooh-poohs the report of the Roman newspaper *Tempo* that the Paris Congress proposes to take away the position and privileges of the Franciscans and to hand over the custody of the principal monuments of the Holy Land to the Greek Orthodox Church. It is barely possible, however, that for the

nonce the *Tempo* is better informed than our Roman correspondent. Even if England assumes the mandatory rights over Palestine, as now seems assured, there is yet danger that the holy places may be lost to the Catholic Church. All that we can say at this writing is that the fate of the holy places is still hanging in the balance and Heaven only knows what disposition will be ultimately made thereof. May we not ask our readers in their prayers to remember Sion?

* * *

Vae Victis!

TO those who have been watching the developments at Versailles for the last four months it must have been apparent long since that Germany and her allies could hope for no mercy at the hands of the victorious powers. From the time that the drastic armistice terms were proposed, even the most optimistic were no longer in doubt that the only peace the vanquished peoples could look for was a Fochian or stern peace. That a genuinely Roman treaty, of the *vae victis* brand, would be forced on them, many thought impossible. Yet, in this age of wonders, it is nothing unusual even for the seemingly impossible to come to pass. Thus it happens that the German people find themselves confronted with a peace of undigested vengeance, a peace which, as *The Nation* says, "openly flouts some of the plainest dictates of reason and humanity, repudiates every generous word that Mr. Wilson has ever uttered regarding the German people, flies in the face of accepted principles of law and economics, and makes the very name of democracy a reproach."

Well might the German representatives pause before affixing their signatures to so amazing a document. Nobody is anxious to sign his own death warrant, and that is precisely

what, in the opinion of President Ebert, the German Government is asked to do. Whether the Germans accept or reject the terms, matters, after all, very little. What is of the utmost importance, however, is that the peoples of the world who have fought this war for democracy, have been shamefully deceived. For by no stretch of the imagination can the treaty be called a democratic treaty. The peoples have had no hand in drafting it, nor can it be said to meet either their pressing needs or their lawful aims and aspirations. Whatever defects the document may have, it has the merit of being frank; so that even a man with only half an eye can see that it is plainly autocratic and outspokenly imperialistic. Such at least is the opinion of labor leaders in England and elsewhere. If the war has been fought to make the world safe for democracy, and democracy has no better guarantees than those "nominated in the bond," the war has been fought in vain, and it is not at all surprising that the laboring classes can not warm to the treaty in its present shape.

The peoples, after all, have little concern in the settlement of international disputes over boundaries or harbors or coal fields; in the disposition of the spoils of war, in the establishment of a league of nations or governments, with which questions the peace document deals at great length. But they are vitally interested to know whether the treaty establishes them in power in place of the autocratic rulers now in the saddle; whether right is to be substituted for might; whether war is to be abolished as a means of aggression; whether honest disarmament is to be enforced the world over; whether clandestine diplomacy and secret treaties are to be put under the ban; whether all nationalities without distinction are to have self-government; whether nations and individuals are

to enjoy equal rights and equal opportunities; whether economic slavery and all social injustice are to cease; whether in short the new era of freedom and justice and brotherhood has dawned, or whether the world is still wrapped in the Egyptian darkness of tyranny and hate and rapacity. Turning to the treaty of peace for an answer to these questions, the peoples find their fondest hopes dashed and their gravest fears realized. They have been betrayed. That is the conclusion they must arrive at.

Will they ratify a peace of autocracy and capitalism and imperialism? We think not. They have fought the war for democracy, and they will not rest till democracy has come into its own. The fruits of the world war must be secured by other means than by the unchristian and undemocratic treaty whose contents were lately given to the world.

* * *

Thank You

WHEN in a recent number we announced our new subscription price, we took occasion to remark that we were counting on the loyalty of our readers to tide us over our present difficulties. We are happy to be able to state that the response to our call of distress has been extremely generous. From all parts of the country we are daily receiving numerous assurances of whole-hearted support. This manifestation of loyalty in no wise surprises us; for we knew all along our readers were nothing if not loyal. But we are deeply moved at their hearty expressions of devotion; and we wish them to know that we thank them very cordially for their kindness and that we pray God to bless them and theirs. Relying on their continued support we look with renewed confidence into the future, and hope soon to be able to inform them that all's well with the *Herald*.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

By Fr. Silas, O.F.M.

Frances of Gubbio.—Frances lived at the time of St. Francis, and asked him for instruction in the practice of virtue. At his advice she joined the Third Order and strove to sanctify herself amid the domestic cares of her father's house, of which she was in charge. She aroused the admiration of all by her fervor in prayer, her spirit of self-denial, and her liberality toward the needy. Her charity manifested itself especially during a famine, when she generously came to the assistance of the poor who daily appealed to her for food. She was called to her eternal reward on March 4, 1255.

Frances of Serrone.—This pious Tertiary was remarkable for her patience in suffering and for her fervor in prayer and contemplation. God bestowed on her extraordinary supernatural graces; she was frequently honored with apparitions of the Blessed Virgin, St. Francis, and the holy angels. With a heart full of pity for the needy, she was very ingenious in procuring the means to relieve their wants. When on one occasion she inherited a sum of money, she hastened to distribute it among the poor the same day, and more than once she gave away to destitute persons some of her own garments. Her solicitude was directed especially to the welfare of young women and girls; these she strove in every way to preserve from any danger that might threaten their virtue. She died at Serripola, in Italy, on April 7, 1601.

Bl. Gerard of Villamagna.—He was born at Florence, in Italy, about the year 1200. As a youth he accompanied a knight to the Holy Land; but both were captured by the Saracens and subjected to great sufferings and hardships. After his liberation from

captivity, he returned to his native country and devoted himself to a life of penance and prayer. Accepting the invitation of several knights, who were about to set out for the Holy Land, to join them, he edified all, during the voyage and while visiting the holy places, by his piety and charity toward the pilgrims and the sick. The marks of veneration shown him from all sides so pained his humility that he resolved to return to Italy. Here he joined the Third Order and retired to a solitude near Villamagna in order to give himself up to mortification and prayer. But even here his burning love for his neighbor urged him to come to the assistance of the needy and the afflicted. To obtain the means to supply their wants, he went from house to house and begged for alms. He also showed great zeal in admonishing sinners, and by his kind words he succeeded in inducing many to abandon their evil ways. He died in the year 1242.

Gertrude of Ortenberg.—Gertrude was born of noble parents in 1275, and early drew upon herself the admiration of all by her piety and virtue. After the death of her husband Henry, Lord of Ulenberg, she entered the Third Order of St. Francis and strove with greater zeal to progress on the way of perfection. Among the many good works to which she devoted herself, we may mention in particular her labors for the welfare of young girls. She aided them in their difficulties and needs, nursed them in time of sickness, and guided them in the practices of religion. Her holy death occurred at Offenburg, in 1335.

Helen Martinez.—Though of humble birth, this pious Tertiary accomplished much for the temporal and spiritual welfare of her neighbor. Triumphing over the repugnance of

nature, she devoted herself to the service of persons afflicted with most loathsome diseases, without allowing herself to be discouraged by the ingratitude of her patients. She assisted the poor by other works of charity. She died at Valence, in Spain, on April 25, 1664.

Bl. Hippolytus Galantini.—This saintly Tertiary was born at Florence, in 1565. In his youth he resolved to devote his life to the service of God in a religious Order, but his feeble health made it impossible for him to carry out this design. It soon became evident that he was called to labor for the welfare of youth as a layman. Moved by the grace of God, and with the permission of his confessor, he gathered the poor neglected children about him, instructed them in the truths of religion, induced them to go to church, and assisted them in preparing for the worthy reception of the sacraments. Later on he, together with a number of pious youths, also devoted the evenings and the Sundays and holidays to the instruction of young men and others, whose religious education was deficient. He continued in this work of charity in spite of many difficulties and much opposition, and finally he was able to found the "Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of St. Francis," whose members, without leaving their families or their daily occupation, met on certain days to instruct the ignorant in the truths of religion and to devote themselves to exercises of piety. They also provided innocent recreation for the young, especially during the time of the carnival, and thus kept them away from dangerous amusements. But Bl. Hippolytus did not confine his charity to this single work. He also strove in every way to relieve the wants of the poor, the sick, and the prisoners. He passed to his heavenly reward on March 20, 1620. The ven-

eration paid him from time immemorial was confirmed by Pope Leo XII, in 1825. His feast is observed at Florence and in several dioceses of Tuscany.

Bl. Humiliana Cerchi.—Humiliana was born at Florence of the noble family of the Cerchi, in 1219. To satisfy her father, she married a nobleman of her rank, who by his harshness and dishonest practices caused her much suffering. In these trials she sought consolation in prayer and in charity toward the poor, in whom she venerated the sacred person of our Savior. She reserved only the coarsest food for herself, and in order to be able to give more abundant alms, she dispensed with all luxury in her dress and worked with her own hands like the lowliest of her domestics. Her holy death occurred on May 19, 1246.

Innocentia Ricci.—Born of the noble family of the Ricci, at Trapani, in Sicily, Innocentia, at an early age, entered the Third Order of St. Francis and distinguished herself by her piety, humility, obedience, mortification, and charity. No difficulty or hardship was too great for her when there was question of assisting her needy neighbor. The sick, the poor, and the distressed were always certain of receiving from her help and support and tender words of consolation. While nursing the sick in the hospital, she contracted a disease of which she died, at the age of twenty-five, on December 1, 1624.

Isabel Clare.—She was the daughter of Philip II, of Spain, and the wife of Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Netherlands. By her kindness and many works of mercy, she was the source of untold blessings to the people. Among other benefactions, she, each month, spent a thousand florins to aid the poor and the unfortunate. She died at Brussels, on December 1, 1633.

VENERABLE PAUL HEATH, O.F.M.

By Fr. Francis, Borgia, O. F. M.

(Concluded)

IN 1641, it was learned at Douai that the persecutions had again broken out in England, and that seven priests were in prison awaiting execution. No one in the Franciscan convent was more affected by these sad tidings than Fr. Paul, especially since among the condemned priests was his former fellow novice and friend Fr. Christopher Colman. In fact, so deeply moved was he by the news, that his attitude toward the English missions, from which he had formerly shrunk, was now completely changed.

As the days wore on, he was so carried away by the desire of martyrdom, that he finally addressed a letter to the Provincial, Fr. George Perrot, in which he said in part:

You will not, I think, consider that soldier brave and magnanimous who, learning that the army of his general is drawn up on the field of battle and that his fellow soldiers with drums and trumpets and other instruments of warfare are clamoring for a charge with the enemy, yet indulges himself in base sluggishness at home. It is true, I am unfit (I do not deny it) and altogether unworthy to discharge the office of an apostle and to contemplate encountering injury and reproach for the name of Jesus, but *power is made perfect in infirmity*, since God has chosen the foolish to confound the wise. Of this, too, I am convinced, that the obligation to serve Jesus Christ is as well incumbent on me as on others, and that I am certainly not less bound to suffer for him. May the most loving Lord inspire you with a speedy consent.

The Provincial was deeply stirred by this solemn appeal. But there was just then a dearth of superiors and teachers for the Douai friary. Of this he reminded Fr. Paul, promising, however, to summon him to the missions in good time. Impatiently the man of God waited for the summons; but when it was not forthcoming, he finally approached the Commissary

Provincial, Fr. Angelus Mason, fell on his knees before him, and amid a flood of tears disclosed the anxiety and grief that tortured his soul. The Commissary, however, though hardly able to refrain from weeping, was loath to anticipate the decision of the Provincial. Now the saintly friar had recourse to Mary, the Queen of Martyrs. In his childlike simplicity, he composed a beautiful letter to his heavenly Mother, asking her to intercede in his behalf as she had so often done before. With due permission, he undertook a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Montague in Brabant. His prayer was not in vain. The Commissary Provincial at last felt himself constrained to grant the friar's request, calling God to witness that he "was impelled by some hidden force to give his consent."

From that moment, Fr. Paul was a changed man. Naturally of a severe and somber aspect, his every look, word, and act henceforth reflected the joy and peace that reigned in his heart. He seemed already in possession of heavenly bliss when he spoke of the glory of martyrdom, or when at the altar he offered up the august Sacrifice. Without delay, he made arrangements for his departure. Holy zeal for the strict observance of the Franciscan Rule prompted him to refuse the secular dress and the traveling money which the guardian offered him. It was a cold day in December, 1642, when he bade farewell to his brethren and set out for Dunkirk. Here again he refused to take money, but asked the guardian to have a sailor's suit made of his habit. Thus strangely attired, he boarded a ship for Dover. During the voyage he made friends with a German nobleman, who perceiving his destitute

condition, paid his expenses, and on landing at Dover offered him money for his journey and subsequent stay in London. But refusing to accept any further assistance, the friar thanked the nobleman for his kindness, and despite the inclemency of the weather, set out to travel the forty miles on foot.

On the very day of Fr. Paul's arrival in London, the Capuchins had been dragged from their convent near the palace and thrown into prison. Night was setting in, when he reached the metropolis.¹ Not knowing whither to turn for food and lodging, he finally about eight o'clock ventured into a tavern near the bridge. But the innkeeper finding him without money turned him out into the cheerless night. Overcome with hunger, cold, and fatigue he sat down on a doorstep and reflected how to get information regarding Fr. Colman and others for whom he had letters. Here the master of the house found him; and startled by his strange appearance, sent for the constable. When the latter arrived with his assistants, he subjected the holy man to a strict examination. On searching him they discovered certain writings which he had sewed into his hat before leaving Dunkirk. These roused their suspicion; they arrested him and confined him for the night in the Compter prison.

The next morning, he was brought before the mayor. Not knowing that he was a priest, they told him that under pain of life imprisonment he would be required to take the oaths of supremacy and of allegiance. On hearing this, Fr. Paul resolved to disclose his priestly character when the time should come, and silently prayed to God for constancy. All

looked askance at him when he entered the courtroom.

"Whose papers are those that were found on thy person?" inquired the mayor, eyeing him closely.²

"They are mine," replied the friar.

"What is their import?"

"I wrote them for thy government and parliament, in order that through them I might render an account of my faith, should I perchance be arrested in these perilous times."

"Why camest thou to England?"

"I came to save souls, just as Christ himself for the salvation of souls came down from heaven and sent out his Apostles, with the command, *Going therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing—*"

"Thou art a traitor!" interrupted the mayor.

"Then also Christ and his Apostles were traitors, because they, too, preached contrary to the laws of the infidels and heretics: wherefore, we must not abandon God for the sake of men, but obey God rather than men."

"Art thou a priest?" inquired the mayor, growing suspicious.

"The priesthood instituted by Christ is something honorable," the friar returned; "for Christ himself, a priest according to the order of Melchisedech, ordained his Apostles priests at the last supper and commanded them to consecrate his sacred body, elsewhere saying, *Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.* Though unworthy of so great an honor, yet say I in reply to your question, I am a priest."

"Thou art not a priest according to the order of Melchisedech," objected a Protestant minister, "because thou

1. The subsequent facts regarding Fr. Paul's arrest and trials are based on his own narrative in English. It was preserved in the friary at Douai and translated by Mason into Latin.—*Certamen Seraphicum*, pp. 119—123.

2. The dialogue form is ours, based on the friar's narrative.

art of the order of St. Francis."³

"Indeed, sir," rejoined the friar, "by those words thou displayest thy ignorance. For the order of St. Francis is an order of religion, professing to follow the example of Jesus Christ; whilst the order of priesthood is an order of consecration for the purpose of consecrating the body and blood of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. They, therefore, that receive the order of consecration are priests according to the order of Melchisedech, whether they be Franciscans or members of any other Institute."

"Why goest thou about in so poor and mean a dress?" at length broke in the mayor.

"Indeed, to be poor for Christ is to be rich; even Christ made himself poor for our sake, and the Apostles of Christ following in his footsteps, forsook all."

This brought the hearing to an end. On leaving the courtroom, Fr. Paul said in a tone of sweet composure, "I find consolation in the example of the Apostles, who went from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus." Since he had confessed himself a priest, he was conducted to Newgate and placed with criminals already condemned to death.

Some time later, he was summoned to appear before the commissioners of parliament. Here again he openly proclaimed and fearlessly defended his priestly character. When asked why he had come to England, he answered:

"I came to free souls from the slavery of the devil and to convert them from heresy."

"From which heresy?" his enemies insisted.

"From the Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, and many others; for as many as profess these

are justly termed heretics."

According to De Marsys who was present at the trial, he steadfastly refused to reveal the names of those who had given him pecuniary assistance, and answered their various objections with such a display of learning and alertness as to elicit the admiration of the bystanders.

At the opening of the assizes, on April 11, the valiant champion was summoned for the final hearing. After the prescribed court formalities were gone through, he began to deliver an apology which he had prepared for the occasion.

"Most noble lords," he said, "I deem myself fortunate in being permitted to propose and defend the justice of my cause before so venerable an assembly. At one time, to be candid, up to my twenty-fourth year, I was a Protestant, professing the same heresy that you now profess, but to quote Job, *let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said: a man-child is conceived.* In like manner can I denounce and execrate the day on which I began to imbibe the Protestant superstition."

"Stop him instantly," exclaimed the judge, "or a padlock shall be put on his mouth. Evidently his sole purpose is to cast slurs and abuses on our religion; therefore, let him eschew all digression and reply directly to the accusation."

At this, the saintly friar again openly declared his priesthood, maintaining that the laws condemning priests were tyrannical and unchristian.

"Art thou guilty or not guilty?" they insisted.

"If the term *guilty* implies a crime, then I am not guilty; but if it involves what I have already confessed, then I am guilty."

"Art thou not a dead man?" suggested one of the bystanders.

3. They had learned that he was a Franciscan from the writings found in his hat. See *Certamen Seraphicum*, p. 125.

"To die for Christ is the greatest glory," came the quick reply.

Without further ado, the judge condemned him to death. At this, the friar's face beamed with joy.

"I thank the most august assembly," he said, making a low bow, "for the singular honor bestowed upon me. This is my glory, my solace, my happiness."⁴

In Newgate, Fr. Paul devoted much of his time to the spiritual comfort of his fellow prisoners and of the Catholics who flocked to him from all parts of the city. Many came to have him bless the cord with which they girded themselves in honor of St. Francis; others brought holy pictures and asked him to put his signature to them. More than five hundred persons, we are told, received the Sacrament of Confession at his hands. Forty Protestant ministers, Mason relates, disputed with the prisoner on matters of faith. So completely did he expose the fallacy of Protestantism that afterwards, in the presence of the Spanish ambassador, many acknowledged their defeat and openly bewailed the sad lot of so learned and accomplished a man.

How he must have rejoiced when at last it was told him that on the following Monday, April 27, he would be executed at Tyburn.⁵ The little time he could spare from his charitable ministrations was spent in prayer and meditation. On the morning of

the appointed day, he placed his signature to the following protestation:

I, the undersigned, prepared through the grace and favor of my sweetest Jesus to offer my life to-day in defence of his holy law and of the Roman Catholic Church, and to render unto him the most excellent homage I can conceive, next to the winning of souls, do hereby with my whole heart declare unto all, but especially unto Catholics whom it more concerns, that the so-called oath of allegiance can not and ought not, with any restrictions or interpretations, be taken by them in its proposed form, without incurring grievous sin and the certain ruin of their souls, unless they repent. In defence of this I would lay down my life just as readily as I would for any other article of, or for our entire, holy faith. I am fully convinced that I should not die righteously, were I to hold any other doctrine or opinion regarding that oath. In testimony whereof, now about to give my life for the cause of God, I subscribe with my own hand and name, in Newgate, Monday, April 27, 1643.

Thus I hold, Fr. Paul of St. Magdalene, now destined for the scaffold.⁶

This solemn declaration of faith the man of God read aloud on his way through prison. When the guards led him to the hurdle, he asked to be tied to the horses' tails and in this way dragged to the place of execution. But they ignored his request and having bound him to his bed of pain dashed off over the rough roads to Tyburn.

On reaching the place of execution, Fr. Paul was released from the hurdle and commanded to mount the cart that was standing below the gallows. He obeyed, praying with a loud voice:

4. Here the martyr's narrative ends.

5. Most authors and also the *Franciscan Martyrology* of Fr. Arthur of Muenster assign April 17 as the day on which Fr. Paul suffered martyrdom. In this, they follow the Old Style of reckoning. From the martyr himself, who follows the New Style, we learn that it was April 27. In either case, April 27 (N.S.) and April 17 (O.S.) was a Monday in 1643.

6. Following is the attestation which shortly after, on May 8 (N.S.), three Jesuits drew up and signed and which with the protestation they subsequently presented to the friars at Douai:

We, the undersigned, do testify that the reverend father and already glorious martyr, Father Paul of St. Magdalene, of the Order of St. Francis, called in the world Henry Heath, read the above protestation or resolution carefully, and that he wished to add the subscribed words to what he had read, in order to express himself more definitely regarding the injustice of that oath, and that then he said: With all my heart I affix my hand to this paper and am ready to sign it a thousand times with my blood. In testimony whereof we the undersigned have placed our signature. On this the 28th day of April, old style, 1643.—Thomas Harvey, Simon de Mazaron, William Jordan.

Into thy hands, o Lord, I commend my spirit. Then the rope was placed about his neck, and he was given leave to address the assembled multitude. He told the people that he had come to England in the hope of dying for the defence and propagation of the Roman Catholic Faith, and for this faith as also for his priestly character was he now on the point of shedding his blood. Here, however, the Protestant ministers interrupted him, saying that he had been sentenced to death not on account of his faith, but because he was a seducer of the people.

"With no more right can I be called a seducer," returned the fearless martyr, "than my Lord Jesus Christ was called a seducer by the Jews."

Nettled by this bold retort, they ordered him to be silent. Thereupon, he asked leave of the sheriff to die like his divine Savior, stripped of his outer garments, assuring him that he had made such preparations of clothing as decency would demand. Instead of an answer, the sheriff told him to prepare for death. Raising his eyes to heaven, he remained motionless in prayer for about half an hour. Suddenly remembering that it was the feast of the Martyr-Pope, St. Anicetus, he intoned the hymn,

Martyr of God, who following
The instance of God's only Son,
Hast triumphed o'er thy enemies,
And triumphing hast heaven won.

Having recited the hymn to the

end, he raised his hands, thereby signifying to a priest in the crowd that he was prepared to receive the last absolution. This same grace, the martyr himself imparted to one of the criminals who also was about to die and who touched with contrition at sight of the saintly priest, had asked to be reconciled with God.

At last, the executioners advanced to carry out the sentence. While they were making the final preparations, Fr. Paul repeatedly invoked the names of Jesus and Mary, concluding, "O Jesus, forgive me my sins! Jesus, convert England! Jesus, have mercy on this country! O England, be converted to the Lord thy God!" Then, with a sudden jolt the cart was drawn from under his feet and the holy man hung suspended beneath the gallows. A brief struggle, and his soul passed to the mansions of eternal bliss. By a singular exception, he was not cut down until death had set in, whereupon the executioners proceeded to perform their bloody task. The head was placed on London Bridge, while the quarters were exposed on four gates of the city.⁷ At the moment of Fr. Paul's death, tradition says, his aged father, who was still living as lay brother at Douai, saw a brilliant light ascending into heaven and turning to some of the brethren told them that his son had just then died for the faith. They believed in the truth of this vision when a few days later the news of his martyrdom arrived.

7. In the *Franciscan Martyrology* of Fr. Arthur of Muenster, Venerable Paul Heath is commemorated on April 17, in these terms: "At London in England, Bl. Paul of Magdalene, Martyr, who shed his blood in defence of the Catholic faith."



THE UNAFRAID

By Anna C. Minogue

CHAPTER I

LOOKING at him as he strode along the street that sunny August day none would have thought that Ben Anderson was groping his way through a new world, which seemed one of impenetrable darkness. It had come about so innocently—as if a happy little path had dropped him into an abyss.

He had rather envied some of the boys who belonged to a Catholic fraternal society. Their parties which he attended were pleasant affairs, breaks in a life for him too full of work. Then fragments of talk about lodge meetings, degree work, and their brotherly regard for one another increased his desire to be numbered among them. He had not observed that he was never asked to join; nor did it mean anything to him when the member to whom he finally appealed, said:

"If the doctor'll pass you, we'll be mighty glad to have you, Ben!"

Of course, the doctor would pass him! and with not a misgiving, he entered the consulting room. Then on his astounded ears fell the verdict: there was a cavity in his left lung; if he wanted to live, he must immediately quit his work as a printer, and go West!

"O God!" he moaned, and remembered his father, dead at twenty-nine, leaving him, a motherless lad, to make his way alone. A neighbor woman had taken him to the monastery back of the big church, and a brown-robed priest had put a protecting arm around him, while she told the sad story.

"I will give you a letter to Miss McHale," he had said. "She has always room for one more in her News-boys' Home."

Thus had he passed into the care

of a woman, who had put all thoughts of personal happiness away from her, to become a mother to the homeless boys of a big city. He sold papers before and after school hours. When old enough, he learned the printing trade and now he was running a big linotype machine in the office of one of the morning papers—and he was only twenty-seven!

Subconsciously he had turned into the street in which the office stood, and entering the building, he made his usual preparations for his work. As he passed into the press room, he pulled himself together, knowing some relief in that he had told none of his intention to visit the doctor that day. His mind was keenly alert now, and the kindness of the tones of the men speaking to him, wore an edge of pity. "Poor Ben! it will soon be 'thirty' for him!" That was behind their words—and he felt his throat tighten. But he gave no sign and strode to his machine as he had stridden along the street.

But when he adjusted the green shade over his eyes and took his seat, his face worked convulsively, and he could have moaned aloud in his misery. For two years he had sat before the big machine and spelled out the story of the world, as men and women had gathered it, brought it down from the ages, or woven it out of their own imaginations. Every conceivable subject had that big machine, obedient to his will, transferred to the soft lead; and much had its master learned of the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, as he imprisoned those varied thoughts into line after line of type. How often had the grip of them made his fingers tingle, the wonder of them set him on the long,

long dreams of youth! How often had he the first smile at something that made the public burst with laughter. Then the stupid and silly things—the brazen flattery or more brazen lies—the thinly veiled suspicions, blasting a reputation—the sickening stories of crime and bestiality—all, all came up and waited their turn to be spelled out by the man at the keyboard. Then the lull, the wait for the possible scoop, for the accident that might occur, the news that might be flashed under the sea and across the land in time to be caught before the last forms were closed, and the great presses took up the work the man in the printer's chair had begun. And then out of the long room into the sleep-unfolded city, watched by the stars—

The foreman came with a sheaf of copy.

"The editorials, Ben, and the Old Man wants 'em rushed through. He's going to speak at a political meeting to-night, I understand, and reck'n he's trying to get started before it's time to hit the bottle!"

The Old Man and his bottle! Ben recalled his shock when first he learned that those editorials, which were quoted up and down the land, and which had given the paper its high standing, issued from a brain fired by the liquor, which he had been taught by good Miss McHale to avoid. He also recalled his pride when the Old Man sent down word that the young printer was to set his editorials, as he made the best stand at deciphering the badly penciled words. Who would do the Old Man's work, when he was gone?

Ben's hands were unsteady as he fastened the first page on the rack, but he braced himself again to the thought. The Old Man was waiting to O. K. the proofs.

He worked steadily on; then as the last page went on to the hook, he remembered the Girl Reporter, whose

writing, like the Old Man's, used to make the air blue when her copy came down. One night he had looked up to see her at his side—starry eyes meeting his from a face too white.

"You are the printer who does Mr. Davidson's work, aren't you?" The voice was low, but pleasantly clear: he was peculiarly sensitive to voices.—"I wonder if you wouldn't have less trouble than the other men with my copy? So many complaints come up about it—I'm afraid I'll lose my job!"

"Aren't there any extra type-writers?" he hazarded.

"Dozens of them—and every one has been offered to me! But it would be as easy for me to run your machine as one of them. I've tried and can't get up any speed. I'd have first to write it out in long hand, and by the time I would get it typed, the forms would be closed. I do try to write plain—"

It seemed to him that he saw her drooping spirit behind her brave front—sometimes his own used to take that attitude though he could find no reason for it! He must help her!

"Why, it's not as bad as the Old Man's. I am sure after I get accustomed to it, I shall have no trouble. If you'll just think to close your a's and put the line under your u's—"

"And dot my i's and cross my t's," she had laughed, "oh, I'll try to remember, and maybe in the end I'll write as plain as a book-keeper!"

Thus had the Girl Reporter's copy come to him, and there had been no complaints after that. Sometimes she would come down when she had a special story, and she had a pretty way of thanking him that repaid him for his efforts to send her proofs out clean.

Her work took on new interest for him, and through it he came to know the Girl Reporter, better perhaps than many who called her by her name. She could weave pathos into

her story, without descending to the "sob stuff"; and she was at her best, when she could sprinkle the gayety of the passing crowd over her columns. Then, of a sudden, her copy stopped. A few days he waited, wondering what had happened. When at last he made inquiries, he was told in the lingo of the shop, that "quitting time had come for her."

"Dead?" he asked, horror-stricken.

"Might as well be—consumption. But she's plucky, all right! Told them she was as good as two dead people, and started for the West."

Now he recalled his feelings hearing of the fate that had overtaken the Girl Reporter—the fate that was his own! Had she seen its shadow on him? he wondered, as he picked up the next sheaf of copy, the telegraphic account of a big political issue in New York. The West! there he, too, must go, if he would save his life! The hours wore on. At eight he rose, conscious of weariness. He did not care to join the boys and set out alone for supper. He went to a table in the corner, and for the first time looked the situation in the face, undisturbed by other thoughts.

Death had its hand on him. He was to pass, after a few years—a few sickly years!—and it would be as if he had never lived. Other men, filling out their allotted span, perpetuated themselves in their children; their work lived after them; the glory of the struggle was theirs and the victory of the winner their reward. For him there would be none of these things. He had not even done anything for his future beyond the grave. His goodness was of the negative kind, as had been his success. He had been led into the sheltered way, and there had never been any temptation to stray from it. He went to church in the same spirit in which he went to work; he contributed to it much as he contributed toward the union, because it was best for him to

do so. But as he had never been numbered among the aggressive union members, neither had he been among the active workers of the parish. Summed up, his one interest in life had been his linotype machine, his one ambition to send the Old Man up a clean galley proof!

The waiter placed his supper before him, and he began to eat mechanically, while his thoughts went on—his first arraignment thoughts of self. Then he lighted a cigar and sat alone.

The hand of death was on him, but he might cast it off. "Live in the open," advised the doctor, preferably in the West. Ben Anderson's idea of the West was formed largely from the moving picture shows, and by no stretch of the imagination could he see himself on the back of a broncho rounding up long-horned cattle. What could he do in the open, who only knew how to work with the tips of his fingers? Yet it was his only alternative for those few sickly years. The life he knew pressed upon him: bright streets, busy marts, and people; his pleasant work, the friendly shop, his friends—was the longest life worth the complete separation from these? Then he seemed to see the Girl Reporter standing by his side, the bright eyes lighting the pallid face. She had not hesitated to cast her life here aside, rather than lie tamely down to die! One of the unafraid—

He drew slowly on his cigar, thinking of her, of those periods of hers, dripping tears or shouting laughter; of her talent, which they had told him even the Old Man had praised. What would she do in the open? He saw her slim, nervous hands outstretched with her copy, and, as in the case of himself, vainly tried to associate her with the moving pictures of western heroines. And how did she meet her Hour of Knowledge? Did she cry, or sit dumbly, as he was doing? Or might she not have laughed the ringing, defiant laugh of a gallant soul,

face to face with seeming defeat? He thought she must have laughed! He threw away his cigar and straightened himself. He was not temperamental as the Girl was—he might not laugh in the face of his fate, but he could learn to grin. Even as he thought, his lips fell into the expression.

Two weeks later a new printer was sitting before Ben Anderson's machine, while the Old Man fumed over the loss of the only one who had ever set him up a decent editorial. With the grin, now part of his countenance, Anderson was being borne far from that quiet life to one that, in the nature of things, must be exactly the opposite. What it would be he had no conception, and wisely refrained from picturing it.

The Old Man, on learning of his resignation, had sent for him, and adjured him to take no one's advice as to the best place for him to settle, but to go and find it for himself. "The money you will spend," he said, "will be a good investment. You will get a line on the country, get acquainted with the people, and the chances are that when you finally make a selection it will be the right one. And if ever you get in a tight place, my boy, and need a friend, remember you have one in the Old Man!" The handclasp that followed gave endorsement to the statement.

So it happened that Ben Anderson found himself buying tickets along the way after leaving Denver. At Gallup he made his longest stay, for there, as his first friend, the old Franciscan Father, had told him, were a few priests of the Order engaged in the work which the Spanish Padres had begun when Coronado blazed the trail for civilization in his search for the Indian's fabled city of gold.

He found them a happy group, not at all in need of the sympathy he was

prepared to give them for having to spend their lives in the wilderness. They evinced a perfect understanding of the Indian and his emotional cousin, the Mexican, and received in return a love and gratitude from both that gave Ben Anderson a true light on the character of these people, who were destined to have a part in his own future.

He likewise obtained a new view of what religion means to some men, in the absolutely unselfish devotion of these young Franciscans toward their poor, unlettered, unconsidered flock, scattered over the vast territory embraced by the mission of Gallup. He had seen them rise up in the dead of night to cross the trackless desert to minister to the sick; returning, start in an opposite direction to celebrate Mass in a makeshift chapel. Souls to be saved, to be helped, to be safeguarded—for the first time Ben fully realized the value of souls, for the first time comprehended the significance of life.

He found himself set beyond the snug satisfaction which had been building its slow, but stifling walls around him, and though alone and helpless in the mental plane on to which he had been cast, he felt no desire for the old. The great West was pouring its elixir into him, physically, mentally, spiritually, and already was he feeling like one who had come into his own.

"Get well first," the others counseled him. "Then what your hands find to do, do it. You must see God's direction in your life up to this; trust to the same hand to shape your future!"

It was the Old Man's admonition, given from another viewpoint. Thus it came about that Ben Anderson passed on to Arizona, and then knew that he had reached the place that was waiting for him.

(To be continued)

LETTER TO A TERTIARY

By a Franciscan Father

MY DEAR FRANK,

I very much regret that it is impossible for me to accept your kind invitation to speak on the Third Order to the young men of your sodality. It would give me great pleasure to comply with your request, both because I should like to do you that service and because you assure me that the lecture would most likely yield a rich harvest of recruits for the Third Order. But as I can get no one just now to take my place, duty requires me to remain at my post. Not to disappoint you altogether, however, and imitating St. Francis who, when he was unable to go forth to preach, wrote his "Letter to all the Faithful," I shall avail myself of your invitation to address your sodality by letter. Without further ceremony, then, than to beg of you the courtesy of an introduction and taking my cue from your latest communication, I launch myself on the discussion of those "terrible twelve Our Fathers."

Like many other requirements of the Order of Penance, the precept regarding prayer is frequently misunderstood if not exaggerated. A young lady, seeking information of me regarding the Third Order, once confessed that the only thing she knew about it was that the members are forbidden all amusements. I told her that in that case she knew nothing at all about the Third Order, as not even the Franciscans of the Second and First Orders are forbidden all amusement. Another young lady's idea about the Third Order was that it is a society only for old ladies that wear bonnets. With young men the prevalent opinion is that Tertiaries are obliged to say an altogether impossible number of daily prayers. Between the young men and the young

ladies it is no wonder that the Third Order fared so badly. If the Rule of the Third Order were as hard to keep as many people imagine, there would be no reason for surprise that so few young men can bring themselves to profess it.

The first fact, therefore, that I wish to impress on you young men is that the Third Order is not set up for only a select few; that it does not presuppose a religious vocation in those that wish to embrace it; that on the contrary it is designed for and really admits all Catholics who evince an earnest desire to be good, practical Catholics in the strict sense of the term—that is, dutiful children of Holy Mother Church and loyal followers of Christ. Accordingly, the requirements of the Third Order are such that any Catholic can fulfill them with no more difficulty than the commandments of God and of the Church. I am not underestimating the difficulty of being a good Tertiary; but neither am I unmindful that it is not the easiest thing in the world to be a really good Catholic, and I am inclined to believe that the Catholic whose daily prayers fall much short of the least required of Tertiaries will have a hard task keeping the commandments. There is no getting by this fact: prayer is an essential means of grace, and as we can not keep the commandments without grace, we can not obtain sufficient grace without prayer.

But to come to my subject, what does the Rule of the Third Order prescribe in regard to prayer? The prescription in question, Article 6, Chapter II of the Rule, reads as follows:

"Tertiaries who are ecclesiastics, inasmuch as they read the Psalms

daily, need do no more under this head. Laymen who recite neither the canonical prayers nor the prayers in honor of Mary commonly known as the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, must say twelve Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glory be to the Fathers each day, unless they are prevented from doing so by ill health."

It is plain from this text that the twelve Our Fathers etc. are not prescribed absolutely—for all Tertiaries. Such as daily recite the Divine Office or the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin are expressly exempted from saying extra prayers as Tertiaries. It makes no difference that they may be obliged to say the Divine Office, either, as in the case of priests, because it is a duty of their state, or because they have freely bound themselves thereto by a promise or a vow. The Rule says simply: if they daily recite one of the two offices named, they need do no more under that head. The evident purpose of the Rule, therefore, is to have Tertiaries daily engage in vocal prayer to such an extent as is deemed practically necessary for an exemplary Catholic in the world.

You will say, perhaps, that you see nothing in all this to mitigate the severity of the Rule for you, as you do not only not recite but have never even read either of the offices in question. Most likely not; but you all surely recite some Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glory be to the Fathers daily; and if you are accustomed to say as many as twelve of them a day now, you will not be obliged to do more under that head if you become Tertiaries. That is the point I wanted to make. The Rule nowhere says, neither does it imply that twelve extra Our Fathers be said; that they be said for a certain intention, at a certain time, a certain place, in a certain position or a certain manner. It prescribes merely that twelve Our Fathers etc. be said daily; the time,

place, manner,—all else is left to the option of each.

It is an easy guess that some of you are now mentally taking stock of your daily prayers to see whether you can muster up the required number. I will help you. But first let me make the rather superfluous observation, by way of reminder, that an Our Father or Hail Mary does not cease to be such because it happens to be a part of some other form of prayer; e.g. your morning or evening prayer, or your thanksgiving after Holy Communion. Only recently a Tertiary complained to me: "Oh, those twelve Paters and Aves! They seem so little, and I miss them so often." And this Tertiary attends Mass and receives Holy Communion every day!—What daily prayers, then, do you say? Being sodalists, I have a right to expect of you that you say your morning and evening prayers and a prayer before and after each meal. If you do not say these prayers, you will nevertheless not deny, I am sure, that you ought to say them; that there was a time when you did say them; that you have again and again resolved to say them; and that when you have neglected them, you have had a longer tale of woe at your monthly Confession than when they were said. With this supposition granted as a basis, let us begin our computation.

The custom of saying an Our Father and Hail Mary before and after meals is perhaps no longer so common as it used to be; yet it is still observed in many Catholic homes where grace is said aloud by all. At any rate, when we remember that "man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that cometh from the mouth of God," and that it is all God's benefits, the spiritual nourishment even more than the bodily food, that we ask and give thanks for at meal time, we shall not consider it much to say an Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory be to the

Father before and after each meal. By doing this three times a day you will easily acquit yourselves of half the required number; but there remain six more to be accounted for. Well, let us see:—are there none in your morning and evening prayers? You all have certain special needs—special intentions that you pray for. I do not suppose I can make a list of six that will include them all; but I can name six that have a wide appeal, and that will suffice for my purpose. The three Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glory be to the Fathers in the morning will be—let us say—one for your parents, one for your brothers and sisters or other relatives and friends, and one in honor of your Guardian Angel for yourself. Add three more in the evening—one for the dying, one for the Poor Souls, and again one for yourself, this time in honor of your patron saint, or in honor of St. Joseph for the grace of a happy death, and the herculean task is accomplished.

Will you still say that the twelve Our Fathers are impossible, that you have no time for them, that you can not be praying all day? I have gone into these details and apportioned the prayers to different parts of the day just to show you that they are practically equivalent to, and can be made to coincide with, the ordinary prayers which every good Catholic should say daily. Indeed, there are many Catholics outside the Third Order who do more than this, and no one considers them over-pious either. If you only reflect that God gives you 1440 minutes every day, you will not consider it overmuch to devote six of them to vocal prayer; and the prayers required of Tertiaries can be said in six minutes with ease. But the

Third Order "office" might also easily be said entirely apart from, and in addition to, these customary prayers. While going to, or returning from, your place of work, or while actually engaged in work, how many times a day does not an opportunity present itself to you of saying an Our Father and Hail Mary without the least loss of time and without any one else being the wiser? Where there is a will there is a way.

It is far from my mind, of course to advise Tertiaries to be satisfied with the minimum of prayer that is required of them, and I am confident that the great majority of them will not be so satisfied anymore than priests and religious are satisfied with the recitation of the Divine Office. But I am not now speaking of what the more zealous Tertiaries or even the average Tertiary will do. Naturally, star differeth from star in the Third Order as in every other institution. Priests are not all equally zealous, nor are all nuns equally pious and devout even though they observe their respective Rules without a fault. What I am insisting on is the least that is required of Tertiaries in point of vocal prayer; and I think you will now agree with me that it is after all not very much; that it is in fact almost the minimum expected of any Catholic who values his Faith, as he ought, as his greatest treasure; and that, consequently, no Catholic deserving the name can object against the Third Order that it prescribes too many prayers.

With my very best wishes to you all, I remain,

Yours for Our Lady and St. Francis,



THE RENUNCIATION

By *Fr. Francis de Sales Glièbe, O. F. M.*

CHARACTERS

Francis	Federigo	} sometime companions to Francis
Pietro Bernardone, his father	Gualtieri	
Giovanni, his friend	Querce	
Guido, bishop of Assisi	Robusto	
Attendants, Pages	Rosso	

SCENE.—*Assisi*

SCENE. 1. *Outskirts of Assisi. Mountains in the distance. Enter FRANCIS and GIOVANNI*

Fran. 'The net is broken, we are freed.' No more,
I pray you, speak of turning back. Unshaken
My purpose stands, as yonder mountain firm.

Giov. Love bids me yield as love led me to censure.

Fran. Never retrace my feet the olden paths.
Forbid it God, the erring ways of youth
I should resume, and walk again amid
Those tangling snares which nigh beyond release
Had trapped my soul.

Giov. Your pardon, Francis; love,
Not wisdom was my counsellor.

Fran. 'Tis well,
Giovanni. And be assured, sweet friend, did you
Partake the smallest tith of that delight
God has vouchsafed to me these latter days,
Wisdom would join with love, and bid you hold
Thrice-blessed him who, though the least in merit,
Is called to leave all earthly things, unfettered
To serve and follow Christ, his Lord and King.

Giov. Some little part of that unseen delight
Methinks I see reflected in your face,
Albeit too gross be yet my inner sense
To feel aught of your heavenly transport.

Fran. Seest thou, Giovanni, yon mountain's giant bulk?
I ever loved to view its Titan form
Rise like a monument of measureless
Dimensions, cloud cleaving, and pointing where
He dwells who set its base immovable
When time began. But, 'twas with reverent eyes
I looked, and distant. I looked and marvelled.
I listened, and I heard its unheard voice
Of praise. I heard and wondered speechlessly.
I feared to approach the mighty mass; I feared
To fret the awful peace; I dared not join

The silent hymn. Yet now—O wondrous change!—
It seems so other than before: as if
All awe had fled, and love alone remained.
How small to me has grown the enormous shape!

Giov. I understand you not.

Fran. Small, Giovanni,
Not to my outer sight, but to my inner gaze;
Small to my heart, so charming small that I
Can love it, love it as I love a child.

For such it is; though not of flesh and blood,
Yet sure a child of God's great might and wisdom.
Giov. 'Tis growing light within me more and more;
I think I have your drift, speak on, good Francis.

Fran. Why, all that here of nature's beauty feeds
My senses, see, the river's limpid stream,
The stately trees that skirt its winding banks,
The shrubs, the leaves, the thousand laughing flowers,
The myriad-featured life that breathes and moves
And leaps with joy in our great mother's bosom,
All, all seem now so close to me, so next
My heart, that I could them with one embrace
Enfold, and cry aloud: ye are my brothers,
Ye are my sisters. O come, fair creatures, come,
One is our God, one Father made us all,
Come, praise we our Highest, Mightiest, Kindest Lord.
I would the sun did hasten to its setting,
And let the evening hour come on apace.

Giov. Why, Francis, are you, living nature's lover,
Impatient for the death of day?

Fran. Have you
Forgotten, friend, what life for me will spring
From this day's death?

Giov. Too well, alas, I know
What you would say.

Fran. Say not alas.

Giov. I must;
I cannot speak but what I feel.

Fran. And I
Cannot but speak what I desire with all
My heart. 'Twill cost a pang, full well I know,
A very death of pain; yet in the power
Of Him who so with joy o'erfloods my soul
That e'en the pain is turned to joy, with God,
My strength, I will go forth and stand the trial.—
My father has declared me of all right
Bereft to be his heir; and strict demands
That openly in Bishop Guido's court
I ratify the act, and all renounce.
Be 't so. There is another Father above.
Arise, and let us go.

Exeunt.

SCENE 2. *Assisi. A street.*

Enter FEDERIGO, GUALTIERI, QUERCE,
ROBUSTO *and* ROSSO.

Gualt. Well planned, and well adopted, comrades. To-morrow, then we meet at Federigo's country home. Federigo is the most hospitable man of Assisi; as generous as he is stout, and as stout as he is good natured. *Evviva* Federigo!

All. *Evviva* Federigo!

Gualt. But what of this evening? Have you thought of that?

Rob. It isn't worth a thought,—a spectacle for dolts and idiots.

Rosso I say, what spectacle? Is it a fete you speak of? a feast? Give me feasts; they never come too often, or last too long for Rosso. I tell you, friends, gay company mixed with plenty of wine is your only preserver of ruby cheeks and—red hair; it is the fountain of perpetual youth. Let those silly adventurers who tour the world to find the magic spring leave off their search, and come to me. I'll dip them in a bottle of sparkling wine some three or four times, and they'll swear they found the fountain of youth.

Querce You speak as if you had come fresh from the fount.

Rosso Now, comrade, slander me not. I'm as sober as a bishop.

Gualt. Well, you had better be this evening, when you come to the Bishop's court to witness Francis on the stand.

Rosso O now I have you. But, to speak truly, I am not much given to such diversions; in fact, I dislike court scenes; they don't appeal to my refined taste; they're too seriously serious, and you know there's no cleverer thief of youth or surer destroyer of manhood or crueller shortener of life than this your long fiddle faced seriousness. Give me mirth and cheerfulness; it is the only cure for dyspepsia, and the one thing that makes life worth living.

Querce 'Tis all too serious, what we will see this evening. Our sometime glorious leader fallen to such folly!

Fed. Yes, and have you observed how serious Bernardone is in the affair?

Querce Indeed, he means to urge before the Bishop the sanction of the sentence of disinheritance which he has already pronounced against his son.

Gualt. He need not fear to lose his case. The accused will surrender more than the accuser will demand. Francis is resolved to renounce all claims to his father's fortunes; nay, he purposes to break every tie that binds him to the world to live a life of seclusion and utter poverty.

Rosso He needs a good long draught from my fountain.

Gualt. Wine is good, Rosso, but it is no panacea.

Rob. No, it cannot cure poets or madmen.

Querce Indeed, 'twould only make them rave the more.

Rosso I am sure that Francis is mad; but I am not sure that I could not cure him.

Rob. Physician, heal thyself.

Querce It does seem out of question that Francis is gone mad.

Fed. This evening's scene will top his follies, and prove beyond a doubt that he's gone mad.

Rosso Well, let us grant them that he's gone mad. He's mad, and he's gone. And now comes the question, who'll come? who'll come in his place? *Hic haeret aqua*, my teacher used to say when Vergil got stubborn, and refused to deliver his meaning to my poetical mind. I believe he was quoting from some mad poet or other. Now then, comrades, who'll be our leader, since our leader is gone mad, is mad, and is gone?

Gualt. How will you do for a leader?

Rosso I your leader! Save the mark! I'd be a brave leader in truth. I vouch I could lead a team of pensioned jades which had mettle in them a generation ago, but Lord spare me, I'd bethink me twice before I ventured to lead a set of unbroken colts such as you are.—I propose Robusto.

Fed. Robusto would make a strong leader.

Rob. I decline the honor. I propose Federigo.

Gualt. Federigo would make a stout leader.

Querce Bah, Federigo leader!

Gualt. Bah, Robusto leader!

Querce They couldn't lead a thread through a needle's eye.

Gualt. No, nor a cow through a field of clover.

Querce No, nor a bride to the altar.

Gualt. No, nor a thief to the halter.

Querce No, nor themselves through the street—

Rosso If they stayed too long at the fountain—

Querce Without elbowing posts and jostling passersby.

Fed. Nay, friends, jostle not my corpulency so with your jests.

Rob. Nor my muscle with your gibes, or by Hercules, I'll test it on some of you; and I assure you, it will not operate gently.

Rosso Fie on your boasting, Robusto. Were I not so extremely peace loving I'd dare you to test it on me.

Rob. Fie on your trifling, Rosso. Were I not sure that you are playing you should quickly regret your challenge.

Fed. All this is honorably acquired, by honest labor gained.

Rosso Ay, by honest labor at the table. Federigo labors most honestly at meals.

Rob. And all this is nobly got, not by whining elegies and sighing sonnets, but by sturdy exercise.—But enough of this banter. What will you do? Will you all to the Bishop's this evening?

- Querce* I'll go, if no one goes besides.
- Gualt.* Let us all go. Things may take a happier turn than we expect. Giovanni has spoken home to Francis; and that gives us some hope.
- Rosso* My hope is small; for Giovanni has small power of persuasion. Though he be a poet, he has not drunk deep enough from the Pierian spring, I mean the fountain of youth. Well, let us go and see.
- Gualt.* Agreed then, comrades? Good. We'll all be there to-night. Till then adieu! *Exeunt.*

SCENE 3. *Assisi. A room in the Bishop's house. Guido is seated on a throne, surrounded by attendants and pages. Among those present are Gualtiere, Federico, Querce, Robusto, Rosso, Giovanni; most conspicuous are Bernardone and Francis.*

- Att.* Pietro Bernardone!
- Bern.* Here.
- Att.* Francis,
Pietro Bernardone's son!
- Fran.* Present.
- Rosso* How solemn!
- Rob.* As a funeral.
- Querce* Not one
But looks as he were come to sing a dirge.
- Fed.* Or see an execution done.
- Rosso* I'll sing
No dirge, that's pat; my ear is false to all
But joyful music. However I'll stay to see
The execution.
- Guido.* Now, Pietro Bernardone,
What is your plaint?
- Bern.* My lord 'tis known to you,
I think, that Francis here, my son, has grown
More stubbornly perverse of late in follies
Which vainly I have labored to expel
From his religion craze infected mind.
His conduct is a blot upon our house.
And since of his own will he has so far
Estranged himself from home and kin, I'll stretch
The distance more, yea to the farthestmost,
And make him utter stranger to his own.
I disinherif Francis.—
And press that publicly, before the Church,
In presence of his lawful Bishop he
Renounce in legal form all right and claim
To be his father's heir.—This is my suit.
- Guido.* Bernardone, you are severe, though not,
Perhaps, unjustly so. 'Tis known to me,

The strange and seeming obstinate conduct
 Of Francis, your sometime beloved son.
 'Seeming,' I say, for I dare vouch that not
 Into the depth we see of his large soul,
 Or true divine his truest motive yet.
 This trial with others he of late has borne
 With saintlike fortitude, why be they not
 The tears that they must shed who'd reap in joy,
 The fruitful drops that needs must water each
 Young tree that strives to rise to stately height
 And grow to goodly shape and beauteous form.
 For what good cause e'er 'scaped the storm and stress
 Of envious opposition? No great work
 Is born but in travails, none reared and wrought
 To end but in the crucible of pain.
 However let us hear what Francis has to say.

Gualt. Methinks his lordship is as kind as he
 Is wise.

Rosso Kind rather in this case than wise.

Querce Hush! mark what Francis now will say and do.

Fran. My gracious lord, what shall I say but that
 I thank you from my inmost heart! A good
 Shepherd thou'st ever been to me: feeding
 Most tenderly with pasture of thy counsel
 Me, hungry lambling thine, rejoicing too
 Full oft the lowliest of thy flock with marks
 Of love and words of sweetest gentleness.
 Most kindly thou hast called me 'seeming' stubborn;
 So please you, good my liege, let me too call
 My father's course but 'seeming' hard. But so,
 I do aver, it is to me. Nay, not
 So much. It is a boon that comes to me
 Acceptable a thousand times more than
 The added worth and excellence of all
 His former gifts. And knew I words or means
 To show proportionate regard and thanks
 To pay them were my first and latest thought.
Guido. Thou'rt willing then, my son, to sacrifice
 The inheritance?

Fran. O call it not, my lord,

A sacrifice! A privilege 'tis which I
 Can never duly prize. Willing? O eager
 Am I to quit the sordid goods of earth
 That I might gain the First and Only Good.
 I hunger to renounce all that I have
 Or had, or can obtain. Never did I
 So willing take, as now I give. I give?
 O pardon me, Great God, to say I give.
 Can man, poor man, give aught to Thee? to Thee
 Who gavest all to him? Is 't not Thy due?
 And is it not my gain, my sovereign gain

To lose the creature so I find the Creator?
 Yes, sweetest Lord, I do not give, but take,
 Receive from Thee—Thyself, my God, my All.
 What have I more in heaven, and upon earth
 What can I yet desire? Thou art my God,
 My heart's own God, my portion in the land
 Of those that live forever and forever.—
 Here, father, here, I give thee back each thing
 Thou ever gavest me. More than enough
 Have I in having nothing, but my God.

Returns money, jewelry, etc.

Leave all, and thou shalt find all. O how true!—
 Here, take my very garments. I would fain
 In all be like to Him who had in life
 Not where to rest His head, and whom in death
 No shroud was deigned but nakedness,
 No tomb or epitaph but poverty.

Doffs his mantle and appears in hair shirt.

Guido. Come, Francis, come; warm thee at my father's heart.

Fran. It is consummated. Now can I say
 And truly pray: Our Father who art in heaven.

THE GUIDE OF PADUA

By Mary J. Mulloy

ECCO, ecco, la bella angiola! la
 bella angioletta! Our blessed
 Antonio hath given her sight!
 Ah, what a day for Padua—our An-
 tonio shows already how great a saint
 he is—and 'twas but yesterday he
 left us! *Evviva, evviva Antonio!*"

Through the enthusiastic crowd
 that surrounded and hemmed him in,
 came a man, carrying in his arms a
 little child of two or three, whose
 beautiful face was indeed the face of
 an angel. Four or five men in the
 garb of boatmen companioned him,
 striving, but in vain, to clear a pas-
 sage for him and his precious burden.
 The child's large eyes looked out calm
 and unafraid upon the surging multi-
 tude, lifted out of itself with a mighty
 emotion, her sweet lips parted in a
 smile of pleasure as kindly arms were
 flung out to her, and caressing hands
 laid softly against the velvet of her
 cheek and on the silken curls that

covered the head laid happily upon
 her father's broad shoulder. Many
 spoke him, but for them he had no
 words. There was that within his
 breast which left his tongue impotent
 for all speech; he merely nodded his
 head and looked on the little one, as
 question after question of the miracle
 of Antonio, wrought upon his child,
 was put him by eager inquirers. Then
 one of the boatmen, Leonillo by name,
 took pity on him and answered in his
 place: "*Si, messires*, it is the Blessed
 Antonio that has done this thing.
 Our *Capitano's* little Eurilia came
 into the world blind and unseeing—
 to-day he brought her to the bier of
 the Father, up there in the square of
 the *Santissima's* church, and see for
 yourselves! *Si, si*—he is indeed *il*
Santo—a great *Santo*! *Bambina*,
 show thy two pretty new eyes—lift
 thy head, little one, that all may see.
 But of your goodness, *messires*, hin-

der us no more. Two hours sail down the river have we—we can not even wait the Mass of the Blessed One, for see, at Caravaggio, over there, the ill and sorrowful mother of the *bambina* waits the return of her child. The good Antonio will hold us no ill will that we leave him in such haste, for see, the *madre* waits—”

“Thou art right—take the child at once to her mother, that her joy know no delay. Good people, let us pass,” spoke a tall friar, stepping out suddenly from the crowd. His hood, in spite of the warmth of the June day, was pulled down so far over his face that none could distinctly see his features, but the tones of his voice carried with them an authority to which the multitude involuntarily yielded.

The father, relieved, turned and strove to thank him as a clear pathway appeared before him, but with a forbidding, though gentle gesture, the friar pointed ahead, and the little group hurried away toward the river-side, where lay their waiting boat. The curious crowd, already diverted, rushed back to the square in front of Santa Maria's, where the Blessed Antonio lay in a state to which he would never have consented in life. Here by the river, all was quiet and still. Only a low continuous hum of what was transpiring in the town above came to their ears. A peace lay upon all about that entered into the hearts of the small party and calmed every feeling of wonder, excitement and even of joy that had so lately filled them. The rugged and weather-beaten boatmen trudged on ahead, turning ever and anon, with the quick sympathy of their race, to smile back at their *Capitano* and his Eurilia, their rapid gestures and quick speech toned to unusual moderation. The little one lay quietly in her father's fond clasp; her beautiful eyes, new-born to the light, wide and shining, fixed themselves steadily upon the tall

friar who walked at their side, but a little apart. The father, holding her close, seemed to feel a comfort of the friar's nearness, glancing often in his direction. His face, tense with emotion, gradually relaxed and softened till the reality of his happiness took possession of him and he spoke out:

“Goest thou with us to Caravaggio, *frate mio*? If so, gladly will we welcome thy company,” he said, wondering within himself that the *frate* should leave Padua on such a day, nor stay to witness the entombment of his great dead brother.

“Nay,” said the friar, “I have left my burden at Padua, and go in haste to mine own country. Thy way is the same to me as any other.” Then he fell silent again, and the *Capitano*, wondering still more, felt a strange reluctance to further speech. Eurilia stirred in his arms. Into her eyes came a clear light and brightness. She turned them away from the *frate*, on whose figure they had been fastened, and looked into those of her father with a directness of regard that increased his bewilderment. Great waves of joy swaying his heart as he gazed back into their depths, he cried aloud, “*O frate mio*, and you, *amici miei*, praise God for me and the Blessed Antonio, for that he hath done my child such favor!”

A rush of tears rained down his cheeks. Through their blur, it seemed to him that a sudden play of light, disappearing so quickly that he scarce knew whether he had really seen or not, flashed above the cowed head of the friar walking near him, and at the same time little Eurilia moved again and turned her eyes on his with that same strange and clear regard; and still, through his puzzle and bewilderment beat those strong waves of happiness, even stronger, upon the shores of his heart.

By now they had come to the river bank. The boatmen busied themselves in getting their sloop ready

with an alacrity that soon had them putting out for the goal where the mother lay, waiting in hope and fear the coming of her *bambina*. The friar walked over to the bow of the boat and stood there silent and motionless, his face, unseen of the others, turned toward the distant port.

"The holy *frate*! He prays while we laugh and jest," said Leonillo, feeling no restraint in the presence of the man of God, but rather unusual exaltation of spirit.

"Thou knowest that trade much better than his," said another, Matteo. "The power of thy prayer, Leonillo, will move no mountain."

"Nay," answered Leonillo, more than half-offended, "I can pray as well as thou—my prayer, 'tis true, may not move the mountain as quickly as thy chant, oh Matteo,—*ecco*, at that would it skip, as says the Vesper psalm of *Domenica*, and leave thee far behind!"

"*Si, Si*, 'tis thou who art the singer, Leonillo!" retorted Matteo. "See, Fra Bernardo hath once taught him the hymn our Father Antonio so loved—but we, who have not the ears of the *Santo*, to whom all is good, say aloud our *Deo gratias* when Leonillo hath finished his *O Gloriosa Domina*!"

A laugh went heartily about, in which Leonillo joined as cheerfully as the others, his quick anger dying out—it seemed as if no cloud could shadow the sunshine of God's favor, that day shown them. His warm light lay all about them; His skies shone blue above them; His blessings folded them in.

And so sped the first hour.

In the second, those skies grew black with sudden storm: the sunshine was gone, darkness lay over all, shattered and riven at fearsome intervals with red lightnings. Strong winds arose and blew them from their course—the sturdy vessel groaned

and shivered, feeling the agony of combat through all its shuddering timbers. No longer could *il Capitano* or his crew tell where they were—despair seized upon all hearts.

"Was it for such end that from thy bier of death thou didst unseal the eyes of my child, O Antonio!" cried the unhappy father.

"*Frate mio, frate mio!*" Leonillo turned to the friar who, through all the tempest, still stood, silent and motionless, at the bow,—*"Pray thou to God for us! Pray thy blessed brother Antonio to come to our help—we perish!"*

"We perish! Antonio! *Beatissime! Santo!* come to our aid!" cried the others, falling to their knees on the plunging deck.

Then the little Eurilia suddenly started up from the shelter of her father's despairing clasp.

"ANTONIO!" she called, stretching out her arms to the hooded figure in front of her.

There was an instant of awestruck hush.

The friar turned slowly towards them. His cowl fell back, exposing a countenance on which no mortal could look undazzled. With face uplifted to heaven, he threw out one hand commandingly, pointing straight before him to the hidden shores. A burst of glorious light encircled him as he stood—from each finger of his lifted hand long rays beamed forth and stretched and spread, till before them lay a pathway of radiant clearness, through which they sailed in a velvet smoothness of waters, the dying storm left far behind, the darkness vanishing like the mists of early morn. And they saw Antonio no longer; but right before them lay Caravaggio, and the bells of all its churches rang out the evening Angelus, and all God's world was happiness and joy.

ST. ANTONY—THE APOSTLE OF JUSTICE

By Marian Nesbitt, Tertiary

A S year by year the feast of the world-beloved Saint of Padua comes round, we recall with never failing wonder and admiration each familiar incident in a life, every stage of which was a definite preparation for the next. We picture him as a lovely little child in his happy sheltered home, with parents—young, noble, wealthy; but what was of far more importance—“just before the Lord, and scrupulous observers of His commandments.” We watch him developing into a gifted, handsome, and exceptionally charming boy, dowered with that singular purity of heart, and grace of manner which, even in those early days, exerted a marked fascination. We see him with “the dew of his youth” upon him, and “the beauty thereof as the angel’s” receiving the white habit of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. We imagine his peaceful, cloistered life of prayer and study at Lisbon, and later in the great monastery of the Holy Cross at Coimbra, where the religious observed their Rule with the most rigorous exactitude. We know the effect produced upon his soaring spirit by the glorious death of the first Franciscan martyrs, and how he himself felt called to tread the rough pathway of penance in the steps of *Il Poverello*. All this, I say is familiar, to us as an oft-told tale. But do we realize quite as fully that he was not only “Blessed Brother Antony,” the noted preacher and teacher, “shedding abroad the light that was in him”—the miracle-worker, called even in his life time, not merely a saint, but *the Saint*; that he was also one of the most learned men in the Franciscan Order, inspired with an enthusiastic and consuming desire to serve his Divine Master in

and through that Order; an idealist in the best and highest sense of the term; yet, at the same time, an ardent and very practical social reformer?

It has been said of St. Francis, that he was the Apostle, the lover, and the friend of the poor and oppressed, and these words might be applied with equal truth to his Eldest Son; for Fra Antonio brought all the weight of his personal influence—and we know how powerful that influence was—to bear upon the burning questions of the day, and to mitigate as far as possible the evils of the troublous times in which he lived. Italy was torn by civil strife. Heresy, infidelity, and even atheism were sending up poisonous shoots in all directions. Worldliness, irreligion, luxury, and unbounded extravagance were not less prevalent in Padua than elsewhere. It was at this period (1222), “a rich and flourishing city, the seat of a recently founded university,” to which hurried numbers of eager young scholars. Indeed, history tells us that every country in Catholic Christendom had its representatives there. A common language—the Latin tongue—was widely spoken. Intellectual kinship and rivalry took the place of the petty feuds and factions which divided province from province, and realm from realm; and the poorest mendicant student stood on exactly the same footing as the son of the proudest noble, whilst scholars of all ranks flocked to St. Antony’s lectures, both at Bologna and Padua. It is with the latter city, however, that we are at present concerned; and, in this connection, it may be noted, that so terrible had the scandal of usury become that the authorities had serious fears that their univer-

sity might be removed to Vercelli.

In every class, an overmastering love of pleasure urged men and women to procure money at no matter what cost. For this reason, they had no alternative but to seek the assistance of usurers, "many of whom were Jews, and all of whom exacted the most exorbitant rates of interest—twenty-eight per cent being general in St. Antony's day, and fifty or sixty not unusual." (See *Life of St. Antony*, by C. M. Antony.)

The university authorities, realizing the full extent of the evil, did their utmost to reduce the interest demanded from students, to five or six per cent. But all their efforts proved unavailing, and twenty per cent was the lowest fixed rate they could obtain.

It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine the financial state of most families in Padua under such conditions. With no means of raising money except through the relentless usurers, they sank deeper and ever deeper into an abyss of insolvency, from which there was no possibility of escape. The existing law regarding debtors was extraordinarily rigorous; for they might be seized, and either banished or imprisoned for life, forfeiting at the same time all their goods.

In no instance does our Saint preach with a more inspired or impassioned fervor than on this subject. He compares money lenders to reptiles and vultures, and implores his hearers to subdue their insatiable desire for wealth, which placed them in the power of such pitiless extortioners. "The usurer," he cries, in that compelling voice which was in very truth the voice of the soul, "the usurer is worse than Judas. That traitor, having sold the Blood of his Divine Master, brought back to the priests and princes the thirty pieces he had received, but the usurer guards and keeps his unjust gain."

Not alone, however, did St. Antony lash these wrong-doers with scathing eloquence, he entreated their victims with "gentle, devout, and holy words," warning them of the risk they were running in giving way so completely to the sin of guilty extravagance, which was the real root of the evil; and he used—as has already been said—all the fascinating force of his influence to such effect, that the iniquitous law regarding the treatment of debtors was altered; for records tell us that on March 15, 1231, "a statute was passed, which enacted that no citizen who yielded all his goods, should henceforth be punished for debt by life imprisonment or banishment." It is, moreover, distinctly stated in the same document, that the decree was passed as a result of Blessed Antony's unceasing efforts.

It has been well said that our dear Saint "was an orator with the supreme and supernatural gift of touching the hearts of his listeners." Nor can we doubt that he was the first preacher of his day. His sermons wrought miracles of grace; and "so anxious were the people to hear him," remarks Jean Rigauld, "and so great were the crowds that collected, that daily stations had to be erected in all the churches," which soon became too small to contain the multitudes, who thenceforward were "obliged to assemble in the vast meadows and plains surrounding the city." "Then," adds the same biographer, "the most deadly enemies were reconciled, prisoners restored to liberty, usury abolished, debts and ransoms paid, and women of evil life gave up their sin."

Need we ask ourselves what was the source of Antony's unbounded influence?—for his was something far more than eloquence, something above and beyond mere human oratory. No one would wish to deny that his beautiful and highly cultivated mind, his fertile imagination, and profound knowledge of Holy Scripture con-

tributed not a little toward the marvelous results he obtained; but the true secret of his success lay in his outstanding sanctity. Such intense personal holiness, utter self-forgetfulness, and deep humility, combined with a wide and, what may rightly be termed, wonder-working sympathy made him realize the sufferings and joys of others in a way that gave to his compassion a miraculous efficacy. Highly strung, sensitive, and extremely affectionate, he was able to feel for, and to really love, even those heretics and sinners who, wandering amongst the mists and fogs of wrongdoing, were blind to all the beautiful things of earth and of heaven. With ineffably tender pity he sought them out, and guided their steps back to the path they had lost, teaching them—as only a saint can teach—the divine quality of mercy, and that “Heaven means *crowned* not vanquished,” when it says: “Forgiven!”

It is not surprising that, to so zealous a social reformer, the spirit and aim of the Third Order should have made the strongest possible appeal. Indeed, we gather from ancient records, that this “School of Perfection” was very dear to his heart. He saw, as his Seraphic Father had done, what an effective instrument for good it must invariably prove; and “he continually,” we are told, “urged his penitents and converts to enter it.”

There are the strongest grounds

for believing that the important and numerous penitential Fraternity, known as the Columbini, founded by him in Padua, was a congregation of Tertiaries. The members built a church dedicated to Our Lady of the Dove—a singularly suitable title, when we recall the fact that the Columbini were bound by their holy rule to mutual charity, gentleness, and the preservation of social law and order, at a period when party politics, intrigue, and defiance of authority everywhere prevailed.

Perchance, our Saint was addressing this very Fraternity, when he compares “penitents who have crucified the flesh with its desires and affections” to the “lilies of the field, not of the deserts or gardens.” For, like his Seraphic Master, he saw God everywhere, and thus was able to interpret the beauties of the world around him in a very striking and very delightful way. “Hermits flourish in the desert,” he goes on to say; “and monks stand like flowers in their sheltered cloister gardens; but the penitent lives and thrives and blossoms in the field of the world.”

Whole volumes might well be written on St. Antony’s work as a social reformer; in this respect, as in all things else, he showed his stupendous energy and the sanctity that makes him the brightest gem in the Franciscan Crown.



FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.

CHAPTER IX

Franciscans Lead—Custody of Zacatecas—Brother Augustin Rodriguez—His First Exploring Tour—Viceroy Grants Permit—Father Lopez and Santa Maria—Volunteer Guards—Expedition to the Rio Grande—Pueblo Indians.

LESS than forty years sufficed to all but wipe out the memory of Fr. Marcos's achievement; and Coronado's march through New Mexico to Quivira, by the year 1580, had become a hazy tradition coupled with the wildest notions about the geography and the inhabitants. Gold had not been found there; the rest mattered little to greedy adventurers and selfish politicians.

The newly discovered country was inhabited, however, and that fact mightily interested insatiable missionary zeal, ever on the alert to win souls for Christ. Again it was a son of the Seraph of Assisi whose ardent desire for the extension of the Savior's reign succeeded in drawing the attention of both Church and State authorities to the numerous tribes north of and along the Rio Grande del Norte.

Accompanying the conquerors in all their movements northward, the Franciscans were actively engaged in missions among the Indians far beyond Zacatecas, in the Valley of San Bartolomé, as early as 1560. In 1566, the Order even judged it expedient to organize an independent custody, or small province, by separating the four convents in the present State of Durango and the one in Chihuahua from the Province of the Holy Gospel which had its headquarters in Mexico City. The new organization was placed under the patronage of our Father St.

Francis, and called La Custódia de San Francisco de Zacatecas, not because the community at Zacatecas belonged to the new custody (for it actually formed a part of the Province of Saints Peter and Paul of Michoacán), but because the greater portion of the Indian converts were of the Zacatecan tribe.¹

The four convents in Durango were: Nombre de Dios, San Juan de Guadiana (now City of Durango), San Pedro y San Pablo de Topia, and San Buenaventura de Peñol Blanco (now San Juan del Rio). The solitary convent in Chihuahua was situated in the valley of San Bartolomé, near the southeastern border of the State, in the vicinity of Allende and Jiménez.²

To the last-named center of missionary activity came Fr. Augustin Rodríguez, a lay brother, about the year 1578. Mendieta describes him as being a very pious, mortified, and zealous religious, who had come from Spain and received the habit of St. Francis in the Province of the Holy Gospel. When he learned how the brethren fared at the hands of the Chichimécos or savage Indians in the north, Brother Augustin importuned the superiors to let him attach himself to the Custody of Zacatecas so that he might help the Fathers in teaching the catechism to the natives and, if it pleased God, to gain the crown of martyrdom, which some of the missionaries had already secured.

1. "porque la mayor parte de los Indios convertidos eran de la nacion Zacateca." (Arlégui, *Cronica de San Francisco de Zacatecas*, p. 39.)

2. Arlégui, p. 39.

Knowing the good Brother's sterling virtue and ability, and having no doubt that his desire sprang from genuine zeal for the interests of Christ, the Fr. Provincial granted the permission. He was, therefore, incorporated into the smaller province. At his own request, probably, Brother Augustin was sent to the most exposed mission, the Valley of San Bartolomé.³ Instead of harming the new messenger of the Gospel, the savages treated him with the utmost consideration, so that his hopes of martyrdom seemed doomed to disappointment. Patiently, therefore, he sought to ground the converts in the Faith, and meanwhile bore the hardships inseparable from a missionary life on the frontier.

While occupied in instructing the recent converts, Brother Augustin heard of numerous Indians who in the far north dwelt in large, substantial houses, wore cotton garments, and were otherwise quite different from those in the valley of San Bartolomé. Eagerly he listened to the stories about the northern Indians called Pueblos. He appears to have heard of them for the first time, which is remarkable, inasmuch as Fr. Marcos had died a member of the same province but twenty years before. Brother Augustin's zeal once more prompted him to approach the Fr. Custos for permission to visit those strange nations and announce to them Christ, the Savior. The Fr. Custos again acceded to his petition. Without any guards whatever, Brother Augustin

wandered through various wild tribes for two hundred leagues until he arrived at the Rio Grande del Norte in the vicinity of the present Juárez, opposite El Paso.

Seeing the numerous Indian villages on both sides of the river, and thinking of the more advanced Pueblos far up the stream, the good Brother realized, as Mendieta and Torquemada remark,⁴ that, not being a priest, he was altogether unequal to the task that presented itself. Applying the name of *New Mexico*⁵ to the newly discovered territory north of the river, he hastily returned big with a plan which he explained to the Fr. Custos. His project required the cooperation of no less a person than the viceroy, and of the Fr. Provincial of the Holy Gospel. The Fr. Custos, therefore, allowed the enthusiastic religious to proceed to the capital in order to report on the discovery of a new country, and to plead for the requisite license to undertake the conversion of the countless natives in the company of some priests and under the protection of a guard of soldiers.

The viceroy, Conde de la Coruña, granted the petition, as is clear from a letter which he addressed to the King of Spain on November 1, 1582. The first paragraph reads as follows:

In November of the year 1580, a friar named Fr. Augustin Rodríguez, of the Order of St. Francis, came to me and told me that he desired to go to the interior to preach the Holy Gospel beyond the mines of Santa Bárbara,⁶ which are in Nueva Vizcaya. Seeing his great zeal, and that it was reported that along the Conchos River

3. Mendieta, p. 762; Torquemada, iii, pp. 359, 626; Arlégui, p. 213.

4. Mendieta, p. 762; Torquemada, iii, 626.

5. "al cual Mexico por lo numero del gentio le puso este religioso padre (Fr. Augustin) el *Nuevo Mexico* cuando entró la primera vez á convertirlos." (Arlégui, p. 214.)—Mendieta (p. 763) and Torquemada (iii, 626) say that the name was applied by the three friars when they had entered the territory: "Los (tres) frailes prosiguieron su viaje... hasta el Nuevo Mexico, que ellos fueron los que le pusieron este nombre."—Other, modern, writers claim the honor for Antonio Espejo (of whom more later on); but Espejo named the territory *Nueva Andalucía*. His report to the viceroy is clear enough. The beginning reads: "Account of the Journey which I, Antonio Espejo, . . . made at the close of the year 1582, . . . to the Provinces and Settlements of New Mexico, which I named *Nueva Andalucía*."—(*Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, Dr. E. H. Bolton, Editor, p. 169.)

6. Santa Barbara, a mining town in southern part of Chihuahua.

were people where this good purpose might be effected, I granted him the petition to do so, and to take with him other religious, and as many as twenty men who might volunteer to go with him in order to protect them, and as company; and that they might take some things for barter; and that the one whom the friar should name should go as leader whom the others should obey so that they might not cause disorder. I did not give permission for more men to go, because your Majesty had issued instructions that no entries or new discoveries should be made without the express permission of your Majesty. They entered with as many as eight⁷ men who desired to go with them.⁸

Brother Augustin next entreated the Fr. Provincial to allow some able priests to gather the rich harvest of souls. This time, too, the superior yielded to the prayers of his former subject, and allowed two Fathers to accompany the Brother on their perilous journey. Two zealous young priests, thereupon, volunteered and were judged suitable for the arduous task. One, who went as the superior of the little band, was Fr. Francisco López, the son of noble parents in Sevilla. He had received the habit of St. Francis at Jérez in Andalusia, and had come over to labor in the missions subject to the Province of the Holy Gospel. The other young Father was a Catalonian, known by the name Fr. Juan de Santa Maria. He was well versed in astronomy, and had entered the Order at the Capital. His family name is not recorded.

Only nine volunteer soldiers could be secured. Their names are: Francisco Sánchez Chamuscado, the com-

mander, Pedro Bustamante, Hernan Gallégos, Felipe Escalante, Hernando Barrado, José Sánchez, Pedro Sánchez de Chávez, Herrera, and Fuen-salida.⁹ Eight Indian servants and a halfbreed or mestizo named Juan Bautista were also enlisted.¹⁰ The men "were provided with arms for their persons, that is, coats of mail, arquebuses, and armored horses."¹¹

Mendieta, Torquemada and Arlégui relate that the soldiers, who nourished no such lofty and unselfish aims as the three friars, went along for a distance of two hundred and fifty leagues (to San Bartolomé, Arlégui explains), and that then they lost heart and returned to the Capital, whereupon the friars proceeded on their way alone. Arlégui says the soldiers repented when they reached San Bartolomé and discovered no prospects for obtaining the treasures of which they had dreamed.¹² However, unless we assume that the soldiers conspired to make false statements under oath at the examination to which they were separately subjected later, we shall have to conclude that the aforesaid, otherwise very trustworthy, annalists, must have been misinformed. There is no good reason for denying that the soldiers accompanied the three friars to their destination. What happened then may have led Mendieta to make his charge, and this was copied by Father's Torquemada and Arlégui.

The three friars afoot,¹³ and their guard of nine soldiers on horseback,

7. Mendieta and Torquemada have "diez ó doce soldados;" Bancroft (*Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 75), has "eight or nine soldiers... and from eight to fifteen Indian servants."⁷

8. Viceroy de la Coruña to the King of Spain, November 1, 1582, in *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*; p. 158.

9. Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 75; Read, p. 173.

10. Read, p. 173. Bustamante in *Spanish Explorations*, p. 144, has: "the soldiers provided themselves with... and an Indian servant apiece, while the friars took seven Indians from the mines of Santa Barbara, amongst whom was a mestizo, or halfbreed."

11. Bustamante, loco citato.

12. *Cronica*, p. 215. "Habiendo llegado al valle de San Bartolomé se arrepintieron los soldados y como aun no veían el tesoro que soñaban... se volvieron á Mexico."

13. To appreciate the hardships of the three friars one need but travel by train a hundred miles in arid New Mexico, during the summer months, the season that found the friars on the road from about Jiménez, Chihuahua, and then remember that the distance

with as many Indian attendants,¹⁴ set out from the valley of San Bartolomé¹⁵ on June 6, 1581, and went down the same valley until they reached the Conchos River. Wherever an opportunity offered, the friars would preach to the savages along the journey, as Fr. Arlégui relates. They followed the course of the river downward to its junction with the Rio Grande, which they named Guadalquivir. From there they went up the Rio Grande for eighty leagues, which they covered in twenty days, until, on the eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 14, the little party arrived at the first Pueblo village in the region of the present Socorro, to which they applied the name San Felipe, probably in honor of the reigning king of Spain, Philip II. They found the houses of the town built of adobe, two stories high, and whitewashed on the inside. The Indians were dressed in cotton cloth.

Continuing up the stream, the friars and their companions observed many villages on both sides of the river; but they made no stop until they came to another tribe of different tongue. The people received the strangers very kindly, and even kissed the hands of the friars. The inhabitants were clothed in cotton

garments; and their houses, whitewashed and painted, had three stories. They raised corn, beans, gourds, and even chickens, "whereat we gave thanks to our Lord for having provided us with supplies," as one soldier aptly remarks in his testimony.¹⁶

Proceeding up stream, the wanderers encountered another tribe. "These were the finest people we met," the soldier Bustamante writes. "They possessed better towns and houses, and were the ones who treated us best, and gave us the most generously of whatever they had. They have well built houses of four and five stories, with corridors and rooms twenty-four feet long and thirteen feet wide, whitewashed and painted. They have very good plazas, and leading from one to another there are lanes along which they pass in good order. Like the others, they have a good supply of provisions. Two or three leagues distant are other pueblos of the same nation consisting of three or four hundred houses, built in the same fashion. They dress in cotton like the foregoing tribes."¹⁷ Most probably these were the Tiguex Indians, whose principal town, according to Bandelier,¹⁸ was Puaray, which he identified with the ruins opposite Bernalillo.

from the city of Mexico to El Paso by rail is 1970 miles. From there to about Bernalillo the Franciscan trio had to trudge over the rough territory for two hundred miles more with nothing but sandals to protect their feet.

14. The Indians were enlisted in San Bartolomé Valley.

15. Santa Barbara on the 5th and San Gregorio Valley on the 6th, as Bolton explains in *Spanish Exploration*, p. 145.

16. *Spanish Exploration*, pp. 146, 155.

17. *Spanish Exploration*, p. 146. How all this corroborates Fr. Marcos's description, though he understood as much from outside Indians by means of signs only.

18. *Final Report*, Part II, p. 220. "That Puaray existed in 1540 may safely be assumed," Bandelier says a little later, p. 228.

(To be continued)



ON THE PERFECTION OF LIFE

From the Latin of Saint Bonaventure

By Fr. Jasper, O.F.M.

True Humility

SINCE it is necessary for one who with the mind's eye considers his faults, truly to be *humbled under the mighty hand of God* (I Peter, 5,6), I admonish you, handmaid of Christ, that, having obtained a certain knowledge of your defects, *you humble your spirit very much* (Ecclus. 7,19), and think lowly of yourself. For "humility," according to St. Bernard, "is a virtue by which man through a very true self-knowledge esteems himself of little value." By means of this humility our blessed Father Francis thought lowly of himself; *this he loved and sought* from the beginning of his religious life to the end; for this he left the world, and commanded that he be dragged naked through the city, and served the lepers, and in preaching made known his sins and ordered that he be reproached. This virtue, O soul devoted to God, you must learn above all from the Son of God, because He says, *Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart* (Matt. 11, 29). "For he who gathers virtues without humility carries," according to St. Gregory, "dust against the wind." Just as *pride is the beginning of all sin* (Ecclus. 10 15), so is humility the foundation of all virtues. Learn, however, to be *sincerely* humble, not deceitfully, as those who wickedly humble themselves, like hypocrites, of whom the Preacher says, *There is one that humbleth himself wickedly, and his interior is full of deceit* (Ecclus. 19, 23). "For the truly humble man," as St. Bernard remarks, "always wishes to be thought of as of no account, and not to be praised as a humble man."

If you, therefore, wish to attain to

perfect humility, you must tread a threefold path. The first path is the *consideration of God*. You must consider God as the author of all good things; and because he is the author of all good things, we must say to him, *Lord, Thou hast wrought all our works for us* (Isai. 26, 12). For this very reason, you must attribute everything good to him and nothing to yourself, calling to mind that not *thy own might or the strength of thy own hands* (Deut. 8, 17) have wrought the good things you possess; because *the Lord made us, and not we ourselves* (Ps. 99, 3). Such a consideration destroys the pride of those who say, *Our mighty hand, and not the Lord hath done all these things* (Deut. 32, 27). This pride banished Lucifer from the glory of heaven. Lucifer did not consider that he had been made out of nothing, but rather looked upon his beauty and majesty as if *every precious stone was his covering* (Ezech. 28, 13), and the pride of his heart lifted him up; but because *humiliation followeth the proud* (Prov. 29, 23), he was instantly thrown down from the throne of his nobility into the place of extreme degradation, and he who before had been the highest of the Angels became the most wretched among the demons.

O how many Luciferians are there to-day, imitators of Lucifer, sons and daughters of pride whom the Lord endures in patience, although "pride is more easily tolerated in a rich man than in a poor one," as St. Bernard observes. The handmaid of Christ ought then always to be found very humble, since she is to occupy the place of a repudiated angel. For humility alone pleases God, be it in

angels or in men. Do not believe that virginity is pleasing to God without humility. Be assured, Mary would not have become the Mother of God, if pride had been found in her. Therefore St. Bernard says; "Without humility, I dare say, the virginity of Mary would not have pleased God." Hence it follows that humility is a great virtue. Without it, there exists not only no virtue, but this even turns into pride.

The second path is the *remembrance of Christ*. You must remember that Christ was humbled even to the most ignominious kind of death. He became so humble that he was thought as it were, a leper;—wherefore the Prophet Isaias says: *We have thought Him, as it were, a leper and as one struck by God and afflicted* (Isai. 53, 4). Yes, he was humbled to such a degree, that in his time nothing was deemed more vile than he. The same Prophet says: *In humility His judgment was taken away* (Isai. 53, 8); that is to say, so great was his humility, so much had he debased himself, that not one passed the right judgment on him, and that by no one was he believed to be God. If then *our Lord and Master* (John, 13, 14) himself says, *The servant is not greater than his lord; and the disciple is not above the master* (Matt. 10, 24); then must you who are a handmaid of Christ, a disciple of Christ, be little, abject, and humble. O how odious to God is that religious who under a humble garment carries a proud heart, O how worthless is that Christian who sees his Lord humbled and despised, and himself *exalts his heart and walks in great matters, and in wonderful things above him* (Ps. 130, 1). What is more to be detested in a spouse of Christ, what more grievously to be punished in a handmaid of Christ, than that, after the Highest became lowest, and the Immense a little child, man—this rottenness, this worm

presume to magnify himself (Ps. 10, 18)? Of such St. Augustine says, "O dead skin, why dost thou expand thyself? O fetid matter, why dost thou puff thyself up? The head (Christ) is humble, the member (man) is proud,"—as if he said, "It is not right."

The third path which you must tread if you wish to attain to perfect humility, is the careful *study of yourself*. You study yourself when you consider, *whence you came and whither you are going*. Consider, therefore, *whence you came, and know that you were made out of the mass of perdition and out of dust and of the slime of the earth, and that you lived in sins, and are as one banished from the joys of paradise*. Such a consideration drives out the spirit of conceit and banishes it so far that you begin to cry out with the three young men in the book of the Prophet Daniel, *This day we are brought low in all the earth for our sins* (Dan. 3, 37). Consider also *whither you are going*. You are going to corruption and ashes, because *dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return* (Gen. 3, 19). *Why, then, is earth and ashes proud* (Ecclus 10, 9)? To-day you are alive, to-morrow perhaps no more; to-day you are well, to-morrow perhaps ill; to-day you are sane, to-morrow perhaps insane; to-day you are rich in virtues, to-morrow perhaps a poor and wretched sinner. Who, therefore, is so mean a Christian as to dare to be proud, when he sees himself surrounded on all sides by such misery and calamity?

Learn, then, to have a humble mind, a humble gait, humble senses, a humble bearing, for humility alone appeases God's wrath and finds his grace. The Preacher says, *The greater thou art, the more humble thyself in all things, and thou shalt find grace before God* (Ecclus 3, 10). In this way, Mary found grace before the Lord, as she herself avers saying,

He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid (Luke 1, 48). Nor is this to be wondered at, because humility prepares the place for charity, and empties the mind of vanity. For this reason St. Augustine says, "The more empty we are of swelling pride, the more we are filled with charity." And as the water (from the spring) flows into the valleys, so the grace of the Holy Spirit flows in to (the hearts of) the humble; and as the water flows with greater swiftness, the more it descends, so he who walks as a truly humble man, approaches nearer to the Lord to obtain his grace. Therefore the Preacher says, *The prayer of him that humbleth himself, shall pierce the clouds, and it will not be comforted, till it come nigh to the Most High, because the Lord will do the will of them that fear Him, and will hear their prayer* (Ecclus 35, 21).

Therefore, O servants of God, O handmaids of Christ, be ye humble, so that *you never suffer pride to reign in your hearts* (Tob. 4, 14); because you have had a humble Master, namely, Our Lord Jesus Christ, and because you have had a humble Mistress, namely, the Virgin Mary, the Queen of all. Be ye humble, because you have had a humble father, namely, Blessed Francis; be ye humble, because you have had a humble mother, namely, Saint Clare, a model of humility. But be ye humble in such a way that *patience* be the witness of your humility. For the virtue of humility is made perfect by patience, and that is not true humility with which patience is not joined. Well does St. Augustine bear this out, saying, "It is easy to put a veil over the eyes, to have poor and humble clothes, to walk with bended head, but patience is that which proves one to be truly humble," according to the words of the Preacher, *In thy humility keep patience* (Ecclus 2, 4). But, alas, with sorrow I say it, there are many

of us who even in the cloister wish to be proud, although we were only of humble condition in the world. St. Bernard observes, "I see, ah, with great sorrow I see that some, after renouncing the pomp of the world, learn to be proud in the school of humility, and under the wings of the meek and humble Master become more haughty and more unyielding in the cloister, than they would have been in the world; and what is still worse, many in the house of God will not bear to be esteemed lowly who in their own house would have been treated only with contempt."

Therefore I counsel you, dear Mother, and do you admonish your daughters, the virgins consecrated to God, to preserve virginity in humility and humility in virginity. For virginity joined with humility is like a pearl in a golden setting. Therefore St. Bernard says, "Very pleasing to God is that soul in which humility commends virginity, and in which virginity adorns humility."

In conclusion, hear the counsel of your brother, listen Mother, it will please you. Flee from the proud servants (of God) as from vipers, keep away from proud virgins as from evil spirits, shun the company of the proud like deadly poison. And why? Hear the reason. A certain wise man (Julian Pomerius) describes the proud thus: "Every proud man is unbearable; in his clothing he loves superfluity, his gait is pompous, his head erect, his look gloomy, his eyes piercing; he contends for the place of honor; he strives to be preferred even to those better than himself; he boasts of his ideas, words, and deeds; he has no respect for his superiors." You ought, then, to avoid the society of the proud, lest you become like to them. The Preacher says, *He that hath fellowship with the proud, shall put on pride.* (Ecclus 13, 1).

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Conducted for our Women Readers

By Grace Strong

An Ex-Business Woman talks to the June Bride

THE ex-business woman paid me a visit the other day. I had not seen her since the time her resignation had threatened partial paralysis to a big commercial concern, for the ex-business woman had been very successful. I still seem to hear the wail of her distracted employer: "And all that highly developed efficiency to be wasted on running one insignificant house!"

"I see in the *Franciscan Herald* that you are at it again!" she laughed.

"And you recall other days and the old need for copy?" I returned.

"June is coming," she answered, "and that means brides, and homes and new worlds of happiness, or—oh, let us not think of the 'or'!"

"I never do, when I start to talk to June brides," I said.

"The possibility of the 'or' would be shaved down considerably," she began, "if the bride on entering her new home would determine to make a friend of the cook-stove. I know that sounds horribly unpoetic!"

"Advice usually is! But go on!" I admonished.

"I'll unsay that!" she cried. "I'll let imagination show us the stove. There it stands, new and shining and lifeless. She applies the match, gives it life. And now what is that thing she has created going to be, her friend or her foe? her tyrant or her servant? It will be one or the other, and the choice rests with herself.

"Since my marriage, the problem of the home naturally has interested me, and my business training has shown me why, in so many cases, it stays an unsolved problem to the end. I think the business of the home has been sadly neglected. But there are

hopeful signs that science, which has done so much for other departments of the world's work, will eventually be brought into this important one. In the meanwhile, the individuals can do their part.

"And the stove, at present, is a prime factor. A properly fed family has a good chance to be a happy and successful family. Mark, I say properly fed. About as many people are made unhappy by overfeeding as by under-feeding, and the woman who makes herself the slave of the stove is as destructive of the home as the one who neglects it.

"Now a story to illustrate my harangue, and I leave you to your June brides! We once had as neighbors a family noted for its inharmony, to call it by no harsher name. I'll venture to say a meal never passed without a wrangle. The very atmosphere of the house was charged. The charitable called them temperamental, highly strung; those who were not charitable, otherwise. I called them the victims of the cook-stove! On some days that stove would be working overtime, and an array of dishes, over-cooked, under-cooked, or not cooked at all, would be marshaled against that hungry line. Again there were days when the stove would be lighted only to warm over the coffee and heat the contents of the tin cans, collected at the last minute.

"Then the mother fell ill with nervous prostration—at which nobody wondered—and was sent to the hospital. A good colored cook came into the kitchen. She could not write her name, but she could cook, and she seemed to understand that if the bodies of that family had been as carefully nourished as their brains, they would have struck a balance. For the

first time the cook stove began to perform its duty in regular fashion, and it was remarkable how the wrangling gradually began to change to good-natured discussion, and the family could leave the table without some of the members being in a rage, and the others disgusted with the way a family gathering always turned out. Though it meant a sacrifice, the father decided that the cook should stay, and eventually the family lost its reputation for being temperamental or—I seem not to be able to get away from that 'or'!—laughed the ex-business woman, as she took her leave.

A Contrast

The other day, at the restaurant, I found myself seated before the cashier's desk, and I thought I should not care to have that girl's face regularly opposite me at my meals. Yet she had good features, she might have been pretty, and I wondered what she had done to herself. Then a customer approached with his check and a ten dollar bill. If he had hit her, she could scarcely have looked more angry. She scowled, drew in her lips, and all but flung his change at him.

Now one does not break a ten dollar bill just to walk off with a great deal of a cashier's change, so the girl had no reason to feel resentful. And as the man was not even looking at her, her eloquent, if silent, protest was futile. Then I knew why the girl had impressed me as being disagreeable. She wanted the great, big, careless public to toe the mark—*her* mark—and when it didn't, then, as far as she dared, she showed her rancor against it. And the surging public was as much affected as a brick wall is when hit by a rubber ball; while she set the wrinkles deeper on her face and reinforced the bad temper that is spoiling all her nature.

Half an hour later, I was in a

crowded elevator run by another girl. Her face was serene, the smile around her lips had the expression of the habitual. Though some of the passengers fairly bellowed out their numbers, and others snarled when the car gave a jerk, the girl maintained her poise and her smile.

I went past my own floor in order to be alone with her; for I wanted to know how it was that she was able to fill a position mentally and physically trying and yet keep sweet.

"I just try to make the best of it," she said.

What a world of good sense in that answer! Is not that the attitude to take toward every undesirable condition? Has grumbling ever helped anything forward?

The other day I saw the cashier entering a beauty shop to have repairs made. Perhaps if the beauty doctor is honest, she will warn her against frowning; but though she may learn to control the muscles of her face, that will not give it comeliness as long as impatience and discontent sway the soul.

I have often wondered why Catholic girls educated by Nuns do not study the faces of their teachers. You will see Nuns who own to sixty years with faces as smooth and fresh-looking as many a woman of the world at twenty-five, and we know that all the complexion preservatives the Sisters use are soap and water.

Dear girls, you want to keep pretty and young-looking? Then set before you for a pattern that little Sister who taught you. Remember how amid all difficulties, she kept her poise, how she bore her trials with patience, and met her duties with a smile.

M. T.

False Holiness

There is a danger of forming a false idea of holiness. To hear some people talk one would suppose it necessary to leave everything, to throw

away all, to bury oneself in a desert and there devote oneself entirely to prayer and mortification. People then reply that it is impossible, so holiness must be left to the saints; and then betake themselves to a myriad of faults, sins, infidelities towards God. That is to say, under the excuse of not being able to become saints, they make themselves quite easy about their state, and slip on swiftly to their own condemnation. This is an error, invented by the spirit of lies, accepted by the world, favored by the passions, which ask no better than to find a plausible pretext for satisfying the conscience. This is not sanctity. Sanctity consists in the faithful accomplishment of the duties God lays upon us. In this way one who fulfills well the duties of his station in life, and much more, one who fulfills them well for God, will become a real saint—nothing more is needed to reap your heavenly reward.

About a Wild Garden

If you have never had a wild garden, do not allow another year to pass without devoting a shaded, unkempt nook to the cultivation of wild flowers.

During the round of the months from March to October you will have the shy faces of these wildlings to greet you. During March and April come the crocus, snowdrop, bloodroot, spring beauty, adder's tongue, jack-in-the-pulpit, violet, saxifrage and daffodil.

May brings the hepatica, May apple, false solomon's seal, columbine, honey-suckle, dupine, laurel, forget-me-not, and baneberry.

With June come the red wood lily, anemone, flags, lady slipper, day lily, bergamot, yarrow, butterfly weed, and rhododendron.

July's blossoms are meadow rue, jewel weed, queen's lace, bouncing

bet, cardinal flower, tiger lily, phlox, and meadow sweet.

August and September bring marshmallow, fire weed, bee balm, tansy, asters, goldenrod, gentian, and helianthus.

Am I a stone and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath
Thy Cross,
To number, drop by drop, Thy Blood's
slow loss,
And yet not weep?
Yet give not o'er
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd
of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look
once more,
And smite a rock.

—Christina Rossetti.

Questions and Answers

[Address all communications intended for this and The Christian Home department to Grace Strong, in care of *Franciscan Herald*, Teutopolis, Ill.]

"My twelve year old daughter stoops all the time. My telling her to straighten up seems to do no good, only provokes her. What can I do? Mrs. C. L."

Get her interested in calisthenics and deep breathing. Take the exercises with her; they will benefit you and straighten your girl's shoulders. Take her teacher into your plan and let her give an occasional talk on the cultivation of symmetry of form. The desire for beauty is a potent factor in overcoming defects.

"In June, my sister will be four years married. Her husband has returned from oversea duty and we want to make the occasion very pleasant. Are there any special gifts for the fourth anniversary? Miss V. D."

Yes, fruit and flowers. These need not be entirely of the perishable variety. If the young couple own their own home, gifts of rose bushes or other plants for the adornment of their grounds would be lasting reminders of their friends' thought of them on this most happy anniversary; the gift of an apple, peach, or other fruit tree would be one whose value would increase with each year.

FIRESIDE TALKS AND TALES

For our Young Readers

By Elizabeth Rose

God's June Rose

Blood-red upon its stem there grows
 June's richest, loveliest, rarest rose:
 But ah! that rose is not so red
 As the bright drops His pierced Heart
 shed.

Surpassing sweet, beyond compare,
 June's rose doth scent the summer air:
 But ah! no perfume spread around
 Can vie with fragrance of Its wound.

In that fair garden, far above,
 Where bloom the flowers of God's love,
 There, in Its beauty, glows apart,
 God's Rose of June—the Sacred Heart.

A Word to our Young Folk

SUPPOSE a big fine box of all sorts of good things was sent to the home of each one of you every month, with a line saying that there was something inside for everybody in the house but the young people and children—how would you feel? I know how I would if I was a Young People! Well, hasn't this been something the way with the *Franciscan Herald* heretofore? The Editor thinks so, anyway, and he has told me to see to it that for the future the younger members of his Franciscan family get their share of the goodies as well as the older ones. So I have put a few articles in the box this month for you to sample. If you like them, be sure to let me know. Perhaps, as we get better acquainted, I may call on you to help fill the box yourselves each month. And while we are packing together, I think a little chat would help us to become better acquainted still; so whenever you feel like talking to me, just send a letter, in care of Editor of *Franciscan Herald*, to

Your friend,
 Elizabeth Rose.

Lost and Found

IF there were newspapers in heaven, we all know who would be at the head of the "Lost and Found" column. There are few of us who haven't found out for ourselves how good St. Antony is at this business. He has a feast day on the 13th of this month, and it is celebrated the world over. When he was living, he was always doing things for other people, especially helping them in distress. And as for finding things that were lost—well, the story of his life is full of these incidents. Sometimes it was a letter or a sum of money or a valuable book or health or happiness. Whenever he saw others unhappy by the loss of something prized, he immediately prayed God to comfort them and give them back, if it was good for them, the object desired; and this prayer of his was so often answered, that after a while, everybody would run to "good Father Antony" (he was a young priest, you know), whenever in trouble. Many years after his death, which happened in the year 1231, his coffin was opened, and in the midst of bones and ashes, to which his body had turned, like the bodies of other people who were not saints, they found his tongue, that tongue always so ready to praise the good God and generously ask of Him favors for others, just the same as in life—red, fresh, incorrupt. Did this not show how pleased God was with the way he had used it? And St. Antony is still just as kind as ever to people on earth. Whenever he gets you a favor, or finds something for you that has been lost, be sure to thank him by giving him "St. Antony's Bread." That means a kindness to somebody else—a bit

of charity to the poor, a prayer for some one in distress, a *De Profundis* for the dead—anything that will do good to another, living or dead. This is the way St. Antony likes to be thanked—he doesn't want anything for himself, only for others. Is it any wonder that so generous a Saint is such a favorite?

The Dark Day

ON May 17, 1780, soon after the Declaration of Independence and the close of the Revolutionary War, the Legislature of Connecticut was in session at Hartford. In this body were many men who had shown their patriotism by deeds as well as words; men who had served their country on the battlefield, and who were now still laboring for her good, though in more peaceful ways.

Among them was Abraham Davenport, a lawyer of Stamford. He was a distinguished man in his profession, the staunchest of patriots, and with a high character for justice, honesty, and charity. His State had honored him in many ways, and he was one of the leaders in the legislative body assembled in the statehouse at Hartford on this bright spring morning.

The day was without a cloud, clear, and beautiful—perhaps some of those seated in the council chamber thought it a pity to have to be at dry business within: perhaps, with important matters in debate, no attention was paid to conditions without—an almost imperceptible heaviness, that began to steal through the cheerful warmth of May, a hardly perceptible failing of the bright sunlight.

Soon, however, it became apparent to the whole town that a most singular darkness was gradually obscuring the heavens. Then, without an instant's warning, the light of day was suddenly blotted out in a cloudless sky!

Night reigned at noon! The gloom was terrific—the wildest consternation and fright prevailed. Such an occurrence had never taken place there within the memory of any man. This remarkable (and up to the present time unexplained) circumstance had happened before, though at rare intervals, in the history of the world, even in the United States, at Detroit, about eighteen years previously—but it is very probable that in those days of scanty and long-delayed news, Hartford had never heard of such a phenomenon.

The scenes of dismay which followed the extinction of the light were indescribable. The stout hearts of men quailed within them before this mystery of Nature. Cries and prayers arose, for many believed that the Day of Doom was upon them. Business was abandoned, and the panic-stricken people addressed themselves piteously to Heaven.

In the council chamber, none could see the face of his neighbor. The portentous and unparalleled gloom caused many a man to tremble who had never blenched upon the field of battle. One member cried out distractedly:

"Let us adjourn—let us adjourn! The Judgement Day is at hand!"

Then up arose sturdy old Abraham Davenport, as undismayed by the elements as by man:

"That day is at hand, or it is not: if it is, I choose the Lord to find me doing my duty. Bring candles, and go on with the business."

The darkness, which lasted for a couple of hours, lightened at last, and gave way to a new dawn. It fled, leaving behind it—its memory is still recalled in New England as "The Dark Day"—the bright remembrance of a brave man who could look, unshaken, in the face of unnatural terrors because he held Duty

"The highest thing a man may keep."

A Pigeon That Won The D. S. Cross

ONE of our big transports, the Ohioan, came into port at Hoboken, New Jersey, lately, with a distinguished passenger among the several thousand troops it brought home. This was a beautiful blue, white and gray pigeon, *Cher Ami* (dear friend), of Pigeon Company, No. 1, who had proved himself a dear friend indeed to the famous Lost Battalion, of which you have doubtless all heard. *Cher Ami* was one of nine carriers who accompanied this battalion, under command of Major Whittlesey, in the Argonne Forest fighting of last October. For days the battalion was unaccounted for—it was lost, no one knew its whereabouts. Then, just as all hope of tidings of it had been given up, *Cher Ami* came flying into headquarters, and fell, completely exhausted, to the ground. One leg was nothing but a shattered stump, and across his poor pretty breast ran the scar and seam of a cruel German bullet. To the remains of the injured leg hung a tube containing a message from the lost battalion, telling of its whereabouts; how it had fallen into a trap from which it was unable to extricate itself, but was still holding on, refusing to surrender to the enemy. Food and ammunition had about given out, and in desperation they had taken the chances of sending *Cher Ami* out, hoping he might reach headquarters. And he did! It was not long, now that its whereabouts was known, before the battalion was located and rescued. Gen. E. E. Russel, Chief of Signal Corps of the American Expeditionary Forces, has reported the achievement of *Cher Ami* to Washington, with the recommendation that the Distinguished Service Cross be awarded the bird "for valorous services, in excess of the usual line of duty," and Gen. Pershing himself ordered that on the

voyage home *Cher Ami* should be given the privileges of the captain's cabin, and unlimited quantities of "eats." Brave, beautiful *Cher Ami*! long may he enjoy his D. S. Cross in honorable ease and retirement, and long may he be able proudly to relate the story of his wonderful feat to battalions of admiring fellow-carriers!

 What the Bright People Tell Us

Happiness is a wayside flower that grows along the highway of usefulness.—Richter.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song:
But the man worth while is the man
 who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

If you wish to be miserable, you must think only about yourself.—Charles Kingsley.

Cold words freeze people, and hot words burn them, and bitter words make them bitter, and angry words make them angry, and kind words make them good-natured.

By the street of By-and-By we come finally to the House of Never.

Every day is the best day in the year.—Emerson.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—Holmes.

The best portion of a good man's life are his little nameless unremembered acts of kindness.—Wordsworth.

When we have not a good reason for doing a thing, that is the best reason for letting it alone.—Sir Walter Scott.

COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor:

I have received your letter with regard to the advanced price of *Franciscan Herald* and taking advantage of your offer, I enclose \$5.00. I would just as soon pay the \$2.00 as not; for as long as I like the *Herald*, I would have it at any price. You can depend on me being a friend of yours during times of trouble. I also enclose \$2.00 toward the St. Francis Solano Mission Association. I subscribe annually to several other missionary societies, and I am glad to help your cause. I am a poor working girl. But in case I should die and have anything worth giving, I will remember the missions in my last will.

Chicago, Ill. _____ Mary K. Redican.

To the Editor:

Enclosed herewith find check for \$2.50: \$2.00 as renewal, and 50c as an alms to the St. Francis Solano Mission Association. I am very grateful for being afforded the opportunity of being enrolled as a member in the Association. I assure you of my good wishes to assist in every manner possible to further such a noble work.

Gilbert, Ariz. _____ W. E. Patterson.

To the Editor:

I enclose check for \$10.00, for which please extend my subscription for five years. I can not miss the *Franciscan Herald*. I have read every issue published and intend to do so as long as I am able. Mother (the mother also of Rev. Juvenal Emanuel, O.F.M., Chaplain U. S. A., in France), who has always been a subscriber to the *Herald*, passed to her heavenly reward on January 12, 1919. Please remember her in your prayers.

North Bend, Nebr. _____ J. W. Emanuel.

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find check for \$27.00. I wish to contribute \$25 to the missions and to pay for one year's subscription to *Franciscan Herald*.

St. Louis, Mo. _____ K. Helderle.

To the Editor:

Received your letter and am taking advantage of your kind offer. I enjoy the *Herald* very much and I am sure you are making a very generous offer to your subscribers. Enclosed please find \$2.00: one as a subscription and the other as an alms. I have been a subscriber for over ten years (when the *Herald* was still *The Messenger of the Holy Childhood*), and I hope to be

able to take the *Herald* as long as I live, provided it continues to be published. Wishing you all success in obtaining subscribers, I am

Mackinac Island, Mich. _____ D. Murray.

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find remittance in payment of one year's subscription to *Franciscan Herald*. I wish to say that I find the *Herald* very interesting and do not regret the advance in price thereof.

Bradley, Ill. _____ Francis X. Hodapp.

To the Editor:

Your letter of April 3 received. I have often wondered how you were able to publish *Franciscan Herald* at so low a price. It is with great pleasure that I send my check for three year's subscription—the difference to be considered a donation.

Chicago, Ill. _____ A. Heinemann.

To the Editor:

Your letter containing the announcement of increase in the subscription price and also your kind and liberal offer at hand. I am very glad you have not given up your magazine, for I am willing to pay the increase. My subscription is paid up until December, and I will not take advantage of your offer. Before December, I will renew my subscription and I am willing and even more than willing to pay the \$2.00. Enclosed you will find \$5.00 toward the Franciscan Missions. I am sorry that I can not send more. Easter greetings to all.

Springfield, Ill. _____ Joseph C. Bierbaum.

To the Editor:

Herewith my check for \$4.00 to apply as follows: two for my subscription to the *Herald*, and two as a donation to the St. Francis Mission Association. I can truthfully say that you are publishing a most excellent magazine, and that you are justified in demanding the additional subscription rate.

Jordan, Minn. _____ Alois M. Schaefer.

To the Editor:

Your favor of April 3 received and contents noted. In reply, I would state that you are really getting up to date and getting some business "pep" in you. The writer surely is with you and wishes you success. You may renew my subscription for one year and I am enclosing herewith my check for \$5.00 in payment of same.

Pittsburgh, Pa. _____ S. N. Wagner.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College.—Rev. Juvenal Emanuel, O.F.M., a United States military chaplain of the Province of the Sacred Heart, St. Louis, Mo., who is doing service in France, spent his furlough in Rome during the month of March. On his return to France, he visited Assisi. He expressed himself very much pleased with his trip to Italy.—

Rev. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., professor of medieval history at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., was another recent and welcome visitor at the College. He left Rome for Paris on May 7, where he will transact some business at the Peace Conference as a representative of the U. S. Government.—

The Very Rev. Custos of the Holy Land arrived in Rome on March 31. Our Most Rev. Fr. General summoned him to a special conference, owing to the critical condition of present day affairs in the Holy Land, the handling of which requires much counsel and circumspection.

His Holiness Pope Benedict XV has appointed Fr. Columban M. Dreyer, O.F.M., consultant of the Sacred Congregation of Religious. The learned friar is at present Definitor General of the Order.—

The Popular Union of Italy recently lost one of its ablest champions in the person of the deceased Professor Archimede Pasquini. The distinguished savant and statesman was a great admirer of St. Francis and a member of the Third Order, which he looked upon and earnestly recommended as the best means of solving the social problems of to-day.—

From a recent issue of *El Eco Franciscano* we learn to our great satisfaction that in Italy preparations are under way to commemorate with due solemnity the seventh centenary of the founding of the Third Order of St. Francis, for which the best historians assign the year 1221.

Agra, India.—*Franciscan Annals of India*, published by the Capuchin friars at Agra, has been placed in charge of a new editor in the person of the Vicar General, Very Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.M.Cap.

Cork, Ireland.—*Franciscan Annals*, published by the Capuchins in England, acquaints its readers with the interesting fact that "the Very Rev. Fr. Thomas, O.S.F.C., has been elected chairman of the Conciliation Board established in Cork for the settlement of labor disputes."

Tanger, Morocco.—In the city of Tanger, Fr. Bonaventure Diaz, one of the Francis-

can missionaries engaged in those parts, was the object of a public demonstration. It was tendered him in recognition of the eminent services he rendered the civil authorities during the recent epidemic.

Victoria, B. C.—On April 13, Palm Sunday, a feast that is especially dear to every daughter of St. Clare, three candidates were admitted as novices to the Second Order of St. Francis in the Poor Clare chapel of this city. The altars were beautifully decorated with calla lilies and ferns, and a large gathering of friends and benefactors of the Sisters were present at the impressive ceremony. The three young ladies, who were about to become spouses of Jesus Christ, were dressed in bridal array and were led to the altar by flower girls. The Right Reverend Alexander MacDonald, Bishop of Victoria, presided at the ceremony and gave a most inspiring address on the contemplative life led by the Poor Clares in the solitude and retirement of their cloisters. After the investiture with the habit, the novices knelt at the feet of His Lordship to receive their names in religion. Miss Rose A. O'Donnell, of Chicago, Ill., received the name Sister Mary Agatha of Our Lady of Lourdes; Miss Helen M. Ward, of San Jose, Calif., Sister M. Constance of Our Lady of Mercy; Miss Mary Graham, of Toronto, Ont., Sister M. Rita of the Souls in Purgatory. The community of Poor Clares in Victoria, B. C., was established seven years ago on the arrival of three Sisters from the Poor Clare monastery of New Orleans, La. Within this short time the number has increased to seventeen Sisters.

Quincy, Ill., Quincy College.—At a recent meeting of the College fraternity of the Third Order, St. Louis, Bishop, was unanimously chosen patron, and the fraternity will henceforth be known by his name. Under the able and zealous guidance of the Director, Rev. Rupert Hauser, O.F.M., the Third Order is making marked progress among our students, as is evidenced by the large class of novices invested with the Tertiary cord and secular during the present scholastic year. The fraternity now numbers twenty-six professed members and thirty-six novices.

Teutopolis, Ill., Novitiate Convent.—On the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the clerics, in compliance with the request of our Most Rev. Fr. General, commemorated the seventh centenary of the arrival of St. Francis in the Holy Land. Rev. Fr. Guardian opened the celebration with a

High Mass, at which the clerics rendered Singenberger's Mass of St. John the Baptist. The following excellent program, held in the beautifully decorated refectory, was much enjoyed by all present.

1. Introductory Address..... Fr. Patrick
2. Quasi Stella Matutina..... Franz Bieger
Clerics' Choir
3. De Itinere S.P.N. Francisci in Terram Sanctam
..... Fr. Ambrose
4. Die Geschichte der Franciscaner im Hl. Lande
..... Fr. Engelbert
5. Das Kirchlein..... Franz Abt
Clerics' Choir
6. The Crusaders approach Jerusalem..... Tasso
Fr. Angelus
7. Ave Maria..... Franz Abt
Clerics' Choir
8. Present Status of the Holy Land..... Fr. Edwin
9. Hopes and Fears..... Fr. Natalis
10. Papal Hymn..... H. G. Ganss
Clerics' Choir

St. Louis, Mo., St. Teresa's Church.—Many years ago, the Tertiary fraternity of St. Margaret of Cortona was canonically erected in St. Teresa's Church, but in the course of time the fervor of the members subsided. New life was infused into them at the visitation of the Third Order and especially at the grand Tertiary celebration held last September at St. Antony's Church, and the monthly meetings are again being regularly held on the third Sunday of the month. Right Rev. Monsignor Connolly, himself a devout Tertiary, presides at these meetings, and he is endeavoring to imbue the members with the same interest in things Franciscan that fills his own heart.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Old Mission.—On April 6, the Right Rev. John J. Cantwell, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, conferred the Sacrament of Holy Orders in the Old Mission Church on a number of Franciscan clerics, refugees from Mexico: Fr. Agostino Olvera, Fr. Jacome Camacho, Fr. José Rodrigues, Fr. Gabriel Leon, Fr. Daniel Mireles, and Fr. Salvador Rubio were ordained priests; while the following received the Order of Subdeaconship: Fr. Bernardino Perez, Fr. José Perez, and Fr. Francisco Calderon. The Old Mission Church and the Church of our Lady of Guadalupe, as also the chapels of St. Antony's College, St. Francis Hospital, St. Vincent's Orphanage, and of the convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame were the scenes of the solemn first Mass celebrations of the newly ordained priests. To all the happy Levites *Franciscan Herald* extends heartiest congratulations and begs God to expedite the day when they may hasten back to the land of their birth, there to work in the Master's vineyard which has been so woefully overrun during these years of persecution and revolution.

On Low Sunday, April 27, the Right Rev. Joseph S. Glass, D.D., Bishop of Salt Lake, Utah, conferred the holy Order of Deacon-

ship on three other Mexican Franciscan clerics, who are making their theological studies at the Old Mission. The occasion was made very impressive, as the Bishop conferred this holy sacrament in the course of a solemn Pontifical High Mass.

The passing of Rev. Fr. Victor Aertker, O.F.M., on April 17, at the Old Mission brought to a worthy close a long life spent in the service of God and of his fellow men. Fr. Victor was born in Germany, May 7, 1853, and entered the Order of Friars Minor at Teutopolis, Ill., on August 12, 1870. After his ordination to the holy priesthood, he labored zealously as assistant pastor and pastor, and also as missionary in various places, until, in 1885, his superiors sent him to the Old Mission at Santa Barbara, which in that year was incorporated into the Province of the Sacred Heart. In this new field on the Western Coast, he merited great praise for his energetic spirit, and the handsome St. Joseph Church in Los Angeles stands as a fitting memorial to his zeal. Leaving Los Angeles in 1904, he worked with undiminished ardor in gathering a building fund for the beautiful church of St. Francis in Sacramento and St. Elizabeth's Church in Fruitvale, Cal. Failing health compelled him to turn over his charge to stronger hands and he retired to the Old Mission at Santa Barbara to prepare for the last summons. He celebrated holy Mass for the last time on April 12, and five days later, just as the Catholic world was commemorating the institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday morning, Fr. Victor quietly breathed his last. He was laid to rest in the community vault in the Mission cemetery on the following day. We close our obituary with the words of one of his confrères, who knew and loved him well: "As in life Fr. Victor had followed in the footsteps of the Master, so in death—and the joys of an eternal Easter morn will, we confidently hope, be his great reward." R. I. P.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—The formal opening of St. Francis Springs took place, as announced, on Sunday, April 27. Excursionists left our city for the Springs in some sixty automobiles and three reserved coaches of the Southern Pacific. An early Mass was celebrated for those who had arrived on Saturday, and at 10.30 A. M., another Mass was offered for the excursionists. After divine services, the Tertiaries began a tour of inspection, but the time was far too short to appreciate all the advantages of the resort or even fully to explore the park-like grounds that stretch for a mile along the picturesque river. The Springs are now open for busi-

ness, and reservations may be secured at any time by applying to St. Boniface Monastery, 133 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco. The terms are very reasonable, and needy Tertiaries will not be excluded from the resort for lack of means.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.—The elevation of Rev. Fr. Albert Daeger, O.F.M., to the archiepiscopal see of Santa Fe was happily consummated on May 7, when the simple friar received at the hands of his Grace Archbishop Pitaval the episcopal consecration and the insignia of his office as an archbishop of the Catholic Church, in the venerable cathedral of St. Francis of Assisi at Santa Fe. The vast building was filled to its capacity throughout the ceremonies, notwithstanding the fact that these lasted almost four hours. Besides Archbishop Pitaval, the Right Rev. Bishops Tihen, of Denver, Lillis, of Kansas City, Schuler, of El Paso, and Granjon, of Tucson, were present, not to mention a large number of distinguished prelates and priests of both the secular and the regular clergy. Bishop Lillis preached a forceful sermon in English while the Spanish sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Di Paetro, of Albuquerque. After the newly consecrated Archbishop had taken his seat on the throne, his venerable predecessor, Archbishop Pitaval, made a short address of welcome in behalf of the clergy and laity of the archdiocese, in which he took occasion to express his great personal appreciation of his successor and his gratitude at being able to resign the charge into such worthy hands. May the Good Shepherd, who for the past twenty-three years has guided and blessed the priestly work of the simple Franciscan friar, shower down upon him with the fullness of the episcopal dignity also the fullness of heavenly graces, that as a vigilant pastor of souls he may faithfully guard and guide that portion of His flock which has been committed to his care.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church.—On Easter Sunday, our fraternity had its second annual canonical visitation. It was conducted by Rev. Fr. Philip, O.F.M., Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary at Teutopolis. He was assisted by Rev. FF. Donulus and Silas. About two hundred Tertiaries, some coming from neighboring parishes, were present. The Knights of Columbus assisted in a body and chanted the solemn Vespers together with the church choir. Rev. Fr. Visitor gave a spirited address on the origin of the Third Order and on the main virtues and traits every Tertiary should possess. On the following Sunday, eighty-seven novices were professed, of whom thirty-six were men. It was a most

inspiring and edifying sight to behold so many men and women generously consecrating their lives to the special service of God as sons and daughters of our holy Father St. Francis. With the kind permission of the Pastor, our fraternity has installed a book-rack in the vestibule of the church with a view to spreading wholesome Catholic literature. The rack will contain literature on the Third Order and on many other important questions of the day. The spreading of *Our Sunday Visitor* in our parish has been entrusted to the Tertiaries. The revenues thus obtained will be given to our St. Antony's Burse.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Hospital.—With the usual solemnities, the ceremonies of investment and profession were held in our newly decorated chapel on May 1, when six postulants received the habit and white veil, while eight Sisters pronounced their first vows and twelve their final vows. The solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. H. A. Hukestein, assisted by Rev. FF. Bruno and Odoric, O.F.M. The latter had conducted the preparatory retreat and delivered a short address in German. The English sermon was preached by Rev. J. Siebert.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—As the annual grand Corpus Christi procession will be held on the morning of the fourth Sunday in June, which is the day appointed for the general meeting of the Immaculate Conception fraternity and for our next solemn reception and profession, the Tertiaries will not be urged to take part in the procession, lest this interfere with their presence at the Third Order meeting. Our next canonical visitation will take place on Pentecost Sunday, June 8, at 3 P. M. An outdoor procession will be held on this occasion if the weather permits. The prefects and consultors from the different parishes are requested to gather in the Tertiaries' Hall at 8 P. M., on June 7, to meet the Rev. Visitor.

St. Francis, Wisconsin, St. Francis Seminary.—With great solemnity a conference of the Third Order was canonically erected at the Milwaukee Provincial Seminary of St. Francis de Sales on the evening of May 9, in the presence of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee. Rev. Benno Aichinger, O.M. CAP., definitor, as the delegate of the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, officiated at the ceremony and invested ninety-nine young seminarians with the Tertiary garb of St. Francis. The new fraternity has been placed under the protection of St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, proto-martyr of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda and one of the greatest

saints of the Capuchin Order. With the students who were already members of the Third Order, the new conference numbers 125 members. The Milwaukee conference of St. Francis Church is greatly and justly elated over this new band of Franciscan Tertiaries and extends to them its sincerest congratulations.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's Seminary.—The students of "Old St. Joe's"—which institution is to be known henceforth as St. Joseph's Seminary—gave a dramatic entertainment on April 21, far superior to the ordinary amateur productions, when they staged Shakespeare's great historical drama *King Henry IV*. Parts First and Second of this play were skillfully combined and arranged especially for the occasion by the dramatic instructor of the college. Rev. Fr. Ferdinand, and the ease and grace with which the actors entered into their rôles redounded much to his credit in teaching them how to interpret this masterly but difficult drama. Ralph Patterson as Falstaff and William Cool as Prince Hal won the applause of the audience by the unusual dramatic talent they displayed in portraying these two popular Shakespearean characters. They were ably supported by the rest of the cast, and the poor acting of the minor characters that frequently mars amateur performances, was happily lacking on this occasion.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King Henry.....	W. Wernsing
Prince Henry (Hal).....	W. Cool
Earl of Westmoreland.....	H. Rutherford
Sir Walter Blunt.....	O. Helderle
Earl of Worcester.....	A. Schladweiler
Earl of Northumberland.....	O. Thomas
Henry Percy (Hotspur).....	B. Rust
Earl of Douglas.....	J. Schmidt
Lord Chief Justice.....	H. Rutherford
Sir John Falstaff.....	R. Patterson
Poins.....	C. Pfeilschifter
Gadsbill.....	E. Finnegan
Peto.....	W. Doyle
Bardolph.....	W. Mescher
Host.....	J. Thiel
Sheriff.....	O. Helderle
Attendant to Chief Justice.....	F. Tushans
Page to Falstaff.....	F. Dean
Page to King.....	C. Thayer

A musical program, composed of instrumental and vocal selections, added very much to the evening's enjoyment and elicited hearty applause. It follows:

1. A Waltz Dream.....O. Strauss
College Orchestra
2. Sympathy (Waltz).....E. Mezzacapa
College Orchestra
3. Angels' Serenade (Soprano solo).....G. Braga
J. Matzko, P. Fister, L. Hug
N. Freinong, A. Leutenegger
Violin obbligato, Fr. Julian
Accompanist, Fr. Thomas
4. The Crusaders (March).....J. P. Sousa
College Orchestra
5. Happy Childhood Days (Five part chorus).C. Faust
College Choir
6. Jolly Fellows (Waltz).....R. Vollstedt
College Orchestra

On May 1, the students celebrated the patronal feast of their beloved Rector, Rev. Fr. Philip. After solemn services in the chapel, a reception was tendered him in the dramatic hall. The program included, besides a congratulatory address by the general prefect, a playlet—*Tarcisius*, by Mr. Antony Matre—several recitations, and instrumental and vocal numbers. All the participants in the program received well deserved applause for their efforts.—

Right Rev. Henry Althoff, D.D., Bishop of Belleville, Ill., conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on twenty-one students on Thursday, May 8. The services, which included pontifical High Mass and a sermon by the Bishop, were very elaborate, and the day will long be remembered with pleasure by all. On the preceding night, a short musical and dramatic program was held in honor of our distinguished guest. In his response, the Bishop recalled the days—"the happiest of my life," he said—when he himself was a student of "Old St. Joe's," and he encouraged the boys to apply themselves diligently to their present work of preparation for the religious life and for the holy priesthood, that in later years they might successfully fulfill the obligations of their state.

OBITUARY

Santa Barbara, Calif., Old Mission:—Rev. Victor Aertker, O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Joseph E. Ogden, a novice; Mary (Frances) O'Brien; Margaret (Agnes) McNally; Teresa (Mary) McGinnis; Mary (Dominica) Roach; Alice (Mary Margaret) Mullins; Catherine (Elizabeth) Brennan.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Mary (Frances) Broderick; Catherine (Mary) Prior; Anna (Josephine) Ahern; Mary (Anne) Breen.

Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Rose (Mary) Charlton; Mary (Clare) Connor.

St. Antony Fraternity:—Catharine (Frances) Riha.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:—Frances (Anne) Meyer.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—Mary Toohig; Mrs. J. Moore.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Antony's Church:—Peter Mentzen.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—Anna Boyse; K. Kavanaugh; J. Pinteaux.

Victoria, B. C., St. Andrew's Cathedral:—Sarah McAllister.

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VERY REV. SAMUEL MACKE, O.F.M.,
Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province,
St. Louis, Mo.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:

I am informed that the Fathers of your Province have established a society, known as "The St. Francis Solano Mission Association," for the purpose of gathering funds to help support the Indian Missions and particularly those of Arizona which are entrusted to their care.

This is indeed good news, for the object of the Association is none other than to help the illustrious Order of St. Francis continue that excellent work which it began so soon after the discovery of America and which won for it so glorious a place in the history of the Church in this country. Long before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, those faithful and zealous sons of St. Francis, your worthy predecessors in the Order, had already braved the hardships of the desert, the mountains and the wilderness in order to bring the light of the Gospel to the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. The ruins, still to be seen, of the numerous churches and monasteries built by them in those early days give abundant evidence of their missionary labors in the great Southwest.

It affords me great pleasure, then, Very Rev. Father, to be able to assist you and your Fathers in the continuation of this glorious work by saying a word of approval in behalf of your new Association. I heartily commend it and sincerely hope there will be a generous response to your appeal for help.

I am, Very Rev. Father, with expressions of best wishes,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

+ John Bongiorno
Archbishop of Nebitene

Apostolic Delegate.

Editorial Comment

The Mission Association

Ever since the day when St. Francis gathered about him his twelve disciples and, after the example of our Lord, sent them out to the four quarters of the globe to preach the Gospel, the Franciscan friars have not ceased to evangelize pagan nations. The missionary labors of the friars form one of the most glorious phases of all their manysided activity and challenge comparison with those of any other religious Order. There is not a country, however remote or inhospitable; not a tribe, however wild and degenerate, to which they have not brought the glad tidings, and many are the souls they have won for Christ. It is well known that the first to establish missions among the aborigines of this country were the dauntless sons of St. Francis. Since the discovery of America, there has never been a time when the friars were not active in one part or the other of what is now the United States of America.

Even at the present day, the Franciscans, true to the spirit of their institute, are laboring in some of the most forsaken and neglected portions of the Lord's vineyard. No fewer than sixty friars are active in the mission fields of the North and Southwest, in which latter region above all they are gathering a rich harvest of souls. These zealous missionaries are in every way worthy successors of the early padres, who blazed the way for them over boundless wastes, and through trackless forests. The history of these missions is marked with vicissitudes, as any reader of Fr. Zephyrin's monumental works and monthly contributions to the *Herald* will know. In view of the many obstacles placed in their way and the meager resources at their disposal,

the wonder is not that they achieved so much, but that they achieved anything at all for the spread of God's kingdom.

In this respect, the condition of the early padres differs but little from that of the modern friars. The latter, too, are confronted by an abundance of obstacles and an insufficiency of means. True, they are no longer subject to bloody persecutions on the part of their enemies. Their greatest hindrance now is the indifference of their friends. Ever since sectarian emissaries have entered the field once occupied exclusively by the Catholic missionaries, it has become increasingly difficult for the latter to maintain themselves because of the lack of funds. If already before the war the financial status of the missions was anything but satisfactory, our readers can imagine what it must be now. The sums that are periodically sent to the missionaries are not sufficient even for the maintenance of the existing missions, let alone the founding of new ones.

With a view to aiding the needy Franciscan missions, especially those among the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province have launched the St. Francis Solano Mission Association. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate and His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, both widely known for their singular missionary spirit, have graciously approved the new society. The former has been good enough to favor it with a hearty letter of commendation (which we take pleasure in reproducing on the first page of this issue), and the latter has condescended to act as its protector. We are profoundly grateful to both his Eminence and his Excellency for the kindly support they have given

the infant organization, and we have no doubt that under their egis it will show a rapid and healthy development.

Any subscriber to the *Herald* may become a member of the Association by giving an annual alms (no matter how small) toward the support of the missions. Artistic certificates are issued to the members, who enjoy the following spiritual advantages:

1. A special Mass is said every week for them.

2. They share as benefactors in more than 300 Masses said every month by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province.

3. They partake in all the good works and prayers of the missionary Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters, and of their charges.

4. They may gain an indulgence of 100 days every time they recite three Hail Marys and at the same time contribute to the support of the missions either through alms, or through work, or by encouraging others to these pious works.

5. They may gain a Plenary Indulgence three times a year, viz., on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, of St. Joseph, and of St. Francis Xavier; or on any desirable day within the octave of these feasts. Conditions: Confession, Communion, and prayers for the intention of the Holy Father.

A goodly number of our readers have already enrolled themselves. We are confident that many more will answer our present call to avail themselves of the rich benefits that the Association offers by aiding so worthy a cause as that of the needy Indian missions.



"Why cumbereth it the ground?"

Ever and anon we receive communications from disappointed readers, wishing to know why we never make any mention in our news columns of the Third Order fraternity to which they belong. The implication, of course, is that we are partial to some fraternities.

We plead guilty without a moment's hesitation and openly confess to a decided partiality for those fra-

ternities that help us fill our columns with interesting reports of their activities. Our correspondents should know that we are not in the habit of fabricating news. We simply publish, though sometimes in a slightly abridged form, whatever reports come to us through various channels. If the name of their fraternity never appears in the pages of the *Herald*, who is in fault? Possibly the corresponding secretary is remiss in sending reports on events of interest. In that case, we beg our angry readers to lodge their complaints nearer home; and if they find no mention of their fraternity in one of the next issues, they have our full permission to administer a coat of tar and feathers, or any other condign punishment, to the delinquent secretary!

It is quite possible, however, that the secretary is just as innocent in this matter as we are. Not being a writer of fiction, he can no more draw on his imagination for facts than the editor. In other words, he is unable to report on the activities of his fraternity, because there is nothing doing. We will not undertake to determine who is to blame in this case. Evidently it is not we. But we should like to observe that a fraternity which year after year has nothing to report but its more or less regular meetings with prayer, sermon, and benediction, reminds us very much of the barren fig tree in the Gospel. A fraternity that engages in no sort of social or charitable action, lacks the spirit of St. Francis—that spirit of strong, active, universal, persevering love that made him one of the greatest social reformers the world has ever seen. Without this Franciscan spirit, a fraternity is dead, and it may be not altogether out of place to apply to it the question: "Why cumbereth it the ground?"

Would it not be much better for the Third Order if such fraternities did not exist? Why has the Order in

many localities become a byword? Why is it regarded as out of date and useless by a large number of the clergy and the laity? Chiefly because many fraternities are made up for the most part of ancient men and women, who love their own ease more than their neighbor's welfare. When Pope Leo XIII said, "my social reform is the Third Order of St. Francis," surely he did not have in mind such fraternities. It is not our intention to say anything unkind of the older members of the Third Order. They have as good a right to enjoy its benefits as any one else. Yet we hope they will pardon us for venturing the opinion that the Third Order is something more than a mere refuge for decrepit men and gossip women, who are either unable or unwilling to live up to their sublime calling of serving as models of Christian perfection. "It is a law for them," says Pope Pius X, "to show all kindness to members and outsiders, to endeavor sedulously to heal discords, to visit the sick, to raise funds for the relief of those in distress—in fine, to perform all the works of mercy." Quite a comprehensive program of social action. What are our fraternities doing to translate it into action? "By their fruits you shall know them."

* * *

A Mere Suggestion

Summer has come, and with it the very human desire to escape its discomforts. This desire manifests itself with most people in the disposition to shed all superfluous clothing. It is a perfectly legitimate desire so long as it does not transgress the limits set by conventional decorum. But when it leads to the display of "this too, too solid flesh," it is evil and leads to evil. Such of our readers as may be tempted to excess in this matter are counseled to read the "Letter to a Tertiary," which they

will find on page 274 of this number. Franciscan Tertiaries, of course, are required by their Rule to observe the law of moderation in dress as in all other things, and we are glad to say that most of them conscientiously observe this precept. There are some, however, who make light of it to the point of downright scandal, and, what is worse, they are members in good standing. To protect them and others from the danger of sin, would it not be well for the Reverend Directors to exact a pledge from all their women Tertiaries strictly to observe the four points enumerated in the above-mentioned letter? We ask this question by way of suggestion.

* * *

Two Excellent Pamphlets

From San Francisco have come to us two pamphlets entitled the one "Devotion in Honor of the Holy Name of Jesus," and the other "Devotion for the Propagation of the Faith." Both are intended for public services, and they serve the purpose admirably. What is characteristic of these devotions is that all the prayers are culled from the Scriptures, the Missal, and the Breviary. These little collections of prayers might well supplant, with much profit to souls, whole books of namby-pamby orisons. The author was too modest to append his name. We suspect it is one of our esteemed contributors. Orders may be sent to this office.

* * *

"Where charity and prudence reign, there is neither fear nor ignorance. Where patience and humility reign, there is neither wrath nor turbulence. Where poverty and joy dwell, there is neither unlawful desire nor avarice. While the fear of God keeps watch over the hearth, no enemy dare enter there."—St. Francis.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

By Fr. Silas, O.F.M.

Isabel of Jesus.—After a youth spent in piety and good works, Isabel married a rich merchant of Lisbon, in Portugal, with whom she entered the Third Order of St. Francis. Her generosity toward the poor was so great that God often manifested his pleasure in her charity by multiplying the alms in her hands. The rich, moved by her example, contributed money and other necessities in order to enable her to come to the aid of all that appealed to her. She delighted in visiting and consoling the sick, many of whom were restored to health by her prayers. She peacefully passed away on March 4, 1612.

Isabel Sanchez.—She was a fervent Tertiary, remarkable for her piety, humility, and love of the poor. These she provided with food, clothing, medicines, and other necessary things. The number of those whom she relieved was so great that all wondered whence she drew her resources. God often rewarded her charity by miracles. She died at Coria, in Spain, on December 4, 1619.

James Neel.—James was born at Saint Lo, in Normandy, in 1624. After completing the course of philosophy and theology at the University of Paris, he was ordained priest, and as such he labored with great success for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people entrusted to his care. He was remarkable for the austerity of his life, for his zeal in instructing the ignorant, and for his singular prudence in the confessional. He was full of compassion for the poor and the afflicted; to assist them in their needs, he even sold his furniture and the ornaments of the altar. He passed to his eternal reward in the year 1662.

Jane, Queen of Castile.—Jane, the wife of Henry II of Castile, was re-

markable for her love of prayer, humility, and self-denial, and by her holy life she exercised a most wholesome influence on the court. After the death of her husband she found it possible to satisfy her long cherished desire of joining the Third Order and of regulating her whole life according to its precepts. She laid aside the insignia of her royal dignity, clothed herself in the gray habit of the Order, and devoted her life to the service of God and of her neighbor. She used a great part of her wealth in building churches, convents, and hospitals. She delighted in visiting the sick both in the hospitals and in their homes, consoling them, waiting on them with her own hands, and providing for all their wants. While caring for the corporal needs of others, she was no less solicitous for their souls. She instructed the poor and the ignorant in the truths of religion and made use of every opportunity to encourage others in the practice of piety and virtue. Her holy death occurred at Madrid, on May 27, 1381.

Jane de Felicibus.—The father of this saintly Tertiary for some time filled the highest offices of the city of Rome; but she was dead to the honors of this world and sought the things that are above by the practice of prayer, humility, and penance. As a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, which she joined after the death of her husband, she distinguished herself by her strict observance of the Rule and the practice of charity. She strove in every way to assist the poor and the afflicted, and in order to be able to satisfy this desire, she sold all her possessions and distributed the proceeds among the needy. She died the death of a saint on January 16, 1254.

Bl. Jane of Maillé.—Bl. Jane, the

daughter of the wealthy Baron of Maillé, was born in the castle of La Roche, near St. Quentin, in France, in the year 1331. At the age of fifteen she married Robert, Baron of Silly, and lived with him in chaste union until the year 1362, when he was taken from her by death. Persecuted by his family and deprived of a large part of her possessions, she betook herself to Tours. Here she entered the Third Order and devoted herself with renewed zeal to prayer and works of charity. She visited the poor and the sick, relieved the wants of the lepers, and by her prayers and prudent zeal brought about the conversion of many sinners. The prisoners also found in Bl. Jane a constant friend. She visited them in their cells, consoled them, provided for their wants, and often obtained their release. She continued her many works of charity, in spite of much opposition and ridicule, up to her pious death, which occurred on March 28, 1414.

Bl. Jane of Signa.—This illustrious Tertiary was born of poor parents at Signa, near Florence, Italy, in 1224. In her youth, while tending her father's sheep, she was wont to gather

the shepherds of the neighborhood about her to pray with them, to speak to them of heavenly things, and to instil in their hearts the love of virtue. To safeguard her humility, which was greatly pained by the marks of respect and veneration shown her by large numbers of persons who came to recommend themselves to her prayers and to ask her counsel, she shut herself up in a small cell situated a short distance from Signa, near the banks of the river Arno. Here, for a period of forty years, she gave herself up entirely to prayer and penance, relying on the charity of the people for the food necessary for her subsistence. But even in her solitude the charity which burned in her heart moved her to come to the aid of her suffering fellow men. The poor, the sick, and the afflicted flocked to her in great numbers and were sure to find consolation in their troubles and relief in their ills. The kind words of Bl. Jane brought peace and courage to the dejected and suffering, her fervent exhortations led back many souls to God, and her prayers cured many of their corporal afflictions. She was called to her eternal reward on November 9, 1307.

TO MARY

O blue mantled Lady, we kneel at your feet,
 And sweet are the titles our fond lips repeat;
 We know that you hear with a smile on your face
 When we say with God's messenger: "Hail, full of grace!"
 Spotless we name you, a Lily snow-white,
 Mystical-Rose, fair Lady of Light;
 Star of the Sea, shining far o'er life's wave,
 Many from peril your guidance will save;
 Cause of our Joy, our glad voices sing
 When we think how you gave us our Savior and King;
 Refuge of Sinners, our Help ever nigh,
 Queen of the Angels, enthroned in the sky.
 Sweet are the names that your fond children call,
 But Mother—our Mother is sweetest of all.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

VENERABLE FRANCIS BEL, O. F. M.

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O. F. M.

ABOUT six miles from Worcester, in the parish of Hanbury, stood a beautiful residence styled the Manor House of Temple-Broughton. Here was born, on January 13, 1590, Venerable Francis Bel, the subject of our present sketch. Though belonging to the wealthy class, his parents were widely known as staunch and practical Catholics. His mother, of an ancient family by the name of Daniel, is praised by Mason as a virtuous and accomplished woman. From her it was especially that Arthur, as the future martyr had been named in Baptism, acquired those habits of piety and refinement that characterized his later career.

After the death of his father, in 1598, Arthur remained till his thirteenth year with his mother, who meanwhile entrusted to private tutors his elementary education. Thereupon, she sent him to Acton Place in Suffolk, to join his two cousins in their studies and amusements. Here he remained till his twenty-fourth year.

Already as a boy, Arthur gave unmistakable signs of a higher calling. Hence his relatives were not surprised when he told them of his intention to embrace the priestly and religious state. His saintly mother was overjoyed when she heard of it and gladly gave her consent. Accordingly, in 1614, he bade farewell to his kindred and departed for the Jesuit College of St. Omer in Flanders. A year later, having learned that he wished to join their Order, the Fathers sent him to Valladolid in Spain. Here he devoted three years to the study of philosophy and theology; whereupon, in consideration of his unusual progress in virtue and learning, his superiors had him ordained priest.

Two years before this event, in 1616, the restoration of the English Franciscan Province, begun by Fr. John Gennings, had received the official approbation of the Belgian Commissary. Since then, the province had made rapid progress. A number of English Franciscans had joined it, among whom was Fr. Nicholas Day, sometime professor of theology in the friary of Segovia, Spain. Father Bel probably heard of this, and knowing what the sons of St. Francis had suffered in England during the first period of the religious upheaval, he asked his superiors for permission to join the ranks of Fr. Gennings. Gladly they granted his request when they realized that it was more than a passing fancy. The Rector of the College made the necessary arrangements with the Provincial of the Spanish Franciscans, and on August 9, 1618, Fr. Sebastian de Salazar, guardian at Segovia, vested the pious Jesuit with the garb of St. Francis.

Although a priest, Fr. Francis considered himself the least among his fellow novices. In humility, mortification, and prayer, he earnestly strove to become a worthy follower of the Saint whose name he was privileged henceforth to bear. The year of probation sped quickly by, and, on September 8, 1619, he made his profession in the hands of Fr. Joseph of St. Clare. With redoubled zeal, he now resumed his theological studies. Before the end of the year, however, he received a letter from Fr. John Gennings. It contained an obedience for the newly established community at Douai, signed by Fr. Joseph Bérigaigne, the Belgian Commissary General. Fr. Francis laid the case before the Spanish Provincial and with his consent and blessing set out for Flanders.

Great was the joy at Douai when he arrived. The next two years he attended the Benedictine Couege of St. Vedast, in order to complete his theological course. At last, having passed the necessary examination, he was granted faculties to exercise his priestly office. During the year 1622, he served as confessor to the Poor Clares at Gravelines; whereupon he was appointed in the same capacity for the newly founded community of Franciscan Sisters of the Third Order at Brussels. Here the saintly and learned friar was active for seven successive years, directing the nuns on the road of perfection and counseling them in the management of their temporal affairs. To this day, the community, now residing at Taunton in Somerset, revere the venerable martyr as their founder and chief benefactor.

In the meantime, the number of English friars and their mission activity in England had increased to such an extent that, in 1629, the Minister General thought it feasible to organize an independent province. The next year, as we have seen, the first provincial chapter was held in the convent of the Franciscan Sisters at Brussels. At this chapter Fr. Francis was declared provincial definator and was appointed guardian and professor of Hebrew at Douai. His stay at St. Bonaventure's, however, was of short duration.

The Belgian Commissary General, in 1632, sent him as Provincial to Scotland with orders to reorganize the Franciscans in that country into a province. Accordingly, to the great sorrow of the brethren, Fr. Francis left for Toledo, Spain, to attend the general chapter and from there set out for Scotland. "It was certainly not Father Bel's fault," Thaddeus observes, "that his efforts were not crowned with success. But the time was not opportune for the restoration of the Order in Scotland." After two

years, therefore, Fr. Francis was permitted to take up mission work in England, as he had long desired. Here he spent the last nine years of his life, becoming titular guardian of London, in 1637, and provincial definator for a second term, three years later.

Both in Belgium and on the English missions, Fr. Francis was loved and esteemed by all who came in touch with him. Though severe with himself and zealous for the observance of the Rule, he was affable and obliging toward others, and governed by example rather than by precept. Naturally of a sunny disposition, his every look and word bespoke the inner joy that none but the humble and mortified know. In him the brethren found a charitable and sociable confrère, a prudent and solicitous superior. Fr. Angelus Mason, who was a novice at Douai in 1631, sums up his character in *Certamen Seraphicum*, by saying, "Father Francis Bel was a true son of the seraphic Father St. Francis." He further tells us that the brethren wept when their beloved guardian departed for his mission in Scotland. Like Venerable Paul Heath, Fr. Francis was a man of prayer and recollection. He, too, fostered a tender devotion to Mary the Mother of God. In keeping with a vow he had made, he recited the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin every day; and to ensure proper attention, he was wont to say it in the seven languages with which he was conversant, Latin, Hebrew, Greek, Spanish, French, Flemish, and English.

Equally fervent was his love of prayer and mortification, while on the missions in England. In fact, the nine last years of his life may be aptly styled one long preparation for martyrdom. "Francis du Mont," writes de Marsys, "had thus ample scope for observing the martyr, without being seen, and he has told me

that he often saw Father Bel, with extended arms, absorbed in prayer, and that he would remain thus, for two or three hours together, several times a day. He also remarked that Father Bell was abstemious to the verge of singularity. . . . I must add," he continues, "that Monsieur Langlois, Preacher to the Count d'Harcourt, who had the honor to converse with the martyr two days before his death, and to whom it had been given to sound the secret depths of his soul, declares that he recognized in him all the marks of perfect sanctity, of a mind long detached from all material things. I pray God that his example and his prayers may sow in us some seeds of holiness." Such is the verdict of men who were intimately acquainted with the martyr.

Early in 1643, Fr. Joseph Bergaigne, now Archbishop of Cambrai, was directed by Pope Urban VIII to gather evidence regarding the martyrdoms that had recently taken place in England. On the committee appointed for this purpose by the Archbishop was Fr. Francis. "It is probable," says Stone, "that the attention of Parliament was directed to Father Bell, from the fact of his name appearing on the list of Commissioners, for on the day that the report was published he was himself called upon to take his place among the martyrs." Only a few months before, on October 16, he had met Venerable John Baptist Bullaker at Newgate and, we may suppose, had accompanied him to Tyburn, so that now he was in a position to give evidence in his case. Ever since, too, the thought of martyrdom, of which Fr. John Baptist had assured him, was uppermost in his mind. For the past twenty years he had been praying for this inestimable grace by daily reciting the thirty-fifth psalm. Little, however, did he think, while investigating the recent martyrdoms, that his own was so close at hand.

It was on Monday, November 6, that the saintly missionary hired a horse at Brigstock in Northamptonshire and set out for London, where he had his headquarters. His appearance the next day at Stevenage, a little town in Hertfordshire, roused the suspicions of the garrison stationed there. Taking him for a royal spy, they searched him and found three papers written in Latin and Spanish. Two of these were of a devotional character; while the third, an innumerable note addressed to the Spanish ambassador, revealed the fact that he was a Franciscan. Unable to decipher the writings, the soldiers summoned the local schoolmaster, who, to shield his ignorance, pompously declared that the papers contained very serious and dangerous matters. On this verdict the friar was arrested.

The next morning, he was taken to Hertford and placed in the custody of marshal Thomas Jones. During the day, army officials and prominent citizens visited the suspected priest. In the course of the conversation, a drummer stepped forward and asked him of what religion he was.

"I am a Catholic," replied the friar. "A Roman Catholic?" insisted the other.

"Why, I told you I was an Englishman. How then can I be a Roman? As to the Catholic Church, however, there can be only one Catholic Church, of which I am a member. This, with the help of God, I will profess till my dying hour."

"Dost thou believe," another bystander broke in, "that the Pope is the supreme head of the Catholic Church?"

"I do," came the fearless reply; "neither did I ever doubt it."

This provoked a hot disputation between the friar and his enemies. To prove their heretical tenets, the latter brought several Bibles. Finding the text very corrupt, the man of God severely rebuked his hearers for doing

such violence to the word of God. The disputation continued for some time, when finally the Puritans, seeing themselves worsted, declared that in religious matters no certainty could be had. At this blindness and obstinacy, the friar grew warm with indignation.

"To call every religion doubtful," he contended, "is not the way to attract others to yours, but rather to confirm them in that Church's doctrine to which Christ has promised infallibility. All your efforts are directed to this: while declaring all religions to be in error, you attempt to draw me from that which can not err to that which needs must err, and thus you deprive me of what I possess and leave me nothing. In fine, you deal with my soul as you have dealt with my body, which you have robbed of all its clothes and instead, have fitted out in rags. Rest assured, outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation; and I wish you all were like me, excepting my bonds."

Completely baffled by this boldness and sincerity, the crowd gradually dispersed; whereupon the friar was conducted before the civil authorities. On delivering his writings to the parliamentary commissioner, the marshal warned him to have the prisoner carefully guarded, because one of the papers contained an incantation by means of which he could escape through any prison bars.

"Art thou come from abroad?"

(To be continued)

asked the presiding officer, turning to the friar.

"I am," he answered.

"Hast thou received holy orders?"

"That is considered a crime; wherefore no one will answer such a question."

"The prisoner is mine, by right of my office," fell in the marshal, filled with rage. "I reserve him for further investigation."

With this, he advanced and once more subjected his victim to a most degrading examination. Finding a key on his person, the wretch demanded under threat of severe torture that the prisoner reveal the whereabouts of the lock to which the key belonged. Perceiving that it would not be to the detriment of his Catholic friends and benefactors, Fr. Francis replied that the porter of the Spanish ambassador had it.

During the following night, which the friar spent in close custody, his keeper robbed him of all his clothes so that the next morning he was forced to don a tattered uniform given him by one of the soldiers. Thus scantily clad and with his hands bound behind him, he was placed on a horse and hastened off to London. In the various towns through which their journey led them, the servant of God became the laughing-stock of the people who gathered on the street corners to hail with insults and abuses this latest victim of Puritan intolerance.

OUR LADY OF AYUDA

By Leon de Lillo, Tertiary

ALTHOUGH the Seraphic Order is spread all over Spain, we believe that it is nowhere in a more flourishing condition than in the rich and beautiful province of Cata-

lonia. For not only have the Friars Minor and the Capuchins convents in this province, but the only community of Friars Minor Conventual in the kingdom is also situated in this vicini-

ty. Besides this, the Tertiaries of Catalonia rank in zeal and numbers among the first in Spain. This is owing in a great degree to the efforts of the late Catalonian Capuchin friar, Cardinal Vives y Tuto, whose name is familiar to Americans, since this celebrated prelate, after his departure from Guatemala, traveled through the United States and remained for some time in San Francisco.

Barcelona is especially known for its numerous Franciscan convents and Tertiary fraternities, which latter are noted for their beautiful chapels. The most ancient Third Order fraternity of the city is that of Our Lady of Ayuda, whose chapel is situated in one of the oldest and narrowest streets and is very small. Years ago, this chapel was famous for its many precious works of art, but now all that remains of its one-time glory is the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Ayuda, which means, Our Lady of Help. The statue, which is of terra cotta, measures about thirteen inches in height, including the pedestal and aureola. It was formerly clothed in rich garments, but, in 1881, an artist took off the clothes, and found that the statue was broken into five pieces. Happily, skillful sculptors succeeded in restoring it entirely. Competent critics declare the statue to have been originally a piece of high-relief of Italian workmanship. An old tradition is that the statue was found in a load of wood that a poor widow brought to the market at Barcelona. Later it received the name of Our Lady of Help from the fact that a widowed mother by praying devoutly before it obtained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin the freedom of her son, who was a prisoner of some Algerian pirates. A document, dated March 1, 1916, and kept in the archives of the chapel, drawn up by a proper ecclesiastical authori-

ty, vouches that three members of the parish, in the name of all the inhabitants of the neighborhood, declared under oath that this tradition had been faithfully transmitted to them by their ancestors through past ages. This step was deemed necessary owing to a fire that destroyed the chapel in 1909.

During the month of July of that year, a revolution against the clergy broke out in Barcelona, with the result that about forty convents and chapels were burnt. The outbreak is known as the tragic week of 1909. The chapel of the Ayuda was so beloved by all the people that no one thought that there was any danger of its falling a prey to the blind fury of the revolutionists. But the sacrilegious hatred of the mob was so great that the chapel and the neighboring Capuchin convent were both burnt to the ground. It is asserted that documents concerning the statue had existed dating from the fourteenth century, but after the fire nothing was found under the ashes but a stone bearing the date 1623. The chapel itself had been built in the eighteenth century to replace an older structure on the same site, and the Capuchin friars took possession of it on December 5, 1884, Rev. Fr. Joaquin of Llevaneras, brother of Cardinal Vives y Tuto, officiating on the occasion.

After the disaster of 1909, some pious women together with the Brother Porter of the Capuchin friary began to search the smoking ruins for some possible relic of the miraculous statue. Imagine their joy when they found not only a relic, but the whole statue, broken, indeed, but capable of being easily restored to its former beauty. The chapel has since been rebuilt and Our Lady of Ayuda again presides, as in days gone by, at the meetings of the ancient fraternity of the Catalonian children of the Seraphic Father St. Francis.

THE UNAFRAID

By Anna C. Minogue

CHAPTER II

Synopsis of first chapter:—Ben Anderson employed in a large newspaper office is suddenly confronted with a crisis. While undergoing a physical examination preparatory to his admission to a benevolent society, he is told to "Go West!" to avoid the ravages of consumption. Unnerved at first, he takes courage at the thought of the Girl Reporter, whose wretched copy he alone had been able to decipher, and who has gone West bravely determined to sell her life as dearly as possible to the same pitiless enemy that threatens his. With the hearty Godspeed of the "Old Man," the editor, Ben joins the ranks of *The Unafraid* and goes West in search of a new lease on life.

"ARE you sure this is for me?"
"Si, Señor."

"But there is no name on it—you do not know me?"

"I was to know you—the Señor with a grin!"

Ben Anderson slapped his leg, and his laugh broke the silence which had settled over the camp.

"I'm the Señor, all right! No denying that grin! Fade away, boys!" waving his hand toward the crowd that his laugh had drawn from the various tents. "This is purely a private matter."

"Sure it is!" admitted one young fellow, with a comb in his hand, advancing with the others.

"You take a danged funny way to announce it," chimed in another. "I thought mebbe you had seen a thunderhead."

The Mexican, who had ridden in with the letter, was turning away, when Anderson stopped him.

"There may be an answer," he explained. But the Mexican shook his head and answered in Spanish that such had not been his orders.

Leisurely Anderson opened the letter and read, "Follow the man who brings you this." That was all. The words were written on a sheet of note paper such as is sold at country stores, and the penmanship was dis-

ting. But what struck him, even in that moment, was that the "u" was underlined. The astonishment that showed above the grin, gave him an expression so ludicrous, half the men broke into a laugh.

"What's bit yoh, Ben?"

"Bet that gal down to Flag sent for him, pronto!"

"Don't go, Ben! Call the greaser back and make him take yore letter!"

"Mebbe it's from them I.W.W.'s?"

A chorus of voices twitted him as he continued to stare at the brief command. Then he looked down on the men—for he had ridden late and had not dismounted—and said:

"Hanged if I can make out what it is! Perhaps some of you can," and he handed the note to the nearest man.

"Read it out, Swaunee!" cried one and obediently Swaunee read, 'Foller the man who brings yoh this.' "

A silence which Anderson found deeper than that which mantled the vast country followed, and he caught the astonishment on their faces which had so amused them on his own. Even the Mormon cook, at the triangle iron gong, stood with his baton suspended, and the call for supper went unsounded.

"What the Sam Hill do yoh make of it!" finally drawled Swaunee, staring at the man in the saddle.

"Search me!" he responded, taking the note and re-reading it.

"Mebbe it's somebody needin' help?" suggested the young fellow with the comb.

"Do you think he wouldn't say so, you maverick!" retorted Swaunee.

"That ain't no S. O. S. from sufferin' humanity!"

"Might be some one's found a gold mine, back in the mountains and's

afraid to leave it."

"Or's got the drap on a passel of boot-leggahs," observed another, whose accent, not less than his suggestion, was eloquent of the mountain district of Kentucky.

"Whoever sent it, knows me," Anderson cut across, "for the Mexican was told to give it to the man with a grin."

A yell went up, but Swaunee silenced them.

"Yoh all ain't got the sense of a dogie calf!" he cried. Here's some-thin' myste'us and impo'tant, and instid of givin' yoh minds to it, yoh go off rea'lin' at nothin'!"

"You big-eared mutton, ain't you got better manners' than to go a-callin' the Boss 'nothin' '?" shouted one of the laughers. And then the Mormon cook put in a word, in his drawling voice:

"If any of you boys is goin' to do what that lettah ast you, and foller the Mex, you'd bettah be hittin' the trail!"

"Right you are, Dan!" cried Anderson, turning in his saddle to see the Mexican loping off in the distance. "What do you say, boys?"

"I don't like it, Mistah Anderson," said Swaunee. "It's some pesky trick to git yoh away from camp. But I see yoh've set yoh mind to go, so I'll git a hoss and some fiah-ah'ms!"

"You don't mean to answer that fool note that way?" cried one of the men.

"Cant' take any chances," said Anderson. "There might be something to it. You boys keep a sharp look-out. Maybe the I. W. W.'s are going to make good their threat to tie up the work, and want to get me, thinking by that to be sure of the job. Or the call may have been sent by some one in need. If we don't get back in a reasonable time, call up the Ranger. And don't neglect to keep a sharp look out! S'long!" he finished, as Swaunee rode up.

They wheeled their horses and started in pursuit of the fine trail of dust that showed white and spiritlike in the violet haze that comes with eventide in Arizona.

It was now five years since Ben Anderson had travelled to Arizona. With a letter of introduction from the Franciscan Fathers at Gallup, he had made the acquaintance of James Gilday, who had helped to develop the lumber industry of the new State, and who was the friend of every man in his employ. His care of the sick, especially of the "lungers" who sought the dry climate, was marked; and many owed length of days to him. The men who thought they had buried hope in the ruins that had inducted them into the Lost Region; the derelicts; the weaklings—all found in the big man a friend, one who never lost faith in their ultimate triumph. In the inner circle, made up of men who helped him develop and manage his great industry, in this inner circle the lumber yards and logging camps were often referred to as the Chief's hospital and reform school; but all the more they loved him for this humanity of his.

A man coming to him, with a letter of recommendation from the Padres, was bound to receive a royal welcome; for none in that vast, forgotten land knew better than he what the work of those self-sacrificing priests mean for the entire West. Besides the interest a friend of those Franciscans naturally would awaken, he saw in Ben Anderson a man in the making—"a good piece of timber," if properly handled and seasoned. He gave him into the charge of his secretary, a man after his own heart, and Anderson saw the prophecy of the Franciscan Fathers fulfilled, as his life was directed into its new channel. His work that winter and spring was light, but it hardened his muscles, while the air and the sunshine, good food and free life, brought back

health to the body. When summer came, he asked to be sent to one of the logging camps, and his request was granted.

That part of his nature, hidden as a stream underground, which had answered spontaneously to the classic beauty of the Old Man's editorials and the poetry of the Girl Reporter stories, began to develop in the vastness, the solitude and the magnificence of the forest. The trees won him, and woodcraft became his hobby. Soon men, whose lives had been spent in logging camps, who thought they were masters in the knowledge of trees, referred to his authority. His advance had been in keeping with his acquirements, and he was now one of the high-priced men in Gilday's employ. That spring, with a big force, he had been sent to open up an entirely new section, and the first of July found the work well under way.

Anderson viewed with great satisfaction the progress made, as he and his companion rode on in silence. Swaunee kept his eyes fixed steadily on the fine cloud of dust, which marked the way of the Mexican, but Anderson's eyes swept the scene, and his ever-renewed delight in it filled his soul.

"He's headin' foh the Pass!"

Swaunee spoke, drawing Anderson out of his beauty-steeped reverie, and he saw that the scarflike cloud they were following had deflected toward the east.

"He has a good horse," observed Anderson.

"We kin keep him in sight, and I reck'n that's about all we are aimin' at?"

"But we were sent for," began Anderson, when Swaunee interrupted:

"Mebbe we war and mebbe we warn't. If we war, they'll be a-waitin' foh us, if we warn't, we don't want to be any too pre-ma-ture."

It was good reasoning under the circumstances and again silence fell.

When they reached the place where the trail divided, the one they took entered the forest. The magic light was now veiled by the heavy green of the trees, but still there was enough left to show the faint line of white. As the moments past, the dusk grew deeper and the white faded until it, too, was lost in the gloom.

For a quarter of an hour they galloped on. Then they reached the Pass, where some light yet lingered, it showed them on ahead the dim figure of the rider they were pursuing. But after a while the light between the mountains also faded in the soft black cloak of night, and they could only trust they were still on his trail. Thus for an hour perhaps they rode. Then there was a flash of light on the darkness, and it showed them the Mexican standing still and lighting a cigarette.

"He's come to the stoppin'-place," whispered Swaunee, as they pulled up their horses. "And we're at the end of the Pass. The trail now goes 'round the mountain side, yoh r'membah?"

"I know where I am now," said Anderson. "And over the mountain is the Hollis' ranch."

"And futhah on is Pretty Valley, whah the schoolhouse and Big Dick's store is," added Swaunee. "He's waitin' foh some one," he concluded, as the glow of the cigarette continued stationary.

"It must be for me," said Anderson.

"G'wan yah!" ejaculated Swaunee. "Why do yoh think he'd fetch yoh all this way, if he knowed yoh war follerin' him?"

"But I was told to follow him," argued Anderson.

"But how do yoh know he knows it?" asked Swaunee. "Foh y'r liable to spill the beans, Ben, by 'pearin' too pre-ma-ture."

Anderson was learning diplomacy that night. He dropped the reins over the horse's head and dismount-

ed.

"Stay here with the horses, Swaunee, and I'll slip around among the bushes and see what's to be seen."

"Keep yore eye peeled or yoh might git pumped full of lead!" cautioned Swaunee.

Picking his way Anderson advanced upon the unsuspecting Mexican, until he was close enough to discern the figure on the horse. Then crouching behind a clump of little pine trees he waited developments. Time passed, the Mexican lighted another cigarette. Then the moon was high enough in the sky to throw its illumination upon the scene. When Anderson was about to conclude that the Mexican was really waiting for him, a man rode out from behind a huge boulder. He had been waiting there all this while, Ben thought, and why? The circumstance was suspicious; eyes and ears became alert. He saw that the man was large and heavily bearded—no Mexican. The stranger hailed the Mexican, who turned in his saddle with a jump.

"You gave that letter to the right man?" demanded the newcomer, in good Spanish.

"I did," replied the Mexican.

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'would I wait for an answer?' But the man who gave me the letter in Flagtown said there would be no answer, so I rode away."

"And he didn't ask you any questions?"

"No, but I heard them laugh, as I rode off."

"Humph!" grunted the man. "I suppose they think no one would dare bother them!"

The Mexican made no rejoinder.

"Well, it looks as if you have done your part all right. Here's your money. Mind you keep your mouth shut!"

"Si, Señor!" said the Mexican obediently, and Anderson saw his outstretched hand return to his pocket,

as he turned his horse back to the trail by which he had come. The other waited a moment; then he too turned, to take the way that led up the mountainside. When he knew danger of discovery was past, Anderson crept back to where Swaunee waited for him, hidden behind a clump of evergreens.

"There's something up, Swaunee!" said Anderson and he related the conversation.

"Evidently the Mexican was given the letter in Flagtown and told to take it to me; then to come on here for his money. But what I can't make out is why, since the letter told me to follow the Mexican, the man should not ask if I had done so, or why he should not wait for me. And he was hidden behind the boulder all the time the Mexican was waiting for him!"

"It is plumb distractin', Ben!" admitted Swaunee. "It looks as if some one's playin' a joke on yoh."

"If you had heard that fellow talk you would know he is up to something besides a joke," commented Anderson. "These are not joking days, Swaunee, with Mexicans shooting up towns along the border, and I.W.W.'s terrorizing mining camps. They'll head for the lumber camps next."

"Let 'em come!" drawled Swaunee. "We know how to meet 'em!"

"We don't want any trouble," said Anderson taking up the reins. "I don't see," he added, as he settled himself in the saddle, "where the fellow could have come from."

"Not if he be one of them I.W.W. fellers," said Swaunee, "foh ovah the mountain's a cow country and some homesteaders, till you come to Rocky Pass—and then yoh come to trouble!"

"Well, Swaunee, we've got to see the thing through!"

"Just as yoh say, Boss!" answered Swaunee.

"I am going to follow that man!"

"We'd bettah be startin' then," ob-

served Swaunee.

"You've got to go back to camp, Swaunee," said Anderson. "If you didn't, the boys would start out after us. Now it is possible, if those I. W. W's. are engineering this, they counted on just that happening, and with the horses and many of the men away, they would have the camp at their mercy. Tell the boys I want them to ride around to-night. You know what a match dropped would do

with the grass like tinder!"

"But what about yoh?" asked Swaunee. "Walkin' plumb into their trap, mebbe!"

"I have to get to the bottom of this thing! There's something up. I'll try to telephone the station from some place. But tell the boys to keep a sharp look out, and watch any stranger that comes around. S'long, Swaunee!" and he started on the lone trail up the mountain side.

(To be continued)

AMONG THE APACHES

By Fr. Gerard O. F. M.

THE history of the Christianization of the Apache Indians, "the Iroquois of the West," as they are not unfrequently called, has ever been a sad and discouraging record. Missionary efforts among this fiercest of Indian tribes were begun in 1629, when the Spanish Franciscan Fr. Benavides founded Mission Santa Clara de Capo in New Mexico, on the border of the Apache territory. Their Chief Sanaba was won over to the Faith, but the remainder of the tribe remained obstinate in their ancient superstitious practices. Living by murder and plunder, they were the terror of the more peacefully disposed Indian tribes as also of the whites.

At the beginning of the 18th century, the noted Jesuit missionary, Fr. Kino, attempted Christianizing the Apaches along the California border at the western end of Arizona. The impression he made on them was a most favorable one. They wished him to remain among them, but his premature death (1711) frustrated his design.

Twenty-two years later, we find the

Franciscans from the Texan Missions working among the tribe. In 1757, Missions San Saba and San Luis de Amarillas were established for them. But all to no avail. Besides, the Indians of Texas were greatly displeased at having the cruel and marauding Apaches as neighbors. And, being constantly molested by them, the Texan Indians became enraged and massacred two of the Fathers in the following year.

In 1761, conditions took a brighter turn. After the sons of St. Francis had founded Mission San Lorenzo, 400 of the tribe were induced to settle about the Mission. The Indians also allowed their children to be instructed and their sick to be visited. Unfortunately, however, these happy conditions were short-lived; for, in 1769, the peaceful settlement was surprised by the Comanches and utterly destroyed. Hence, from 1769 to the present day, there has been no Catholic priest working among the Apaches.

For the last quarter of a century, the German Lutherans have been trying to evangelize them with meager

success. They have three day-schools among the tribe with an average attendance of 25 pupils in each.

Catholic missionary efforts are now again being made. These were occasioned by a visit which Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, made through the Apache country during May of last year. Being deeply touched at the sight of the demoralization and extreme spiritual need of the 5000 Apaches in this part of the country, he immediately set about to seek a remedy. He applied for help to the Franciscan Fathers and as a result I was sent to endeavor to establish a mission among them.

It is, without doubt, up-hill work more especially since the Lutherans have been among them so long and have some prestige. In fact, since the appearance of a Catholic priest on the reservation, they are working over-time in various ways to prevent me getting a foothold.

But, where is the wisdom to outstrip the wisdom of God? A most providential introduction to the Apaches was given me during the time of the influenza epidemic. The children of the Government boarding school at Rice Station, besides several of the employees, were all taken down with the disease at the same time. Seeing that Dr. Perkins, the superintendent, had not sufficient help, I offered my services as nurse. My assistance was most gladly accepted and I was given charge of the school-hospital where the severer cases, especially those of pneumonia, were confined. Here I had the happiness of instructing, baptizing, and preparing for death twelve of these children. It was most edifying to see the love the Apache children bore for the Crucifix; they clung to it until it fell

from their grasp in death. The manner in which these children died and the thought of having sent a little band ahead to be intercessors in Heaven for their own tribe would give encouragement to any missionary heart and so they did to mine.

It was three weeks that I remained there and just as the epidemic was subsiding, I took the disease myself. I contracted it, most likely, from a dying boy who had a most virulent attack of pneumonia. I attended him almost all night until he passed away. Having laid him out, I was forced to take to my bed on account of the fever which had set in. The constant attention of kind Dr. Perkins and the good nurse, Mrs. Chiles, however, put me back on my feet in six days.

The school children were not slow to learn that the Catholic priest was a friend to them, as the ministers never showed upon the school premises during the entire siege. Hence, the epidemic was a providential opportunity for me and gave me a very propitious introduction to the Apaches who for over a century and a half had seen no priest among them.

For successful missionary work it is very necessary for the missionary to dwell among the Indians on the Reservation. As yet, I am not located among them, but until sufficient funds are at hand, I am to remain at Globe, Arizona, where I am tendered the kind hospitality of a secular priest, Rev. Virgil Génévrier.

In closing let me ask you, dear reader, kindly to set aside a day of the week or of the month on which you will specially remember this latest portion of the Lord's vineyard so that soon God's grace may reign in some of the 5000 benighted Apache hearts.

LETTER TO A TERTIARY

By a Franciscan Father

MY DEAR MISS A—

Among the subjects that, in pursuance of our agreement, I have chosen to write to you about during the period of your noviceship is also the subject of dress. Though this is a subject that can not be said to receive a lack of attention at the present day, even a slight acquaintance with the prevailing mode of dress must produce the conviction that it is not an attention inspired by the teaching of the Gospel; and yet it is precisely from the point of view of the Gospel that this question must be considered if we are to solve it aright. It is a cardinal principle of the Gospel that the spirit of the world is at variance with the spirit of Christ; and as fashion is almost the index of the spirit of the world, it is inevitable that a sharp conflict should exist between the two spirits regarding the question of clothes.

What the Rule of the Third Order, which in all things draws its inspiration from the Gospel, requires on this point is familiar to you. "Members of the Third Order will refrain from excessive costliness and elegance in adornment and dress, and will observe, each according to his station in life, the rule of moderation." This regulation was evidently conceived in the spirit of detachment from the goods of this world; yet, plain and intelligible as it seems to be, it is strangely misconstrued by some Tertiaries who indulge their love of splendor to the limit of their means and think to justify their extravagance by the concession of the Rule that each one may dress according to his station in life. As if that freedom released them from the rule of moderation! The rule of moderation is inseparable from the spirit of un-

worldliness, which is the fundamental law of Tertiaries (and of all Catholics) and which I have several times declared to be the characteristic of the Third Order. This spirit is the most vital thing about the Third Order. To it the Order owes its origin, its power, and its preservation to the present day. Without it the Order has no special mission and no reason of existence, and might as well give way to anyone of the numerous other pious associations within the Church. But if individual Tertiaries are to be actuated by this spirit, they must give proof of it by unworldliness and moderation in so conspicuous a matter as that of dress. To imagine that one is acting agreeably to this spirit while setting no bounds other than the limit of one's purse to the variety and richness of one's personal adornment, were a lamentable delusion.

What then is meant by the liberty to dress according to one's station in life? It means that Tertiaries, like all Catholics, may dress as well as their position requires. That there is a vast difference between what one's station requires and what one might possibly afford, is convincingly borne out by the fact that many wealthy people dress less expensively than some that are not even well-to-do. There may be no injustice in having all the fine gowns, rich jewels, and costly headgear that one can pay for, but there is likely to be little charity in it and certainly no moderation. The greatest temptation to fail against due moderation comes, I believe, from the desire to dress stylishly. Now, while I do not expect nor wish you to disregard the fashions entirely, I must point out that, as some styles are more fashionable than others, moderation should be

observed here too. Thus it would ill become a Tertiary, as an exemplar of unworldliness, to be foremost among those that adopt the latest fashions. Likewise, it could scarcely be deemed consistent with the true spirit of moderation to expend a considerable amount more, say for a certain garment or a certain kind of footwear, simply and solely because it is *more* stylish than another kind that is at once more serviceable and more durable.

I come now to the question of modesty of dress—a crucial one in these days. Perhaps you have found it strange that on this point the Rule is silent; yet the silence is easily explained. The original Rule had no need to stress this particular, as it prescribed the habit or garb of penance—a real garment at that time—which many Tertiaries wore externally. While this ancient requirement of the Rule is no longer in force,—the garb of penance now being represented by the scapular and cord,—the modesty that distinguished the Tertiaries of old should also be the most cherished attribute of the wearers of the girdle to-day. To be tricked out in a vesture that is fashioned—be it ever so prettily—for the exhibition rather than the protection and concealment of the flesh, is always an error in the art of clothing; but for a Catholic and a Tertiary to be so arrayed while clothed with the robe of sanctifying grace and girdled with the cincture of chastity, must excite the wonderment of men and angels.

But when is a girl's or woman's apparel immodest? Though this is to all appearance an important question to ask, still I decline to answer it;—not because I can not nor may, nor yet because I dread to do so; but because the answer must needs be complex and long and for my purpose would also be useless. You see, immodesty of dress, because of the scandal it gives, is sinful; and I have not

undertaken to counsel you how far you may go without incurring the guilt of sin, but how you should conduct yourself as a good Tertiary who must avoid also what is unbecoming. We must always come back to this fact that Tertiaries should “strive to lead others by their good example;” and the question they must ask themselves regarding their exterior conduct is therefore not, May I do this without sin? but, Is this consistent with the requirement of the Rule that I should strive to give others a good example?

So great is the need of good example that God gave us his only-begotten Son to be our pattern for the practice of every virtue, and Holy Mother Church, too, furnishes us with exemplars for our guidance in every affair and condition of life. She sets before us the life of those who of their own free choice have relinquished all earthly possessions, that no man may be excused from at least detaching his heart from the goods of this world. She points to the host of virginal souls who have consecrated their chastity to Christ, that no one may lose heart in the struggle against the unlawful desires of the flesh. She offers us examples of such as have voluntarily surrendered their free will into the hands of a religious superior, that the rest of mankind may restrain their liberty of action at least within the confines of the law. And even in the matter of dress she has given a lofty ideal of womanly modesty in the religious garb of nuns. It is not expected that these heroic examples will be closely copied by the ordinary Christian. They are there to offset the lure of the world forever enticing men to join the gay throng that goes the primrose way to everlasting perdition, to prove the reality of virtue, the possibility of perfection. Yet the *spirit* of these sublime models can and should be shared by all Christians; and of equal import-

ance with the towering peak of sanctity and the broad plateau of the religious life is the level road of the commandments,—I mean the example of men in the very midst of the world who render to the world only what they must render to it and who try to give all that they can to God. Just now there is a great need of such examples among women in regard to decorum of dress. Your extremist in the matter of dress, like the intemperate in the matter of drink, is not much impressed by the example of those who manage to balance themselves somewhat unsteadily on the border line. There must be examples of persons living in the selfsame circumstances who do not make even a distant approach toward immoderation.

But the strongest reason why all good women should observe a rigid modesty of dress is the respect they owe themselves, the jealousy with which they should guard their honor, and the love they owe to the virtue of purity. It can hardly be said that a refined sense of shame is a characteristic of the majority of American women of to-day. Yet, while hundreds of women have sacrificed their self-respect on the altar of fashion, shall those to whom their honor is yet dear not hedge it round with every precaution? Surely, modesty is not so cheap a thing as to be left unguarded. And if there are those who care naught for it or even despise it, shall there be none to champion it? Will chaste women be content merely not to tarnish it, or will they not proclaim by their example that they love it and glory in it as their chief charm? To do this, let them cease debating how far they may go without forfeiting their respectability and vie with one another in manifesting the greatest reserve.

You are likely to infer from the foregoing that I have a very definite idea how women should be dressed,

and as I want you to conform to it, I must tell you what it is. My standard of dress for women would require the acceptance of the following points:

First, the exclusion of all décolleté gowns; that is, not only those that are technically such, but all low-necked and short-sleeved dresses.

Secondly, the elimination of the short as well as the tight skirt.

Thirdly, disuse of diaphanous or transparent outer garments, (e. g., the much discussed Georgette blouses), unless the transparency is nullified by an undergarment.

Lastly, the wearing of sufficient clothing to prevent needless revealing of the form.

I do not say that the young lady whose apparel deviates in any way from this norm, is at once guilty of gross impropriety; but I do say that if she conforms to it, she will not only avoid the risk of scandal but will be in point of dress what every Catholic maid and woman should be—an unimpeachable model of Christian modesty. If our girls are to be educated to modesty, it will never do weakly to excuse and palliate their improprieties by such admissions as: "Oh, their dresses are not so bad." The line should be sharply drawn between the modest and the immodest. If a girl wishes to be considered modest, her apparel should proclaim that wish in a manner that leaves no room for doubt; and as most women and girls are free to dress as modestly as they like, they must themselves bear the responsibility if their apparel is a source of scandal.

But the fashion, the inexorable fashion! What can they do against that? It is the men who design these indecent garments and place them on the market, and women have no choice but to wear them. No choice? That is a strange thing indeed. For half a century and more the demand for women's rights and the equality

of the sexes,—in a word, the emancipation of women has been dinned into men's ears; and now that the demand has been all but universally realized, must my lady still consult these man-made fashions before she can say how she thinks a woman ought to dress? But how can she stem this tide of low-cut blouses and the like that is flooding the market? By not buying them and by insisting on what she wants after true woman fashion.

Let me suggest to you only one strategy. Agree with some twenty or thirty other young ladies to visit successively one girl at a time, several of the largest stores in the city, timing the visits so that about every half-hour the dealers will be confronted with a new demand for the kind of waist or hose or lingerie that fully satisfies your idea of propriety. If these dealers do not highly resolve and solemnly promise to procure what you desire at the earliest possible date, then American business enterprise has suffered a marvelous transformation. Such a procedure would not, of course, at once revolutionize the fashions. But you know the fable of the raindrop that precipitated a shower. Your action might find imitators and produce far-reaching results. If women would but resort to such simple and efficacious methods of getting what they want instead of passing futile resolutions in protest against the designers of indecent fashions, we should be more willing to believe that they are doing their best to stem the tide of impropriety in dress, of which they now stand accused and which some are apparently too indifferent even to resent.

There are two more points I wish to touch on briefly, and then I must

close. If you advocate the acceptance of my standard of modesty, some one will perhaps raise the taunt of prudery. Do not let that trouble you. *There is no prudery except where there is hypocrisy*, and the immodestly clad woman is the greatest prude in the world.

The other point regards the attitude you should assume toward women that are shockingly attired. An immodestly dressed woman is an affront to pure womanhood and by her very dress forfeits her right to the respect of decent men and women. Therefore, as there is no discourtesy in unceremoniously quitting the presence of one who uses vile language to one's face, so it is also no breach of etiquette to turn one's back on a woman who presents herself in indecent attire. Under circumstances, to act thus may be even a duty. The woman who covets the companionship of respectable people must first put off the costume of the underworld.

It is scarcely necessary for me to point out that my standard of modesty is in nowise inconsistent with beauty of dress nor even with a reasonable conformity to fashion. I would not have you appear less pretty and charming for being modest, but more so. Nay, I am really anxious for you to be very neat and spruce, not in order to cultivate vanity, but to show that it is possible to dress with exquisite taste without the least prejudice to the strictest decorum.

I must close abruptly. This letter is already too long and the hour is late. But have no fear that you are giving me too much trouble. I would gladly do more to be of service to you.

Your sincere friend,



CARDINAL GIBBONS TO THE AMERICAN BISHOPS

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE
408 NORTH CHARLES STREET
BALTIMORE

May 5, 1919.

RIGHT REVEREND P. J. MULDOON, D.D.
RIGHT REVEREND J. SCHREMS, D.D.
RIGHT REVEREND J. S. GLASS, C.M., D.D.
RIGHT REVEREND W. T. RUSSELL, D.D.

General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs.

Right-Reverend and dear Bishops:

As the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council is to meet this week in New York, I ask its members to convene separately also as "The General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs." I cannot be present but I ask Bishop Muldoon to act as chairman in my place. Archbishop Hayes, on account of his pressing new duties, has resigned from the Administrative Committee. I requested Archbishop Hanna to suggest in his stead a bishop from the Far West. He proposed Bishop Glass of Salt Lake City, whom I very gladly appointed on the Administrative Committee and who will, consequently, serve with us on the General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs.

We all recognize, dear Bishops, the importance of the act now being accomplished, in pursuance of the suggestion of the Special Delegate of the Holy Father, Archbishop Cerretti. This suggestion I regard as a divine call to summon our best thought and maximum energy in order to organize and direct them for the kindling of religion in the hearts of the American people. Coming at this time it is providential; the formation of this Committee begins, I believe, a new era in our Church. A closely knit organization of the Hierarchy acting together in harmony promises, under God's guidance, the greatest extension and development of the influence of religion. No other Church in history,

probably, had so grand an opportunity challenging it as we have at this moment. On us, and particularly on your younger minds and stronger arms, devolves the duty of surveying the field and planning the great work.

As I cannot be present at the first meeting to discuss with you the scope of the work, I beg to submit to your consideration some of my own thoughts and some suggestions made to me by members of the Hierarchy. I am not yet prepared myself to endorse all these suggestions, but coming from such esteemed sources, I pass them on to you as topics to be considered in the formation of plans.

The ordinary work of the Committee, as I conceive it, is to prepare for the meetings of the Hierarchy and to serve as an executive to carry out their decisions and wishes. It will necessarily be a clearing house for the general interests of the Church.

In planning this work, one may make various divisions of general "Catholic Interests and Affairs." I suggest the following which is along practical rather than logical lines: 1. The Holy See. 2. Home Missions. 3. Foreign Missions. 4. Social and Charitable Work. 5. Catholic University. 6. Catholic Education in general. 7. Catholic Literature. 8. Catholic Press. 9. Legislation. 10. A Catholic Bureau. 11. Finances.

1. *The Holy See.* Archbishop Cerretti explained to us on the occasion of my Jubilee the pressing needs of the Holy See. The countries of

Europe impoverished by war will be able to contribute little to the Holy Father. Yet, greater demands than ever before are being made upon the Holy See in behalf of the destitute and suffering in devastated lands, and for the maintenance of poor missions. "Rome," said His Excellency, "now looks to America to be the leader in all things Catholic, and to set an example to other nations." The Catholics of the United States are in a position today to manifest in a way that will give edification to the whole Church their generous loyalty to the Father of Christendom. The sum of money we may hope to raise and the best way to raise it are points to be considered under Number 11.

2. *Home Missions.* The end of the war finds the Church in this country in a stronger position than ever before. It is recognized more widely and more clearly as the one Church that knows its own mind, that has a message for society in its troubled state, and that is obeyed and loved by its people. The decay of other Churches will turn the thoughts of many towards us. The fine record of our chaplains in the army and navy has taught millions the real character of the Catholic clergy. Every bishop in his own diocese will try to reap the harvest which was sown during the war. But is it not possible for us to make larger plans? Cannot the mind of the American public be more effectively reached? Cannot the press spread Catholic truth, if the work be energetically undertaken under the direction of the Hierarchy? Some suggest a more active preaching campaign, of going out to the people since the vast millions fail to come to our churches. Many sections of our country have few Catholics and are almost absolutely ignorant of Catholicism. What can we do for them? On the vast negro population, rapidly increasing in numbers and growing in education and influence, we have

made almost no impression. Are our methods at fault or our zeal lacking? What can be done for all these souls? We have organizations in the Home Mission Field, Catholic Church Extension, the Missionary Union, the Negro and Indian Commission, and several others, all more or less under the control of the Hierarchy. Is closer co-operation among them possible? Would it be well to reconsider the whole problem of our Home Missions, which is, of course, the chief field of our duty? Would a conference of those most intimately concerned be advisable? This is a very large subject, of course, and requires long study and much thought, but I am confident that our bishops, missionaries, and the clergy in general are doing much valuable thinking along these lines, of which the whole Church should have the benefit. I am hopeful that a beginning will have been made before the next meeting of the Hierarchy.

3. *Foreign Missions.* Our enormous needs at home in this progressive country have so absorbed our thought and our zeal that we hardly have been able, till very recently, to turn our attention to foreign missions. The new position of our nation as the great world power will surely enlarge our vision. All over the world, America will have tremendous influence. Up to the present moment, we may say, that influence has been entirely non-Catholic. To the world in general, even to the Catholic world, American is synonymous with Protestant. The wonderful strength of the Church in this country is almost unknown to foreign lands. The reason is that the Church abroad has profited little by our strength and our riches. Now we cannot doubt that vocations in this field, both of men and of women, will be found in abundance, and it is our confident hope and prayer, that God will use American zeal, energy, and organizing ability

to give a great impulse to foreign missions. How can the Hierarchy aid in fostering the missionary spirit and in gathering the funds necessary for the work?

4. *Social and Charitable Work.* The Catholic War Council and the National Catholic Charities Conference have done most valuable pioneer work in this field. We are deeply indebted to the Administrative Committee for its timely guidance in the problems of this reconstructive period. Three things, in my opinion, are needed. First, the presentation, definite, clear and forceful, of Catholic social principles. Second, more knowledge as to the best methods of Catholic social and charitable work. Third, a more general impulse to put our social principles and methods into operation. Society never had greater need for guidance. It is turning for light to the Catholic Church. Too often, we must admit, our principles, the principles of the Gospel, have lain hidden in our theologies, so much so that the recent pamphlet on Social Reconstruction appeared to many a complete novelty. The Church has a great work of social education and social welfare lying before it. Here, again, the Hierarchy must take the lead.

Hardly anything in recent years has reflected greater glory on the Church than the care of the moral welfare of our soldiers and sailors during the war—a work begun by the Knights of Columbus and perfected by the Hierarchy through its Committee of the National Catholic War Council. Buildings with their equipment are to be found in nearly all our Government forts and stations here and abroad. No one, I presume, would think that we should abandon this field of apostolic work. After the record we have made, it would be impossible for us to say to our men in the service: we leave you now to the care of the Y.M.C.A., the Jewish Wel-

fare Board, and the Salvation Army. That these organizations propose to keep up the work begun during the war, there can be no doubt. Naturally, too, the Knights of Columbus do not wish to give up the work or to abandon the valuable property erected in Government stations and forts. This work can be best done by the Knights with the support of the Hierarchy, as a truly Catholic work. For the sake of our men in the service, for the spiritual welfare of the Knights of Columbus, and for the honor of the Church itself, this work then should continue to be under the direction of the Hierarchy.

The time will soon come, too, when we shall have to consider the best means of utilizing the zeal and good will of other Catholic societies, both of men and women, and of the laity in general. Our people long to be helpful and only need to have the way shown to them.

5. *Catholic University.* The great war has revealed to the world the all-penetrating influence of the highly trained intellect. The universal unrest of the day seems a prelude to very troubled times. Evil doctrines propounded by clever minds, will have more and more influence. Great need, then, will the Church have of leaders with sure knowledge and well trained and well balanced minds. Our greatest single hope is in The Catholic University which in its short existence has already been of the greatest service in many ways that even the Catholic public, perhaps, is not aware of. After its many vicissitudes, it stands today upon a solid foundation. We have reason to be proud of it and its achievements. It is the child of the Hierarchy and depends for its support on the Hierarchy. Continually in the past its development has been stunted for lack of funds. If it is to obtain and hold its place among the leading universities of the United States, a greater interest in its wel-

fare and success must be aroused among our Catholic people. It ought not to be difficult to double or treble, at least, the annual contribution. Our Committee should consider ways and means of effecting this.

A report on higher education among Catholics, relatively to the intellectual life of the country, is a great desideratum. It would reveal the need of greater efforts to raise our intellectual standards.

6. *Catholic Education.* Centralization in education is the trend of the day and seems due to the needs of the situation. What will be the outcome? How will Catholic interests be affected? There is no question at present on which light is more earnestly desired. It is, indeed, the most pressing of problems, the one on which we can least afford to delay. I beg you to have a careful treatment of this subject prepared and submitted to the judgment of the most expert.

A less pressing but even more important matter is the systematization of our own educational forces. There is great waste through lack of co-ordination. Do we not need more of system? Will not the very trend on our national life force us to study and overhaul our own educational structure?

7. *Catholic Literature.* We are not a literary Church, for our busy ministry has left little leisure for literary pursuits. Nevertheless our ministry would be greatly facilitated by the production and spread of good books and pamphlets. As a matter of fact it is greatly hampered now by lack of literature on the most common topics of the day, which would enlighten inquirers or strengthen the faith and deepen the piety of our own people. It has been suggested that a literary bureau, under the patronage of the Hierarchy, could easily secure writers to give us what is lacking. Is this feasible? Certainly there is a great deal of literary talent among us

which a little stimulation would rouse to a very useful activity.

The various Catholic Truth Societies of the country might co-operate with greater effect, and be stirred to more productiveness. It would be easy to suggest many useful pamphlets that should be written. A greater circulation of those already in existence is desirable. A Catholic literary bureau would greatly aid both these projects.

Such a bureau could also enlist the services of able writers in preparing articles on Catholic subjects for the secular papers and magazines. It frequently happens that an attack more or less open is made on the Church in the secular magazines or papers. An answer is immediately forthcoming in our Catholic press. But who reads it? It reaches a limited number of our own people, but is unheard of by the world of non-Catholics who have read the attack in the secular press. Moreover, I submit that we should not forever continue to place ourselves in a merely apologetic, excusing, or defensive attitude. While not being offensively aggressive, should we not endeavor occasionally to secure a sympathetic hearing from our separated brethren by articles calculated to inform the non-Catholic public on Catholic teaching, practices, and endeavors? The world outside the Church is not maliciously antagonistic to us. Its opposition is due to misconceptions of the Church and her ambitions. We need to reach the non-Catholic world, and the most effective means by which it can be reached is the secular press.

8. *The Catholic Press.* The children of the world are wiser in their day than the children of light. Certainly, there is no comparison between the secular and the religious press, as regards the interest of the reading matter which each provides. The Catholic press has begun to imitate the secular press with its central

news associations and bureaus for syndicated articles. Such associations and bureaus could raise the tone and heighten the interest of our weeklies. Up to the present time, the Hierarchy has taken no concerted action on behalf of the Catholic press. In view of the immense influence for good which a popular press could have on our people, it is worthy of inquiry whether we cannot come to its aid.

9. *Legislation.* There are many signs of increasing hostility to the Church and of a desire to translate this hostility into legislation, whether national or state. We have hardly had any policy at all in regard to such matters and frequently have only realized the intentions of our enemies when the hostile laws were already enacted. The very success and growing strength of the Church will make our enemies double their hatred and their cunning. Most of the legislation hurtful to us, however, is passed without any thought of injuring us. What means should we take to know proposed measures of legislation and to prevent, if possible, what is harmful? If we take any step in this direction, although all Protestant Churches have representatives in Washington as all interests have, except ourselves, the cry will be raised that the Church is in politics; but that cry has been heard all our lives and in all generations back to the Sanhedrin that condemned Christ. It is a matter, however, which we must carefully consider and upon which the Hierarchy will desire a report.

10. *Catholic Bureau.* It is evident, at any rate, that the General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs will need headquarters and clerical assistance; otherwise it would be unable to realize the purpose of its creation. Steps should be taken be-

fore long to establish such a bureau.

11. *Finances.* Evidently, too, the plan of action which I have outlined postulates a generous financial support. Our expenses, however, in the campaign for funds during the last two years should make us realize, as we have never done before, our possibilities. I am bound to say, however, that I have not yet attained the confidence of some members of the Hierarchy in our ability to raise millions. At our meeting one distinguished archbishop suggested raising a million dollars for the Holy Father. Another bishop suggests four millions annually for all Catholic purposes, and still another would set the mark at five millions. I am sure at any rate, dear bishops, that the Hierarchy would welcome the judgment which your own experience in the United War Work Campaign would lead you to form.

The foregoing plan, I must admit, is a very comprehensive one and furnishes almost enough matter of thought for a Plenary Council. It is a plan that perhaps cannot soon be realized in all its scope, yet I have thought it worth while to sketch the outline in full. Some of the ideas may be realized soon and others may be seed sown now which will sprout and bear fruit only after many years. I rely on your excellent practical judgment to select for our programme the most urgent matters and the most promising ideas, and I trust that when the Hierarchy meets next, our General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs will be able to present a workable plan of important things that ought soon to be accomplished.

I remain, my dear bishops,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

J. CARD. GIBBONS,

Chairman.

SOME THOUGHTS FOR JULY

By Marian Nesbitt, Tertiary

DURING July, Holy Church invites the whole Christian world to venerate in the life-giving stream of the most Precious Blood, the Love which poured, on Good Friday, from the pierced and broken Heart of God.

"John the Baptist," says a spiritual writer on this subject, "has pointed out the Lamb, Peter has firmly fixed His Throne, Paul has prepared the Bride; this their joint work, admirable in its unity, at once suggests the reason for their feasts occurring simultaneously." And now the Saints draw back, so to speak, in order that the Bride may appear alone before us, holding in her hands the Chalice of Salvation—the cup red with the Blood of the Redeemer. "Our Lord has chosen us," says the Seraph of Assisi to his children, "not only to carry the Cross ourselves, but by our example and teaching, to induce others to do the same, that united with them, we may tread in the footsteps of Jesus Christ Our Lord." We are not surprised, therefore, to find that all the most noted sons of St. Francis have been always very devout to the Precious Blood.

That great missionary St. Leonard of Port Maurice offered the Precious Blood thirty-three times every day to the Eternal Father. "Pierce my heart," he cries, "with the darts of thy Love, so that in all my actions I may regard thy Love above all, and love my neighbor as myself for love of Thee. By that life-giving Blood and Water that flowed from thy Side, O beloved Savior, purify my heart, so that being cleansed from all stain of sin, I may be admitted to contemplate thy Face forever in heaven. Amen."

St. Bonaventure's meditations on the "Seven Last Words" are filled

with beautiful ejaculations imploring God's grace and mercy, through the merits of the holy Blood of his Son. And the same Seraphic Doctor composed that prayer, so full of fervor and of burning love, beginning: "O sweet Lord Jcsus Christ, imprint thy Wounds in my heart, and inebriate my soul with thy Blood, that wherever I go, I may see Thee always crucified before my eyes."

Again, St. Clare, in some wonderfully devotional and touching prayers written by her in honor of the Five Wounds, has the following words: "All praise, honor, and glory be to Thee, O loving Jesus, for the sacred Wound of thy Side! . . . Deign to deliver me from all evils, past, present, and to come, by the merits of thy Precious Blood!"

It is interesting and curious, in this connection, to turn to old medieval books, and to find how certain herbs and flowers were held in high esteem by the herbalists of the period, on account of the special protective or curative properties they were believed to possess. It is sufficiently evident that these herbs were hallowed, or blessed by a priest, and carefully preserved,—possibly from one feast to another—as we now keep our pieces of blessed palm and the lilies of St. Antony.

The Holy Vervain—Holy Herb—was greatly valued as a styptic and healer of wounds. Its virtue is recounted in the following quaint and charming lines, which, whatever else they lack,—are not wanting in a spirit of simple piety:

Hallowed be thou, Vervain,
As thou growest on the ground,
For on the Mount of Cavalry,
There thou wast found.

Thou healedest our Savior Jesus Christ,
 And staunchest His bleeding Wound.
 In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy
 Ghost,
 I take thee from the ground.

In Lancashire, and doubtless in other places also, it was customary to gather some of this plant and wear it.

The pretty little scarlet Pimpernel was formerly greatly prized by the old herbalists, who considered it a cure for many diseases of the brain; and, from the wording of different folk-rhymes, it would seem that its virtue was bestowed upon it by "the Lord Jesus, when He shed his Blood upon the tree." Hence, the ancient couplet:

No heart can think, no tongue can tell
 The virtues of the pimpernel.

It is more than probable that the Wild Arum—familiar to us under its English name of Cuckoopint, and more familiar still, perchance, under that of Lords and Ladies—must originally have been associated in the minds of the people with Our Lord and Our Lady. We can surely all remember the childish joy with which we found and unfolded now a rich crimson spike, now a delicate white one from its glossy green sheath; and it is not unreasonable to assume that, in the ages of Faith, the red bore the name of Our Lord because its color symbolized the Precious Blood shed for our Redemption; while the white represented Our Lady Immaculate.

Another flower called after God's holy Mother, is the beautiful Marsh Marygold. This is also called sometimes the King-cup. Was the latter term introduced after England fell away from the Faith, and lost her love for Heaven's sweet Queen? Or has the name some hidden significance, seeing that, through Mary, the King of kings came down on earth to dwell?—We do not know; but we do know that the garden Marygold appears to have been associated with all

Our Lady's feasts—its raylike petals being considered emblematic of the glory round her head. In the early days of Christianity, even as far back as the beginning of the eighth century, the Irish, always so markedly devout to the Queen of Heaven, invoked her in their ancient litany—the very first, let it be remembered, that was composed in Our Lady's honor—as the Crimson Rose of the Land of Jacob; while there is evidence in plenty that in other countries the rose, and the lily also, soon came to be regarded as one of her special emblems. For, as an old writer charmingly expresses it, "Right as the lily is white and fair among briars and other flowers, right so was Our Lady among other maidens."

St. Antony of Padua, the main-spring of whose life was devotion to Mary—the *Gloriosa Domina*, whose prerogatives he proclaimed with such eloquence and power—compared her to a lily. Alcuin, the learned and pious, addresses her as the Lily of the World; and elsewhere we find her called the Lily of Chastity. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to enumerate the allusions in hymns, sermons, and spiritual writings, to Our Lady as the lily, "most goodly in beauty"—stainless and pure.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that, in the old English Herbals, different plants and flowers are assigned to certain feasts of Our Lady. One variety of the lovely white clematis, with large petals and delicate scent, blossoms in May; another about July 2, the Feast of her Visitation; and the wild white kind is in its fullest perfection on the Assumption—or Lady Day in Harvest, as it is called in Medieval England. It will be remembered, too, that every variety of clematis still goes by the beautiful old Catholic name of "Virgin's Bower."

When Mary left us here below,
 The Virgin's Bower is in full blow,

runs an old couplet. This feast was, as a matter of fact, called The Feast of Herbs, probably on account of an old custom which then prevailed. This custom consisted in the carrying to church, by the faithful, of great bundles of herbs, which were duly hallowed, or blessed by the officiating priest. It may be mentioned in passing that the lovely sweet-scented Cyclamen, sometimes called The Perfume of Mary, is named by the Persians Mary's Hand; because they say that Our Lady having laid her hand on the plant, it took the form of her five fingers, and thenceforward exhaled a most exquisite fragrance. In France, it still bears the charming title, *les gants de notre Dame*—the

Gloves of Our Lady. In France, also, the heavenly blue forget-me-not is commonly known as the Eyes of Our Lady—*les yeux de Notre Dame*. Again, the Black Bryony, mentioned by Lord Bacon in his *Silvia Silvarum*, when in former days it went by the old Catholic name of Our Lady's Seal, was believed to possess medical qualities. All these quaint beliefs and practices, connected with flowers and herbs, are interesting; because they sprang from a sincere and lively faith in the redeeming Blood of our Divine Savior, and in the immaculate purity and tenderness of her who was in very truth the Matchless Maiden, the Flower of flowers, "amongst all, and above all blessed and most blessed."

PIMA AND PAPAGO BASKETS AND POTTERY

By Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M.

ALMOST every Indian tribe has its curios. The Sioux have their beautiful bead-work, the Chippewas their ingenious canoes, the Navajos their world-famous blankets and rugs, while the Pimas and Papagos have their artistic baskets and pottery. These baskets are widely known and find a ready sale; for, being handmade, they possess a permanent artistic value and serve a useful purpose as well. The pottery, especially the Kwadhadk pottery, is very beautiful; but owing to its fragility it can not well be shipped.

The origin of the baskets and the pottery is easily explained. Before the coming of the whites, the Indians made all their household goods themselves. While the men busied themselves making stone axes, mortars and tampers, bows and arrows, plows and other implements of stone and mesquite wood, the squaws made bowls for eating and drinking purposes, and baskets for gathering in the

grain and fruits. Many of these baskets, however, were so well made and so closely woven that they could hold water.

When the whites saw the pottery and baskets and began to purchase them for their own use, the Indian women were induced to make these articles also for commercial purposes. The natural consequence was a deplorable deterioration in the workmanship. Formerly the squaws took great pride in ornamenting their baskets and pottery with all kinds of geometrical figures and with scenes from the days of their ancestors. But for the past ten years misled by the depraved tastes of their customers, they have decorated their wares with all sorts of hideous representations of dogs, horses, deer, men and women, etc. Thus, at present there are very few really good basket weavers and potters, and these few will soon disappear, as they find it difficult to dispose of their beautiful and highly

artistic wares at a reasonable price.

There is a great difference between the Pima and Papago baskets. The Pimas make their baskets from willows, which they find along the banks of the Gila River; while the Papagos, who have neither river nor willows in their desert country, use the pointed leaves of the century plant, a species of cactus, for the light portions of the baskets, and the so-called cat-claws for the dark portions. The light part of the Pima baskets is very smooth, as the willows are more easily woven and their white color changes in time to a beautiful yellow. The Papago baskets are quite rough but have a rich white color. When harvesting is over—for baskets are made only during the winter season when agriculture is impossible—the Pima women go to the Gila River and the Papagos to the mountains to gather materials for their baskets. Having secured a sufficient quantity, they bury it for some time in moist ground, in order to soften the fibers. Then they slice the branches and leaves into strips with an awl and the work of weaving begins. This work is slow and tedious and lasts for days or even months according as the patterns are easy or intricate.

The Kwadhadks (desert Pimas) make the best pottery, which is often so ornamental and exact in execution that it closely resembles factory work. The clay for the pottery is found only in certain places, often at a great distance from the villages. When making these clay vessels, the Indians begin at the bottom. Layer is placed on layer and carefully moulded with a paddle into one whole. Then it is coated with a pale-black paint made from mesquite bark, and placed in a slow fire, where it changes to a deep black. After the bowl or pot has been sufficiently burned, it is rubbed smooth and polished with stones. In this way all the pots and water ves-

sels are made in the southwest and in Mexico, and, in fact, in all the southern countries. They are very porous and preserve the water fresh and cool even in the hottest weather. Many of these vessels are very large, holding from five to ten gallons, and one often sees the squaws returning from the village well, bearing home their daily supply of water in a large vessel ingeniously balanced on their heads.

Another utensil made by our Indians that is worthy of note is the quijo or burden-basket, in which the squaws formerly were wont to carry great loads on their backs. Since at the present time almost every Indian has his horse and wagon, these burden-baskets are becoming very rare. Aged Indian women frequently tell of the old days when they used to go during harvest eight to ten miles to the mountains for water with a quijo on their back filled with water bottles. The framework of these burden-baskets is made from the trunk of the giant cactus. About this is woven a net of agave fibers, which are fastened to the cactus sticks by means of cords made of Indian hair. Formerly, the little Indian girls made toy quijos, and each maiden, under the direction of her mother, made a large one for herself to use throughout her life. It was natural that they took great pride in making their quijos as beautiful and artistic as possible.

These are the most important articles made by our Pima and Papagos. A well made basket or piece of Indian pottery is useful as well as ornamental, especially if decorated with the ancient geometrical figures and scenes from the lives of the early Indians. Thus even in the lowly grass and mud hovels of the Arizona Indians we find art, but art put to practical purposes; for these beautifully woven baskets and painted earthen vessels are in daily use among them.

FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.

CHAPTER IX

(Concluded)

At Puaray—Soldiers after Mines—Return to Mexico—Fr. Santa Maria Murdered—Fr. Lopez Killed—Brother Augustin also Martyred—Salmeron's Version—Davis's Chimerical Expedition—Gulible Sectarians—The Bible—Equipment of Catholic Missionaries

HERE at Puaray Fathers Francisco López and Juan de Santa Maria and Brother Augustin Rodríguez resolved to set up one headquarters for their missionary activities. The soldiers meanwhile explored the surrounding country in search of mines, the real purpose they had for accompanying the missionaries, venturing as far as Zuñi without being molested anywhere. They claimed to have discovered eleven¹⁹ places that indicated the presence of silver. "From three of them," the report says,²⁰ "ore was brought to this city (Mexico) and given to his Excellency. He sent it to the assayer of the mint to be assayed; he assayed them and found one of the samples to be half silver; another contained twenty marks to the hundredweight; and the third had five marks." A heavy snowfall in December prevented further excursions, wherefore "they returned to the pueblo of Puaray, where they had left the religious, the horses, and the rest of the things they possessed. From this pueblo they returned to Mexico along the same route by which they had come. The religious remained in this pueblo with the Indian servants whom they had brought, among them

the mestizo (Juan Bautista). This witness (Bustamante) and the rest of the soldiers returned with their leader to Santa Bárbara, whence they had set out with the commission of his Excellency (the viceroy), and came to report to him what they had seen and discovered."²¹

On the way back from New Mexico, the leader, Francisco Sánchez Chamuscado, who was more than sixty years old, fell sick. He was bled, and long halts were made for him. As he grew no better, he was carried between two horses on a litter made of poles cut with sabers, and the thongs from the hide of a horse killed for the purpose; but thirty leagues before reaching Santa Barbara he died.²²

Bustamante, Barrado, and Escalante were later on examined separately, but only Barrado reported something on the subject, and he claimed to have heard it from the Indian, Gerónimo, who had remained with the Fathers. Gerónimo related "that he had seen Fr. Francisco López killed by the Indians of Puaray, and that he had seen him buried, and that as he was fleeing to escape he heard cries and shouts in the pueblo from which he understood that they must be killing the other friar."²³

19. According to the soldiers Escalante and Barrado, in *Spanish Exploration*, p. 157. Bustamante, p. 150, says five mine prospects.

20. Escalante and Barrado, p. 157. "We also discovered a rich salina (salt lake) containing a great quantity of granulated salt of good quality. The salina measures five leagues around (or in extent), as Bustamante (p. 149) says.

21. Bustamante in *Spanish Exploration*, pp. 149-150. The soldiers forgot to state why they abandoned the friars.

22. *Spanish Exploration*, p. 150.

23. *Spanish Exploration*, p. 152..

Mendieta, followed by Torquemada and Arlégui, relates that, after having journeyed four hundred leagues from the Capital, the friars came to a tribe that received them so kindly that they staid there, and, as Arlégui states, they preached so effectively that many were willing to be baptized. "Seeing the copious harvest of souls which the Lord had prepared for them," Mendieta continues, "and that on account of being so few the friars could not accomplish the task, they discussed ways and means to inform the superiors of the urgent need of sending more laborers. Fr. Juan de Santa Maria, a young religious well equipped for any kind of hardship, and quite willing to undergo any suffering for the love of Christ, then offered to make the perilous journey alone. He had studied astronomy and was so fond of the science that he was commonly and familiarly called the Astronomer.²⁴ Trusting to his knowledge of the stars, and wishing to learn more about the country, he took a road to Mexico different from the one on which they had come. Scarcely had he travelled three days, when some savage Indians took his life in a novel and brutal manner. While he lay asleep under a tree on the roadside, the barbarians placed a heavy flagstone upon his head and then left him to die slowly of suffocation." Of this Fr. López and Brother Augustin never heard anything. They continued to teach the rudiments of Christian doctrine by means of signs, meanwhile endeavoring to learn the Indian language so that they might preach the saving truths more clearly and intelligibly. While the two friars were thus occupied, it happened that one day some armed Indians

came to the pueblo and began to quarrel with the villagers, perhaps, as Mendieta remarks, for having admitted the friars and maintained them. Fr. Francisco, therefore, came out to reprove them for the wrong they were doing. He tried to persuade them to cease the angry quarrelling, and to live in peace with the neighbors since they were all one people. The angry savages then turned upon the friar, and without further ado discharged their arrows at him until he dropped dead.

"The venerable old Brother Augustin now stood alone among the pagans with five Christian Indians whom he had brought from Mexico to assist in converting and instructing these heathen people. Notwithstanding that he was alone, he could not endure the excesses and abominations which the infidel natives committed publicly, and he would sometimes chide them gently. At other times, without fear of the death they had inflicted on his companion, he would speak more seriously, and he would warn them that Almighty God would chastise them on earth and with eternal punishment hereafter. This finally angered them. They refused to listen, and in order to silence him the barbarians killed him, and then also the Christian Indian servants so that there might not be left a witness of their wickedness."

Such is Mendieta's story, which he must have had from an Indian who escaped, or perhaps from a third person. Torquemada and Arlégui simply repeat what Mendieta states. It is not probable that the two friars thus early ventured to reprimand the pagans in the manner described. Had the informant been cross-examined, which is always necessary in the case

24. All the Spanish chroniclers down to Salmerón use the terms *astrologia* and *astrologo*, but, of course, not in the accepted sense. Astronomy is understood. With the nonsense that goes under the terms astrology no sane Christian can have anything to do. Gonzaga has nothing on the subject.

25. Los barbaros le echaron una muy grande galga (una losa grande, Arlégui writes) encima de la cabeza, que le quitó la vida sin poder respirar."

of an Indian, he would have, doubtless, told another story.

Fr. Zárate Salmérón, who was stationed at Jémez about thirty years after the murder of the friars, and who was, therefore, in a position to secure the details about the tragedy among the Indians on the Rio Grande, describes what happened somewhat more fully and exactly. "These three friars," he writes in 1626, "were soon joined by twelve soldiers and a captain who went in search of mines. They left Santa Barbara, journeying northward for two hundred leagues, and arrived at the province of the Tigua nation,²⁶ who are settled on the banks, of the Rio del Norte, four hundred leagues from the City of Mexico. When they reached the pueblo of Puaray, and it appeared to the soldiers that the Indians were many and they themselves few,²⁷ they decided to return, and did so. The religious remained there among the Indians, and knowing how all that region was populous with many tribes, they entered to see them all. Arriving among the Tanos Indians, at the pueblo of Galisteo,²⁸ and observing their docility, the three religious concluded that one of them should go to inform the superiors of what they had seen, in order that more priests might come to labor in the vineyard. Father Juan de Santa Maria at once offered himself for this journey. He was a great astronomer and tracing out the land, he discovered on his own account how they might have journeyed a shorter and more direct road. So he set out behind the range of Puaray²⁹ to go by way of the salinas, and from there direct to the crossing

of the Rio del Norte, one hundred leagues this side of New Mexico.³⁰ He did not succeed in his good intent, however; for on the third day after bidding farewell to his brethren and companions, as he came to rest under a tree, the Tigua Indians of the pueblo, now called San Pablo³¹, killed him and burned his bones. The other two religious returned to the pueblo of Puaray, where they had been, pleased with their friendly reception; and there they staid with the Indians, learning their language, until the demon, our enemy, had his will.

"One evening, as Fr. Francisco López was praying,³² a little more than the range of an arquebuse away from the pueblo, an Indian killed him with two blows of a wooden war-club on the temples, as the marks on his skull show. The Indians of that pueblo also confess it; for to this day there are many Indians who witnessed his death, and they revealed where his body was buried. Brother Augustin Rodríguez laid him in a shroud and buried him after our custom inside the village. The chief of the pueblo manifested signs of sorrow for the death of this priest, and in order that the same fate might not happen to the Brother who remained, he took him along to the pueblo of Santiago, a league and a half up the river; but he could not keep such careful watch over him as to prevent his death; for at a moment when he was not watching the Indians did the same to the Brother, and then cast his body into the river which was then in a freshet. In such a manner did the Tigua Indians kill the three religious; wherefore it has been said that in this little

26. The vicinity of the present Isleta, the first of the Tiguex settlements from south to north.

27. Not creditable to the soldiers, surely, Mendieta and Torquemada remark.

28. A pueblo of the Tanos Indians, one and one-half miles northeast of the present hamlet, and about twenty-two miles south of Santa Fe. (Hodge, *Handbook*, vol. i, 481.)

29. The Sandia Mountains.

30. i. e. Santa Fe.

31. "Three days' journey south of Galisteo brought the Monk (friar), travelling on foot, to San Pedro and Chilili." (Bandelier *Final Report*, Pt. II, p. 113.)

32. He was probably reciting his Office or Breviary.

corner lie five martyrs for the honor and glory of God;"³³ namely Fr. Juan de la Cruz and Brother Luis de Ubeda, besides the three just mentioned. Fr. Juan de Padilla is not included because he was martyred at Quivira, now Kansas or Nebraska.

"The body of the saintly Fr. Francisco López was not discovered until more than thirty years later. At the end of that time an Indian of the pueblo of Puaray, an eye-witness of his death and burial, revealed it to Fr. Estévan de Perea, who was the commissary of those provinces and a great missionary among those natives. The priests in their robes and on foot bore the remains with all veneration and respect, and placed them in the church of Sandía, a good league away. Although this procession occurred in the month of February, which is in the rigor of the winter, the inclement weather harmed none of them; and from the time the procession started, the saintly martyr began to work miracles, of which another religious has written very fully. For that reason I do nothing more here than note the fact."³⁴

No notice has been taken here of an expedition said to have started out for New Mexico from somewhere in Sinaloa or Durango, in 1563-1565, under Francisco de Ibarra accompanied by the Franciscan Fr. Pablo Acebedo, because there is no evidence that the expedition ever crossed the borders into New Mexico.³⁵

Another expedition, however, must be remembered, although there is not a vestige of it outside the brain of the

author of the story, W. W. H. Davis, United States Attorney, Secretary of the Territory of New Mexico from 1854 to 1857, and author of *El Gringo*,³⁶ a work frequently quoted in the early days. In the Preface, July 28, 1856, Davis claims that "the historical portions are almost wholly obtained from official records in the office of the Secretary of the Territory at Santa Fe." His statements should therefore, be indisputable. Yet on page 70, he perpetrates this array of nonsense: "In the reign of Philip the Second of Spain³⁷, a Franciscan friar, named Marcos de Niza, with a few companions penetrated the country as far as the province of Zuñi . . . The priest is said to have been a native of New Mexico, and may have been a son of the same friar Marcos de Niza heretofore mentioned, who . . . attempted to reach Cibola with the Arab negro, and afterward accompanied the expedition of Coronado. The first arrival of Niza and his people caused much surprise among the natives; . . . but after the surprise had worn off a cruel war broke out, in which most of the priests were killed. . . . Among those who escaped was a friar, who went to Mexico, and carried with him an image of Our Lady of Macana,³⁸ which was preserved for a long time in the convent of that city."

How gullible and imaginative these sectarians are! Davis lived at Santa Fe, the center of Catholicity, for two years and a half. For the asking he could have escaped making himself ridiculous; but that is what rock-

33. Salmerón, *Relaciones*, no. 8; Mendieta, p. 764; Gonzaga *De Origine*, II, pp. 1278-1279; Vetancurt, *Menologie*, pp. 57, 117, 130; Arlégui, pp. 215-217; Tello, pp. 492-493; Shea, *Catholic Church*, II, 183-185; *Catholic Missions*, pp. 78-79; Read, pp. 171-177; Bancroft, *Arizona*, pp. 75-79; Bandelier, *Final Report*, II, 227-228; Defouri, *Martyrs of New Mexico*, pp. 18-21; Lummis, *Spanish Pioneers*, pp. 86-87; Whipple, *Pacific R. R. Reports*, III, pp. 113-114; Salpointe, *Soldiers of the Cross*, pp. 43-45.

34. Salmerón, no. 11. What work Fr. Salmerón refers to I have not as yet discovered.

35. See Bancroft, *Arizona*, pp. 72-73; Read, pp. 169-170.

36. Nickname applied to Americans by the Mexicans.

37. He succeeded Charles V, in 1557.

38. Our Lady of the Indian War-Club! Pure fiction, but what next?

ribbed sectarians will not do, some from fear lest they be obliged to drop some of their stupid notions about Catholics, and others with a well-founded suspicion that they might lose their salaried positions, which demand the vilification of the Catholic Church. This latter motive appears to control sectarian emissaries in New Mexico, especially one of them who a few years ago concluded a string of calumnies against the Franciscans and the Catholics in general with the monstrous charge that Catholics did not believe in the Divinity of Christ! The castigation he received at the hands of the writer silenced him, but it did not cause him to retract or to apologize. Probably he absolved himself by reading a page from the Bible, after the fashion which our Divine Lord condemned in the Pharisees.³⁹ Catholics do not escape so cheaply. With them it is no reparation, no forgiveness.

This particular Bible pedlar is very much concerned to know whether the first Franciscans in the State had any Bibles? Why should they? They had not come as disciples of the foul-mouthed Luther, or of the heartless Calvin, or of the brutal John Knox. As disciples of St. Francis they volunteered, and they risked violent death in order to make Christ known and

served. For that purpose they had equipped themselves by studying the Bible for many years, and especially by practising its commands, and even the counsels of the Savior. Upon the knowledge thus absorbed into their whole system, the friars always ruminated, and from it, like the householder in the Gospel,⁴⁰ they drew for the instruction of their converts. There was no need to carry the Book along. Fancy a physician bringing with him a pharmacopia wherever he goes. Our Divine Savior Himself had no Bible. Yet He said, "I have given you an example that you should do as I have done."⁴¹ Nor did He order the disciples to go out by twos with a Bible.⁴² Nor were the Apostles told to burden themselves with a Bible, but just to preach what He had told them.⁴³ Hence it was that the first Franciscans who preached in the territory of New Mexico, eager to imitate their Divine Model and the Apostles, contented themselves with carrying nothing that was not necessary for the exercise of their office of "ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God."⁴⁴ If the sectarians would only study the Bible with a view to profit spiritually by its teachings, how differently would they employ their tongues and pens.

39. Matt. xv, 5-6.—40. Matt. xiii, 52.—41. John xiii, 15.

42. Mark vi, 8-9; Luke x, 4.—43. Matt. xxviii, 19; Mark xvi, 15-16.

44. I Cor. iv, 1.

BORN TIRED

"He wuz born too tired ter git outen his own way," said the old colored brother. "De only exercise he ever gits is fallin' from grace, and after he falls, please God, he's too tired ter git up agin!"

ON THE PERFECTION OF LIFE

From the Latin of Saint Bonaventure

By Fr. Jasper, O.F.M.

Perfect Poverty

POVERTY is a virtue which is so necessary for the completeness of perfection that without it no one can be perfect, as our Lord avers in the Gospel, saying, *If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor* (Matth. 19, 21). For since the sum of evangelical perfection consists in the excellence of poverty, let no one believe, that he has reached the height of perfection, if he has not yet become a perfect lover of evangelical poverty. Hugh of St. Victor says, "Whatever perfection one may find in religious, let it not be estimated as genuine perfection, if there is no love of poverty."

There are two things that should move every religious, yes, every man to love of poverty. The first is *the example of God*, which is above blame; the second is *the promise of God*, which is above price. The first, then, which ought to move you, O handmaid of Christ, to love poverty is the love and example of our Lord Jesus Christ. For He was poor *in His birth*, poor *in His life*, poor *in His death*.

Behold, what an *example of poverty* He has left you, that by His example you might become a friend of poverty. Our Lord Jesus Christ was so poor *in His birth*, that He had neither lodging nor covering nor nourishment. For lodging He had a stable, for covering He had poor swaddling clothes, for nourishment He had the milk of a virgin. Wherefore the Apostle St. Paul, considering this poverty, exclaims with a sigh, *You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that being rich He became poor for our sakes, that through His poverty we might be rich* (II Cor. 8,

9). And St. Bernard says, "From eternity there was a great abundance of all good things in heaven; only poverty was not found among them. On earth, however, this good greatly abounded, but man knew not its value. Therefore did the Son of God, eagerly desiring it, come down from heaven that He might choose it for Himself and by His choice make it precious to us."

Also *during His sojourn in this world* did our Lord Jesus Christ show Himself to us an example of poverty. Hear, O happy virgin, hear ye all that have professed poverty, how poor the Son of God, the King of Angels, was while He lived on earth. He was so poor that at times He could not even secure a lodging, and often He was obliged to sleep with His apostles outside the city and the villages. Therefore says the Evangelist St. Mark, *Having viewed all things round about, when now the eventide was come, He went out to Bethania with the twelve* (Chap. 11, 11). To this St. Bede remarks, "He looked round about, whether some one would receive Him as a guest, for He was so poor and so little welcome that not even in so great a city He found hospitality." St. Matthew says, *The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests: but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head* (Chap. 8, 20).

The Lord of the Angels was not only poor in birth, He was not only poor in life, but to kindle in us love for poverty, he was very poor also *in death*. O ye all, that have vowed poverty, attend and see (Lam. 1, 12) how poor that rich King of heaven became for our sake at the time of His death! For He was stripped and

deprived of all He had; He was, I say, stripped of His *garments*, when *they divided His garments and upon His vesture cast lots* (Matth. 27, 35). He was stripped of His *body and soul*, when His soul was separated from His body by suffering a most bitter death. He was stripped even of *divine glory*, when *they glorified Him not as God* (Rom. 1, 21), but treated Him like a malefactor, as also Job laments, *They have stripped me of my glory* (Job 19, 9). Of the examples of such poverty St. Bernard says, "Behold the poor Christ born without a lodging, lying between the ox and the ass, in the manger, wrapped in poor swadling clothes, fleeing into Egypt, seated on an ass, and hanging naked on the cross."

Who, then, is so wretched a Christian, who so rash and deluded a religious, that he would still love riches and abhor poverty, when he sees and hears that the God of gods, the Lord of the world, the King of heaven, the Only-begotten of God sustained the wants of such poverty? "It is certainly a great, a very great perversity," as St. Bernard remarks, "that a wretched little worm should desire to be rich, for which the God of majesty and the Lord of hosts wished to become poor. Let the pagan, who lives without God, seek riches; let the Jew, who received earthly promises, seek riches." But you, O virgin of Christ, you, O handmaid of the Lord, with what mind do you seek riches, who have vowed poverty, who live among the poor of Jesus Christ, who wish to be a daughter of the poor Father St. Francis, who have promised to be a follower of the poor Mother St. Clare? Above measure, is your and my covetousness confounded; because we, though having professed poverty, exchanged poverty for covetousness, by desiring what is not allowed, what the Rule forbids, although the Son of God *became poor for our sakes* (II Cor. 8, 9).

I know for certain that the more ardent lovers you are of the poverty which you have professed, the more perfect followers you are of evangelical poverty, the more you will abound in all goods, temporal and spiritual. But if you turn to the opposite, if you despise the poverty which you have professed, you will be in need of all goods, temporal as well as spiritual. Mary, the poor Mother of the poor Jesus, says *He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away*, (Luke 1, 53). This also the holy Prophet confirms, saying, *The rich have wanted, and have suffered hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not be deprived of any goods* (Ps. 33, 11). Have you not read, have you not heard what the Lord Jesus says to His Apostles in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, *Be not solicitous saying, what shall we eat: or what shall we drink? For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things* (Chap. 6, 31)? Listen also to what He tells them in the Gospel according to St. Luke, *When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, did you want anything? But they said: Nothing* (Luke 22, 35). If then the Lord without any solicitude fed His disciples even among the hardhearted and incredulous Jews; what wonder if He feeds the Friars Minor, who profess the same perfection; what wonder, if He feeds the poor Sisters, the followers of evangelical poverty, among Christian and believing peoples? *Cast ye therefore all your care upon Him, for He hath care of you* (I Pet. 5, 7).

Since the solicitude of God the Father toward us is so great, so great His care for us; it seems strange that we should be so much occupied with the care for these temporal, these vain and perishable things. Truly, I can find no other cause for this than covetousness, the mother of disorder and damnation; no other reason do I find except that our affections have

far departed from God our Savior (cf. Deut. 32, 15). There is no other cause but that the fervor of divine love has grown cold and become extinct in us. Certainly, if we were truly fervent, we being poor should follow the poor Christ. For when men feel great heat, they are wont to take off all superfluous clothing. It is a sign of great coldness in us, that we are so attached to these temporal things. O my God, how can we be so insensible to Christ, who *went forth out of his country*, i. e., out of heaven, *and from his kindred*, i. e., the Angels, *and out of his father's house* (Gen. 12, 1) i. e., out of His Father's bosom, and became poor, abject, and despised for our sake? And we refuse to leave for his sake a wretched and fetid world? We have indeed left the world in body; but alas, our whole heart, our whole mind, every wish and desire of ours is occupied and absorbed by the world.

O happy servant of God, bear in mind the poverty of our poor Lord Jesus Christ; imprint in your heart the poverty of your poor Father St. Francis; remember the poverty of your poor Mother St. Clare. And with all zeal, to the best of your power, cling to poverty, embrace the Lady Poverty, and do not in the name of the Lord desire to love on earth anything else than poverty,—not honors, not temporal things, not riches, but take care to observe steadfastly the holy poverty which you have vowed. For to have riches and to love them is unprofitable; to love them and not to have them is dangerous; but to have them and not to love them is difficult. Therefore, neither to have nor to love riches is useful, safe, delightful, and an act of perfect virtue; and hence the counsel of the Lord on poverty as well as His example should move every Christian and kindle in him a love for poverty. O blessed poverty, how dear to God, how secure in this world do you make your lover! "For

he," as St. Gregory remarks, "who has nothing in this world that he loves, has nothing to fear." We read in the lives of the Fathers that a certain poor brother had one mat, with one half of which he covered himself at night, and the other half he laid under himself. Now once on a time, when the cold was severe, the Father of the monastery, going out at night, heard him say, "I give thanks to Thee, O Lord, for how many of the rich are in prison, how many of them fettered or shackled, how many have their feet in the stocks! But I am like a king, stretching forth my feet, and going whither I will."—This, then, is the first, namely *the example of poverty*.

The second which ought to kindle in you love for poverty, is *the promise of God* which is above price. O good Lord Jesus, *rich unto all* (Rom. 10, 12), who can fitly express in words, conceive in his heart, and describe that heavenly glory which Thou hast promised to give to Thy poor? For by their voluntary poverty they merit "to share in the glory of their Creator" (St. Gregory), they merit to *enter into the powers of the Lord* (Ps. 70, 16), into those eternal tabernacles, into those resplendent mansions. They merit to become citizens of that city whose architect and founder is God. For Thou hast promised to them with Thy own blessed mouth saying, *Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven* (Matth. 5, 3). *The kingdom of heaven*, O Lord Jesus Christ, is nothing else but Thou Thyself, Who art *the King of kings, and Lord of lords* (I Tim. 6, 15). Thou wilt give to them Thyself as their reward, their recompense, and their joy. Thyself they shall enjoy, in Thee they shall delight, by Thee they shall be filled. *For the poor shall eat and shall be filled: and they shall praise the Lord that seek Him: their hearts shall live for ever and ever* (Ps. 21, 27).

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Conducted for our Women Readers

By Grace Strong

Gathering up the Fragments

THAT heart indeed is to be pitied which never feels the hunger of service, which knowing or hearing of the great suffering of the world, would not fain go forth and help in its relief. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that the impossibility of gratifying this good desire brings actual unhappiness and discontent. Even though one fulfills in spirit and letter the duties of one's position, still for the generous, there is the consciousness of that appealing selfless work, the unforgetting of the great human need; and it not infrequently happens that along with this desire goes the lack of means to relieve these needs. Yet, perhaps at the very door of such ardent people are many who could be helped by the unregarded means at hand.

It was my blessed privilege once to have before me the shining example of a woman who, with little money to bestow in charity and many pressing duties claiming her time, yet, by using inconsidered things, fragments of time, brought happiness into many lives and made her name a benediction wherever she moved.

She was fond of reading, and books and papers and magazines gravitated toward her home. There was a widow who kept a little confectionery shop in the village. This woman, too, liked to read, but was too poor to pay for a periodical. When my saint went to Mass, by starting a few minutes earlier, she could drop in at the candy store with the old woman's favorite magazine or paper. The Sisters who taught the parish school, weekly received a bundle of papers and magazines, and with their sweet thanks, they often told her, that but for her

thought of them, they would lack touch with Catholic happenings and writing, as they could not afford to subscribe for periodicals. From the Sisters, the suitable publications were passed on to children, whose parents would not, or could not, take a Catholic paper.

This woman was a lover of flowers, and her garden was a delight. She seemed to know how to do mission work with her flowers. There was a woman who had come into the neighborhood, and who seemed to be let comewhat alone. One morning, this woman, bitter, unhappy, coming down and opening her door, found on the bench on the porch a bouquet of flowers. Her heart leaped up. In the new and apparently unsociable neighborhood, there was some one, as she afterward told with tears in her eyes, who thought of her. Or perhaps, another neighbor, bearing many burdens, would find a tray of rosy tomatoes on her back porch. Or perhaps an ex-farmer's liking for succotash was remembered when the corn and beans were ready for picking.

Did the agent or the peddler call, the door was not shut in his or her face. A child of God was seen in every human being and treated as such. If the day were warm, a glass of cold water was offered; if cold, the invitation to get warmed was given. No sale might be made; but the agent was met with the graciousness of a kind woman. Did the tramp ask for food? He was invited in; a cloth was spread on the kitchen table, and the best the larder held was set before him. The girl or young man away from loved ones, with a boarding house or furnished room for their home, was always welcome to her;

and to many hers was another home. She made time for neighborly visits, and the sick were always cheered by a call or an interesting book she sent, or fruit or flowers. If the persons were poor, it was no uncommon thing for her to perform the offices of the nurse. To the lonely and neglected she was a friend.

That woman's world might have been the four walls of her home, and she might have excused herself from consideration of others by the plea of her own domestic obligations. With little to spare from the needs of her own household, she might have held herself exempt from the duty of aiding others. Instead, she made the community in which she lived her world, and gathering up the fragments as the Lord commanded, she bestowed them on others, and lo! they became as precious as gifts of gold and silver. Do not think that only great things are valuable, and that, if you can not do them, you will do nothing. What thy hand finds to do, do it, we are bidden. Disregard no opportunity for performing a kind act, speaking a kind word. There are many hungry for love and sympathy and understanding, as for bread; and who so poor as not to be able to give these!

From the personal point of view, it is the surest way to happiness. Kept up, the time will come when you will find yourself walking through a world radiating with kindly feeling for you, when your name will fall from lips with love; you will have nothing but good will, and good will is a powerful magnet to draw to you the desirable things of life.

The Fault-Finder

I have often wondered what a certain class of people would do if men and women were suddenly to become perfect, and their occupation of finding fault were gone.

That so many persons must always

adopt the critical attitude adds considerably to the hardships of those who try to look on the bright, otherwise the better, side of things. From acts of Providence, man's inhumanity, and nature's relentless laws we have misery enough to endure in our passage through life, without having added to it the presence of the fault-finder.

If in a moment of relaxation you pick up a newspaper or a magazine, are you in any way bettered by having the critic assailing you from its pages? But if you find a word of cheer, if out of the innumerable incidents crowding everyday life you find one selected for you which shows humanity at its high-water mark; if there is caught for you a gleam of humor—then a real benefit has been conferred upon you, and henceforth that writer has a friend in you. The same is true of the chance acquaintance. That caller leaves you in a happier frame of mind whose motto is: "Let something good be said, or silence kept."

The habit of fault-finding, like every other one, is a thing of gradual growth. We begin by finding fault with the individual, and before we are aware of it, mankind in general is called out for criticism. There is absolutely nothing good in the world, according to these; and yet we know, God looking upon His creation pronounced it good. Of course, some of His good has been directed from its original bent—but are we going to mend it by standing over it and seeing nothing in creation but this wrong? By its side, perchance, rises up what is noble and good; and were it as vigorously pointed out, untold benefits might result.

It is a question whether the critics have accomplished anything worth while. In art and literature, we know they have destroyed some of the most gifted men and women, and lashed the souls of all with bitterness.

In the world of business, in the home, in the school, the failures due to fault finding would shock us could we trace the effects to their cause.

If you are one of those offenders, resolve to-day to break the habit. Resolve that criticism shall be employed by you only when it is an absolute duty. Are you a writer and would you reform certain evils? Tell us how praiseworthy are their virtuous opposites. Awaken in us such a desire for their realization that we shall cast off these objectionable faults as we would threads of gossamer. Are you a teacher? Take the good work of your pupils and set that as a standard for them, and you will find them failing less frequently.

In the home, the social circle, let us see the same rule followed, and where we now have unhappiness and discord, we shall find a better understanding of one another, a laudable desire to live up to the good the members of our family and our neighborhood see in us; for we read in the Book of Proverbs, "By long forbearance is a prince persuaded, and a soft tongue breaketh the bone."

Questions and Answers

[Address all communications intended for this and *The Christian Home* department to Grace Strong, in care of *Franciscan Herald*, Teutopolis, Ill.]

Miss E. M. C., Chicago.—The generous enthusiasm of your letter does you credit. To serve the sick and the poor is to serve the Divine Master himself, as his recorded words declare. You are not too young to take up social service work, under direction. Organizations engaged in such work need and welcome willing helpers. In the splendid Catholic Woman's League of your own city, you may get, no doubt, the opportunity to render the service you desire; or you may consult the Rev. Director of the Third Order or other Fathers of St. Peter's

Church. There is greater need to-day and right in your own city than in the time of the Saint you wish you could have aided. Prove the sincerity of your wish by helping the needy of your own day.

Mrs. L. L. B., St. Louis, writes: "I am glad a department for women has been opened in the *Franciscan Herald*, and I hope its readers will respond to your invitation to contribute to its columns. I wish to do my bit by seconding the appeal to our Catholic women to interest themselves in public affairs. Now that woman's suffrage is a foregone conclusion for all the States, as it is already a fact in a large number, our women should begin to prepare themselves for their political duties. Some women may still think they do not need the vote, but this is not the question. The vote has been given to them and the question now is, how are they going to make use of it? Up to a certain point, conservatism is very laudable. When that point is reached, then it is common sense to step into the ranks of the new movement and to aid in directing it toward the right, lest a forward minority of suffragettes of the Amazonian variety abuse their newly gained rights for base purposes. Experience has taught me that the Catholic woman is always a great factor in civic and similar societies. I once saw a Catholic woman and an Episcopalian woman instinctively join forces at a critical hour, and, in a prejudiced community, make the society they represented a potent factor against anti-Catholicism in their town. In a large city I have seen the Catholic element and the more conservative non-Catholic element uniting and thereby keeping the radical element from gaining the upperhand. The well trained Catholic woman is a power for good and is recognized as such. She accomplishes the end of right and justice; and without antagonizing others, she awakens admiration for her religion.

The things of God are not revealed to the brute or to the brutish man. The heart can only know that which it loves—that with which it has some affinity. "Things human," says Pascal, "must be known to be loved, things divine must be loved to be known."



FIRESIDE TALKS AND TALES

For our Young Readers

By Elizabeth Rose

Our Country's Flag

A bar of red, a bar of white,
 A field of glowing blue,
 Where, at their side,
 The stars abide—
 The flag for me and you!

Red is for courage high, and white for
 Purpose pure, unstained,
 And blue for smile
 Of Heaven the while
 On noble aim attained.

Our country's flag! God grant its folds
 May never float above
 Aught that may shame its red so bright,
 Aught that may stain its peerless white,
 Aught that may dim its blue of love!
 And to its crown of stars be given
 A light to lead men's souls to
 Heaven.

The Saint of Good Luck

HIS real name was John, but he got the name of Bonaventure from St. Francis of Assisi, who raised him from his dying bed by a miracle. As St. Francis stood by the child's side, he was suddenly enlightened as to what a wonderful saint little John was to become, and he cried out, "O buona ventura!" which means, "O what good luck!" So ever after little John was known as Bonaventure, and he had the best of luck, indeed; for to-day the whole Church reveres him as one of its greatest saints and doctors. But his good luck didn't just come to him and ask to be received. He made it himself from a recipe he has left behind him, of which we all can make use. It is this: "A constant fidelity in little things, and doing ordinary things in the best manner in one's power." So you see it was even more pluck than luck in Bonaventure's case, for while Luck occasionally brings us some great thing to do, it takes Pluck, as we all know, old and

young, to do little everyday things well all the time! Everything Bonaventure did was well done. When he grew up, he entered the Franciscan Order, started by the kind Saint who had brought him back to life again. He wrote learned books and studied and preached and washed the dishes in his convent when it was his turn with just as much earnestness as he performed the greater duties. He really practiced what he preached—as most of us don't!—and did ordinary things in the most perfect manner.

Wouldn't you call him then the Saint of Pluck even more than the Saint of Good Luck?

Angelus By Law

IMAGINE yourself taking a pleasant stroll with a companion just as the midday or evening Angelus rang out from some neighboring church, and a policeman suddenly stepping up to you and saying, "See here, don't you know it's against the law not to say your Angelus when the bell rings? And it's down on your knees you must get to say it, too, you heathen!"

Well, this was actually the case in France, in the latter part of the 14th century. Louis XI was one of the most disagreeable and unpleasant monarchs the country ever had, but he enacted this law in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and as he was very particular about his laws being obeyed, down went everybody on his knees when the Angelus rang, no matter what was his station, or where he happened to be! In fact, King Louis was very particular about everything wanted. Once when he was sick,

he ordered his subjects to pray that the north wind would stop blowing, because he always felt worse when it blew! He was horribly afraid of ~~ay-~~ing, and when he felt his time had come, he sent over to Italy to a holy monk, Francis of Paula, to come cure him by his prayers, or at least to keep him alive awhile longer. Francis sent him word only God could do that. Then Louis had a letter written to the Pope, begging him to make Francis come to him whether he wanted to or not. The holy man, touched with compassion, finally did come, and he worked a greater miracle than his cure for him—perhaps the Blessed Virgin thus rewarded the veneration he always expressed for her—for Louis died in his arms, calm and resigned; not half so much so, however, as his kingdom was glad to get rid of him.

Of course, in these days we don't need a policeman to put us in mind of saying our Angelus when the bell rings!

The Brown Dog

A little brown dog trotted down the road alongside of a little brown meant-to-be-white boy; but on the whole, the dog was the fairer of the two. Boy and dog were much alike; so much alike, in fact, that had Bully Bunter been a human being, he might have been taken for Billy Bunter's twin. Both had the same mashed nose, the same bright eye, the same energy of bearing, the same quickness of step; only Bully Bunter had the unfair advantage of four legs where Billy Bunter had but two. All six legs at present were going rapidly down the road to insinuate themselves into the dwelling of a professed enemy, bearing the name of Bobby Bumpus—a name to which its owner was quite ready to respond on the slightest provocation.

This was a special occasion. Bobby's

big brother Jim had just come back from "over there," and Jim had brought with him a large and beautiful Belgian dog, that had been a despatch bearer! Bobby walked six foot high among his associates when this fact became known.

Jim had found the dog wounded and disabled, carried him into camp, tended his wounds, and cured him, Then he formally adopted him—so that the twain were now friends and brothers. Of course, Bobby claimed the honors, and Nero allowed him companionship for the sake of Jim.

The Bunters, despite the enmity of Bobby, found themselves entirely unable to keep away from the star of the village. So, in uncertain hope, Billy was bringing Bully to make his acquaintance.

Nero met them at the garden gate. He was very friendly, indeed, so that Bully, seeing no fight in the foreigner's bristles, rather patronized him after a few moment's interchange of civilities.

Bobby was by no means so hospitable to Billy.

"Huh!" he remarked, by way of opening the conversation, "my dog can eat yours up in a minute. 'He's a Belgian."

"Gwan!" retorted Billy. "What's that? Bully's a United States, and you can't lick 'em!"

"Bet you Nero can lick *him* every time!" challenged Bobby, scenting a fray, beloved of his soul.

"He'd better not try it! Bully—why, Bully—Bully could make him holler in a minit!"

"Sic him, Nero!" called out Bobby, waiting for no more. The startled Billy, outraged by his host's treachery, fell promptly upon Bobby. Nero, beholding one of the beloved Jim's family attacked, made as promptly for Billy. Bully, with a valor worthy of a Great Dane, made for Nero. The fight consisted of a yell, a howl, and a screech, which brought Jim Bumpus

flying out of the house to investigate. He rushed at the two boys, parted them with a sounding smack apiece and plucked Nero off the prostrate and demoralized form of Bully Bunter seemingly all in a breath.

Now Jim was a hero and wore the Croix de Guerre—the “Croaks de Gerry,” as Bobby flaunted it to his schoolmates—and even to be smacked by a hero was a distinction in Billy Bunter’s estimation; but Bobby belonged to the family, and had no such illusions. Both however, obeyed very meekly Jim’s peremptory order to “Get out!” retiring to different corners of the fence to see what was going to happen next.

“And you, you big savage!” said the indignant owner to his dog, “to bite a poor little snip like that! I’m ashamed of you! I thought you had gotten civilized since you came to America! Blamed, if I don’t give you one, too!”

Nero, heartbroken, hung his head. He didn’t quite understand the situation, it is true; but he recognized the disapproval in Jim’s tones. Bully Bunter, getting his wind again, howled once and looked earnestly at the pair. It must have gone through his dog mind like this, “Don’t scold Nero! Your miserable brother Bobby did it all! Nero’s a stranger, too, and I’m not. Poor Nero! Never mind—don’t take it so hard. These humans have got a right to be more polite to a foreigner—I’ll just show Jim Bumpus!”

He went straight over to where Nero sat, sad and sorrowful, and sat down beside him and looked right up into Jim Bumpus’ eyes as much as to say—“Touch him if you dare!”

Jim’s laugh might have been heard half a mile. Billy and Bobby, taking heart at the sound, viewed each other

shamefacedly and crept gradually nearer.

“They ain’t nuthin’ but dogs, but I—I—guess they treat each other better’n than we do, Bobby,” said Billy, a little uncertainly.

“Maybe the pair of you’ll learn some sense before you die, youngsters,” remarked Jim, contemptuously. Then he patted both animals affectionately, and went off whistling Nero to follow him down the road, while behind them came ecstatically the six legs of Billy and Bully Bunter.

What The Bright People Tell Us

Patriotism—Not the mere holding a great flag unfurled, but making it the goodliest in the world.

Little things

On little wings

Bear little souls to Heaven.

—Father Faber.

Things don’t turn up in this world till somebody turns them up. A pound of Pluck is worth a ton of Luck.—President Garfield.

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, sincere earnestness.—Charles Dickens.

There is no action so slight, so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing of God.—Ruskin.

Willing minds make heaviest burdens light.—Tasso.

Nothing’s so hard but search will find it out.—Herrick,

A small unkindness is a great offence.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College.—The Very Rev. Fr. Ferdinand Diotavelli, O.F.M., Custos of the Holy Land, returned to Rome from a visit to Paris and London, whither he had gone in the interests of the Holy Places in Palestine. He was accompanied to London by Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., of Washington, D. C.—

Rev. Fr. Matthew Daunais, O.F.M., Commissary of the Holy Land in Canada, will sail for Jerusalem via Egypt with Very Rev. Fr. Custos. Fr. Matthew is collecting material for a biography of Fr. Frederic Jansoone, O.F.M., who died at Three Rivers, Canada, about two years ago in the odor of sanctity. Fr. Frederic was Custodial Vicar of the Holy Land for several years, and it is supposed that much of his correspondence as well as other records dealing with his labors in the East are to be found in the archives of the convent at Jerusalem.—

Very Rev. Fr. James Merighi, Commissary Provincial of the Italian Franciscans in the United States came to Italy with a view to obtain more friars for the Italian Franciscan Province. He will accompany our Most Rev. Fr. General Seraphin Cimino to the United States about the middle of July. Fr. General intends personally to hold the canonical visitation of the Italian Province, and the convents of the French Province in Canada, and to preside at the Chapter of the Province of Santa Barbara, California.

Owing to the dearth of priests in the Cincinnati Province, Rev. Fr. Fulgence, O.F.M., who has been acting as Assistant Postulator General at Rome, has received permission from Fr. General to return to his own province. His absence will be keenly felt here at the College, where his lovable character made friends of all.

The cause of the beatification of Pope Pius IX, who was a zealous and enthusiastic member of the Third Order of St. Francis, is demanding wide attention in Rome, Naples, Gaeta, and Portisi. So far, 31 miracles and cures wrought through the intercession of the saintly Tertiary Pope, have been proved. God grant that soon we may venerate on our altars the Pontiff of the Immaculate Conception and of the Infallibility of the Pope.

Alexandria, Egypt.—The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Egypt celebrated their general chapter recently. Most Rev. Fr. General Seraphin Cimino presided. Rev. Mother Augusta, of the convent of St. An-

tony, Alexandria, was elected Mother General. This congregation of Sisters was established principally for the missions of the Holy Land and the territory subject to the Fr. Custos.

Germany.—Last July, the Saxon Province of the Holy Cross in Germany, commemorated the fourth centenary of its foundation. Owing to war conditions, the celebrations were of a quiet and private nature. In commemoration of the event, *Franciscus Stimmen*, now in the second year of its existence, issued a special number, rich in historical matter pertaining to the ancient Province. The frontispiece brings a copy of a painting from the brush of a lay brother of the Province, Fr. Damascene. It represents our holy Father St. Francis clasping the crucifix and looking toward heaven in an attitude of meditation.

Palestine.—Although the British flag now floats over the Holy City, the terrible stress incident to the great war has not yet been materially lightened. The Franciscan schools in the Holy Land still remain closed, also the free pharmacy and dispensary in Jerusalem, where hundreds were wont to receive aid gratis at all times. The great number of the poor and sick, who were assisted every day by the friars, can not now be helped to the extent their needs demand for lack of sufficient resources; although it is well known that the Fathers even in the most trying times did all in their power to assist them, and this at the cost of innumerable personal privations and sufferings. During the war, the allied nations were unable to send money to the Holy Land, and that which was sent by the nations associated with Turkey in the war, though sent in gold, was paid to the Franciscans in Turkish paper money, which had lost about 85 per cent of its face value. In spite of all, the divine worship was daily kept up at the various Sanctuaries, the poor were supported, of whom in Jerusalem alone 1500 daily received soup and bread. The fugitives from Armenia and Northern Palestine found a welcome asylum with the Franciscans in Jerusalem, as did the evicted religious of all the Orders and Congregations of every nationality. All these received from the friars the same food and accommodations they themselves enjoyed. In order to meet the great financial obligations that faced them on all sides, the Fathers were forced to borrow money from Jews and other usurers, paying them almost fabulous interest, which in some cases

amounted to 200 per cent. These extortions would loan them Turkish money, which was worth only about one-sixth of its face value, on condition that it would be paid back after the war in gold coin, thus demanding a return of six to seven times the amount loaned.

Jerusalem, Palestine.—It is known that as early as the fifth century a basilica was erected over the spot in the Garden of Gethsemani where Jesus underwent his sorrowful agony. When in the course of centuries, this church was destroyed, it was rebuilt about the year 1000. After the Turks had extended their sway over Palestine, it was again destroyed, so that only the foundation was left to mark the sacred spot. When the Franciscans acquired the Garden, they endeavored to get permission to remove a column placed there by the Turks in memory of the "Kiss of Judas," in order to make the necessary excavations for rebuilding the ancient basilica. The Greek schismatics made use of every means to prevent this, thus hindering for centuries the erection of the temple. But the friars did not cease to work and pray that the day might dawn when they would be enabled to execute this pious work. The permission came at last when Gen. Storrs, the Governor of Jerusalem, intervened. On January 27 last, the pillar was removed to another section of the Garden and work was begun at once on the new basilica of the Agonizing Heart of Jesus, the friars trusting that the Catholic world will make possible financially this grand undertaking, which will at the same time serve as a most fitting memorial of the long desired liberation of the Holy City and of the end of the World War.

Holmesburg, Pa., St. Dominic's Church.—A Tertiary fraternity was established on December 1, 1918, in St. Dominic's Church, this city. Rev. L. J. Wall, the pastor, is the spiritual director, and although at present his band of Tertiaries is small—only forty in number—the prospects for a rapid growth are very bright. *Franciscan Herald* is being circulated among the members, and we find it especially valuable to Tertiaries.

Sante Fe, New Mexico, St. Francis Cathedral.—Although Archbishop Daeger received the episcopal consecration on May 7, the ceremony of conferring on him the pallium—the sacred vestment worn by archbishops as a special mark of their dignity and authority—took place on Sunday, May 11. Monsignor O'Hern, president of the American College in Rome, brought the pallium from Rome and delivered it to the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, D. C.

His Excellency then appointed Rev. Joseph Rhode, O.F.M., Vice-Commissary of the Holy Land at Washington, to bear it to Santa Fe. The impressive ceremony was conducted by Archbishop Pitaval, while Fr. Joseph read the papal bull conferring the pallium on the new Archbishop and preached a very appropriate sermon in the course of which he explained the meaning of the pallium and its use in the Church.

Sacramento, Cal., St. Francis Church.—On Sunday, June 1, twenty candidates were received into the Third Order and thirty novices were professed. Our Tertiary fraternity is especially engaged in providing for the various needs of our own parish church and for th-poor.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—The annual solemn novena of Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony was again this year the source of innumerable graces for souls, since on each of the Tuesdays more than 2000 clients of the Wonderworker received Holy Communion in St. Peter's. On the feast day itself, June 13, a solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10 o'clock during which Rev. Fr. James, O.F.M., preached both in English and in German. After the Mass, lilies were blessed and distributed to the faithful, who were eager to secure them, since it not seldom happens that apparently wonderful cures are wrought by their pious use.—

The Third Order fraternities of St. Peter's have established a fund of \$6500, the interest of which will be used for the education of two students to the holy priesthood, one for the Franciscan Order in the Province of the Sacred Heart, the other a native student in the Far East, to be designated by the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. This is certainly a most praiseworthy undertaking on the part of the Chicago Tertiaries and it is to be hoped that their example will soon be followed by other fraternities.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.—The Third Order retreat conducted by Rev. Fr. Leo, O.F.M., the local Director, May 11-18, was very successful. Not only did the attendance grow daily but also the number of postulants, so that at the solemn close 274 new members were received into the fraternity. Although of these only forty were men, they are a distinct gain for the Third Order in our parish, since they are truly representative men and their example is sure to be followed by others. Indeed, one hears it remarked time and again, "Oh, had I known that so and so was going to join, I would have joined too." A prize had been promised the promoter who should succeed in securing the largest number of candidates. After the June meeting, the winners were

announced and a beautiful statue of St. Antony was awarded to the first. The aftermath of the retreat will occur during July. Fully a dozen persons, who were hindered from joining on May 18, together with many others who are now anxious to be ranked with the Tertiaries, will be invested with the scapular and cord on July 13, at 3 P. M. On July 10 and 11, at 7.45 P. M., lectures will be given on the Third Order for all the Tertiaries as well as for those who wish to become members. For the former, these sermons are to serve the purpose of strengthening in them the spirit of the retreat.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church.—The election by printed ballot of officers for the St. Francis Fraternity was recently held at St. Joseph's. Out of twenty-two candidates proposed, the following were elected: Prefect, Mrs. N. Cummings; Vice-Prefect, Mrs. A. Brennan; First Ass't, Miss N. Sullivan; Second Ass't, Mrs. C. Buckius; Librarians, Misses M. Fennel, I. Cavanagh, E. McBride, and N. Hagen; Secretaries, Misses M. Fitzpatrick, M. Cullinan, M. O'Boyle, and M. O'Boyle; Collectors, Mrs. A. Feldkircher and Mrs. D. O'Connell. To spread the knowledge of the Third Order, our Tertiaries are working strenuously for the spread of *Franciscan Herald*. During the absence of Rev. Fr. Roger, who was appointed canonical visitor for the Santa Barbara Province, Fr. Hilarion is also conducting the regular meetings of the St. Antony Fraternity.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church.—Spiritual exercises were held for the local Tertiaries in St. Francis Church from May 11-18, by Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart. A German sermon was preached each morning, while in the evening a lecture was given in English, as the retreat was given for the benefit of both branches of the fraternity. On the closing day, Sunday, May 18, the ceremonies of the canonical visitation were held and thirteen new members received into the Third Order. All the exercises were very well attended and the results of the retreat are most gratifying. It is expected that a number of non-Tertiaries who attended the retreat will seek admission into the Order at the next regular meeting.

Komatke, Arizona, St. John's Mission.—One of the most eventful of the eighteen years St. John's Mission has been in existence, came to a happy close on June 1. This year saw the largest number of pupils enrolled in our Indian boarding school, about 300 in all, and in spite of the epidemic and quarantine, classes were regularly held. The progress made in the various

branches of study was very satisfactory, as the annual examinations and public exhibitions fully attested. For a long time, we flattered ourselves that we should be preserved immune from the influenza, but when the terrible epidemic visited our neighborhood for the third time, sixty cases developed in our school. During the year, we lost in all by death, owing especially to the measles or the influenza, twelve children, of whom only four died at the school. We are very grateful that no more victims were claimed. During the summer months, an addition will be made to the boys' building and to the girls' dormitory; also three new classrooms must be provided, so that by next September we shall have accommodations for 350 children. May the good God provide us with generous benefactors to enable us to carry out these necessary improvements, which are being undertaken solely for His greater honor and for the good of the poor Indians entrusted to our care.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.—At the councillors' meeting on May 28, our Rev. Director explained the purpose of *Franciscan Herald* and showed how necessary it is for the Tertiaries to read a monthly published especially for benefit. The reports of sixteen sub-prefects regarding the work carried on by the Tertiaries in their parishes proved very interesting and encouraging. On Pentecost Sunday, June 8, the annual canonical visitation of our two fraternities was solemnly conducted by Rev. Fr. Matthew, O.F.M., pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Chicago. The visitation began on the afternoon of the previous day, when the Rev. Visitor received the Tertiaries, who requested the favor, in private audience, and conferred on matters pertaining to the Third Order with the Rev. Director and his councillors. On Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, about 2000 Tertiaries gathered in front of St. Antony's school and were led in solemn procession to the church. Fr. Matthew then addressed them in English and German and officiated at the ceremonies proper to the occasion. The celebration was one to make the Tertiaries feel justly proud that they are children of St. Francis and aroused the enthusiasm of even the most apathetic.

Spokane, Wash., St. George's Church.—At the regular monthly meeting held on May 18, an exceptionally large number of Tertiaries was in attendance. Nineteen new members were received into the Order on this occasion. The Rev. Director explained in the course of his address, that the Third Order is an active order and showed how well it is equipped to assist in solving the social problems of our day. To encourage

the Tertiaries to aid in spreading good Catholic literature and to supply them with abundant reading matter, our Rev. Director has laid the foundation for a Third Order library.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's Seminary.—The graduating class of 1918-19 held their Commencement Exercises in St. Michael's Hall on the evening of June 6, on which occasion the degree of A.B. was awarded to each member of the class. The following afternoon, they entered the novitiate monastery to prepare themselves by a ten days' retreat under the able guidance of Rev. Fr. Bede, O.F.M., of Ashland, Wis., for the great day of their investment in the First Order of St. Francis. While they were running like giants the highway of spiritual life, their less fortunate schoolmates, whom they had left behind in "Old St. Joe's," were wearily plodding along the rugged path of preparation for the final examinations. Judging from the happy faces that greeted one on all sides after the ordeal, one gained the impression that the majority had not fared so badly during the trial. And indeed, the large percentage of students who secured ninety per cent and over for their general average proves that appearances did not belie the facts. The past year was one of many blessings, not the least of which was our complete immunity from the influenza epidemic that wrought havoc in so many educational institutions throughout the land. Up to the last day, fervent prayers were offered in grateful tribute to St. Antony, to whose powerful intercession we ascribe the favor. On the night of June 16, a pleasing farewell program was held in the dramatic hall, and on the following morning the boys boarded the trains for home sweet home, the Fathers and Brothers bidding them Godspeed and voicing the hope of a happy return in the fall.

Teutopolis, Ill., Novitiate Monastery.—Amid the solemn ceremonies prescribed by

the ritual of the Order, a class of thirteen young men was admitted to the habit of the First Order of St. Francis in the local monastery on June 16. Rev. Fr. Matthew, O.F.M., pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Chicago, and defnitor of the Province, presided as delegate of Very Rev. Fr. Provincial. He was assisted by Rev. Fr. Joseph, O.F.M., Vice-Commissary of the Holy Land, of Washington, D. C., as deacon, and by Rev. Fr. Ferdinand, Vice-Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, as sub-deacon. Rev. Fr. John, master of novices, and Rel. Fr. Clarence, acted as masters of ceremonies. A beautiful polyphone Mass was rendered by the St. Joseph's Seminary choir, while the proper parts of the Mass were sung in Gregorian Chant by the clerics of the monastery. A large number of friends and relatives of the candidates were present at the ceremonies. Following are the names by which the newly invested novices will be known in religion: John Dittmann, Fr. Luke; Bernard Rust, Fr. Claude; William Wernsing, Fr. Michael; Henry Harms, Fr. Ethelbert; Nicholas Paunovich, Fr. Gerald; Paul Huntscha, Fr. Erwin; Aloysius Pionkowski, Fr. Arthur; Joseph Henninger, Fr. Lawrence; Charles Pfeilschifter, Fr. Boniface; Reuben Adam, Fr. Clote; Aloysius Gerbracht, Fr. Seraphin; Joseph Keuter, Fr. Aubert; Leo Hasenstab, Fr. Roman. Immediately after the investment of the clerics, the following Tertiary lay brothers were admitted to the novitiate of the First Order: Bro. Ignatius Zwiesler, Bro. Augustine Tarozas, and Bro. Paschal Fister. Finally, Rev. Fr. Joseph, as delegate of the Most Rev. Fr. General, invested Bro. Roch Calá with the habit of the First Order for the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Washington, D. C. To all the happy novices, *Franciscan Herald* extends cordial felicitations and invokes on them the blessing of the Seraphic Father: "May the Lord give you peace!"

OBITUARY

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Hospital.—Rev. Bernardine Weis, O.F.M.
Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Convent.—Rel. Bro. Dennis Nacon, O.F.M.
Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:—

St. Louis Fraternity:—Susan (Phillippa) Flynn; Anna (Elizabeth) McCaffney; Jane (Frances) Moloy; Julia (Frances) Camp.

St. Elizabeth Fraternity:—Amalia (Rosalia) Kehler; Susanna (Bibiana) Lischinski.
Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth's Church:—Mrs. Donovan; Mrs. Deasy.
Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:—Francisca (Elizabeth) Backmann.
Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:—Agnes (Margaret) Bland; Barbara (Elizabeth) Schmitz; Francisca (Anna) Gans.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—Cassie Murphy.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—A. Shelby; M. Chautemeyer; M. Prise; El. Krueger; E. Moran; T. Schaper.

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Editorial Comment

Catholic Leadership at Last

In our last month's issue we published a letter which his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons recently addressed to "The General Committee on Catholic Interests and Affairs." Most of our readers, we take it, have not been aware of the existence of such a committee. We must confess that we, too, have been quite ignorant thereof. The fact of the matter is that it was called into being only a few months since—and that, apparently, at the suggestion of the Holy Father himself. On the occasion of the revered Cardinal's jubilee celebration, it was unanimously resolved by the bishops present that a yearly meeting of all the bishops should be held at an appointed place, in order to adopt the most suitable means of promoting the interests and welfare of the Catholic Church, and that there should be appointed from among the bishops two commissions, one to deal with social questions, the other to study educational problems, and both to report to their episcopal brethren. The general committee is to prepare for these meetings of the Hierarchy and to serve as an executive to carry out their wishes and decisions; it is to serve also as a clearing house for the general interests of the Church.

The full significance of this action

of the American episcopate will only appear after the lapse of years. The Cardinal rightly says that the formation of this committee begins a new era in our Church. The possibilities of the plan are simply unlimited. For one thing it assures the American Catholics of much needed and long looked for leadership. There can be no doubt of the need of enlightened and responsible leadership at the present hour. Never before has the Church in this country been confronted by problems of such magnitude and variety and difficulty. Never before has she had so grand an opportunity to vindicate her just claim to the esteem and confidence of a great and mighty nation. Never before, perhaps, have her enemies assumed so provoking and threatening an attitude. Never before have her children been so eager to rush to her defence. All this calls for skillful and farsighted and reliable leadership. And who could be better qualified to act as leaders than the bishops whom the Holy Ghost has placed to rule the Church of God?

They are the leaders of the flock or Christ both by grace and by nature, by divine selection and by natural training. The faithful naturally expect them to take the initiative and to show the way in all things pertaining to "Catholic interests and affairs." If until now there has been no con-

certed action possible on the part of American Catholics, it was owing chiefly to the fact that there was no "closely knit organization of the Hierarchy." If such an organization should be finally effected, it will come none too soon. For the enemies of the Church in this country are even now marshaling their forces for a general assault, and it is doubtful whether her own forces will be ready to receive the shock.

American Catholics everywhere will rejoice to learn that they are to receive at last the leadership for which they have so longed prayed, and they will pledge the bishops their loyal support and whole-hearted cooperation.



The Pity of It

The blockade of the central and adjoining states has been lifted. As a measure of coercion it has done its work. The enemy powers have signed the treaty of peace. With thousands of infants famishing on the dry breasts of their withering mothers, and with not the slightest prospect of obtaining a revision of the unfillable conditions, it would have been adding cruelty to cruelty for the German delegates to delay the signing any longer.

The peace document has been signed, and this is matter for satisfaction. But can we be satisfied with the manner in which the signature was obtained? What satisfaction can there be in the thought that the enemy has been systematically starved into subscribing? The blockade, which, contrary to all the dictates of humanity and usages of Christian nations, was maintained for eight long months after the enemy countries had accepted, the hard terms of the armistice, has proved to be a very convenient and powerful weapon in the hands of the allies; but on moral grounds the

use thereof is wholly indefensible.

Of all the unspeakable brutalities the world has ever witnessed, says a writer in the July issue of *Co-operation*, the blockade of neutral and surrendered countries by the order of these three men stands out as a supreme expression of human depravity. We have been taught to use the word "Hun" as the name by which to characterize the doers of evil deeds of war. Under the brutalizing influences of war the soldiers of the Central Powers committed appalling crimes. But here are men, after an armistice, which is equivalent to peace, is declared and the enemy is deprived of power to strike even though he would, who maintain a blockade not only of the defeated countries but of those with which we have never been at war. The loss of life from starvation alone in the countries east of Switzerland is greater than that which resulted from the battles of war. This is not in defense of our firesides. It is in order that the industrial system which caused the war may be kept alive and capitalistic investments made safe. If they are hunns who kill and destroy under the goad and insanity of war, what are they who slay deliberately while their own skins are safe under the protection of the hypocrisy of making peace?

The writer of these lines is too severe with the "Big Three." They would never have maintained the blockade if their peoples had not acquiesced in their ruthless method of coercion. It was for the peoples to take a determined stand against the destruction of innocent babes and defenceless women. But what have the people, for instance, of this country done to rescue the starving millions of Europe? Has there been anything like united and consistent opposition to the blockade? Far from it. While in England the laboring classes voiced their displeasure in unmistakable terms, we were content to assume an am-I-my-brother's-keeper attitude. In this respect, the Catholics of the country have been just as guilty as the rest of the population. The molders of Catholic thought have been remarkably silent on this topic. Neither in the press nor on the platform have they sought to arouse public opinion against the starvation policy

of the military and political leaders of the allies. High-class secular journals, like *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, have in and out of season condemned this inhuman policy; but our leading Catholic publications have had little or nothing to say about it. What frightful havoc the war has played with our religious sensibilities.



Making Latin America Methodist

At the celebration of the Methodist Centenary, recently held in Columbus, Ohio, it was suggested to raise the sum of \$60,000,000 for the evangelization of Latin America. Delegates from Uruguay, Cuba, Argentine, Peru, Chile, and Mexico asked the Methodist Church of America to raise \$40,000,000, while they agreed to collect \$20,000,000 in their home field. According to these men, a minimum of five times the present force is necessary to bring results. Thus, there are required 2,300 workers in Mexico, 250 in Argentine, 200 in Chile, 100 in Peru, 89 in Brazil. In the last named country, it will be necessary to establish 91 churches, 19 parsonages, 18 parochial schools, and a publishing house. In all the countries, the pastors' salaries will be increased, and the whole system of secular and theological education will be greatly strengthened.

This is a very ambitious program, even for the Methodists. Yet no one who is at all familiar with Methodist methods will opine that for them it is impossible of execution. After all, in these days of big "drives" for funds and workers, sixty million dollars and a few thousand workers do not amount to very much. Accordingly, in the not far distant future, we shall see men and money a-plenty pouring into Latin America for the purpose of evangelizing the poor benighted peoples who are sitting in the dark-

ness of Romanism. We have too high a regard for the Methodist efficiency and perseverance to view the situation without alarm. Though the workers may be not so successful as we fear and they anticipate, yet there can be little doubt that, once the campaign of evangelization is under way, very many Catholic natives will be perverted. Their poverty and ignorance will be small protection against the tempting mess of pottage set before them by smug and suave evangelists.

Thus the work of undermining the faith of the simple natives begun by Masonry will be completed by Methodism; and we may yet live to see the day when Catholicism will be a mere memory where once it was a living and life-giving force. The Catholic missionaries now in the field are all too few and indigent to be able to counteract the sectarian propaganda; nor is there any hope that for many years to come either their number or their influence will be increased. The Catholic population of Europe is confronted with its own problems of spiritual reconstruction, and the Catholics of our country have little understanding or sympathy for the needs of the Church in Latin America. These are sad days for the Catholic missions everywhere; but the saddest we fear are yet to come.



The Coming Convention

Lest our readers think that the project of holding a national Third Order convention in 1921 has been dropped, we hasten to inform them that such is not the case. The men who have volunteered to undertake the preparations for the gathering are busily, if quietly, at work. A national executive committee and various other committees have been formed, and in the near future we hope to be able to make known their plans and sugges-

tions. The Most Rev. Father General of the Order of Friars Minor has already sent his most cordial approbation, and the heads of the other two Franciscan families will certainly find no reason to object to it. Our readers may be assured that the prospects for commemorating the seventh centenary of the foundation of the Third Order by a grand meeting of American Tertiaries are the brightest. Meanwhile they would do well to pray for the success of the undertaking and to keep alive their interest and enthusiasm by reading attentively Fr. Roger's excellent paper, in this issue, on the reasons for holding a national Third Order convention.



An Archbishop on the Third Order of St. Francis

His Eminence Cardinal Victorian Guisasola y Menendez, archbishop of Toledo and primate of Spain, recently addressed to Rev. Lucien Nuney, O.F.M., a long letter, in which he said in part:

"Appointed by the Holy See director of the Catholic Social Action and succeeding in this capacity an illustrious Franciscan, His Eminence Cardinal Aguirre, I am glad to acknowledge the zeal with which the Third Order has striven to accomplish its undying mission for the welfare of the society. For me it is a matter of satisfaction, inasmuch as I love St. Francis and as a Tertiary have the honor of belonging to his family.

"To say what I look for from the Third Order would only be to repeat what the Sovereign Pontiffs Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV, have set forth in their writings. Meanwhile, there occurs to my mind in particular the exhortation of Pope Leo XIII in the encyclical *Auspicato*: 'If, with the

help of God, one tries to imitate as far as possible the eminent virtues of St. Francis of Assisi, one will find the timely and efficacious remedy for the evils from which modern society is suffering.'

"These words are at once a guide, a program, and an inducement for action. I am confident that, if the Tertiaries endeavor to sanctify themselves, they will realize, among the works of which they have a share and to which they will lend their whole-souled support, the sweetness of the spirit of St. Francis, the austerity of his manners, the perfume of Christian virtues, and the submission to rightful authority, in a word, those sound all-important principles of Christianity which form the mainstay of society.

"What an analogy between past and modern times! Modern society is going to die for want of love; and this moral infirmity is so deep-seated that it seems incurable; men do not wish to be loved; they prefer to hate and to be hated. 'Filled with despair which spurns benefits because it is inconsistent with hope, many are victims of that sin against the Holy Ghost which consists in hating love. And yet love alone will save them in spite of themselves: love generously bestowed, with simplicity and kindness, such as is characteristic of Franciscan charity.

"This radical reform can not be the work of one single man, but of legions of men. Spain counts hundreds of thousands of Tertiaries, but the lukewarm are many and great is the number of those who forget that their profession must be an apostolate of good example in matters of faith, activity, and devotion: for charity dies in our heart unless it diffuses itself, spends itself, and communicates its flame to other hearts."—*Annales Franciscaines*.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

By Fr. Silas, O.F.M.

John of Ypres.—Born at Ypres, in Flanders, in the year 1649, John applied himself in his youth to the study of medicine and surgery. To perfect himself in his profession, he traveled through France and Italy and visited the best physicians and hospitals. He also went to Assisi and there resolved to become a follower of St. Francis and to embrace the Rule of the Third Order. But for various reasons he was unable to carry out his resolve until after his return to his native land. He and his pious wife thenceforth distinguished themselves by their exact observance of the Rule and by their many acts of piety and charity. Their generosity toward the poor was unbounded. They did everything in their power to console them and to provide for all their needs. Tried by a painful disease, John passed to his eternal reward in the year 1685.

Bl. Jutta of Sangerhausen.—Bl. Jutta was born in Thuringia of the noble family of Sangerhausen. Obedient to the wish of her parents, she married a nobleman of her own rank, and by her piety, charity, and prudence in the management of her household became a shining model for wives and mothers. Her husband having died while on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, she determined to follow the voice of God calling her to a life of poverty and penance. After making provision for her children, she sold all her possessions, distributed the proceeds among the poor, and entered the Third Order. Clothed in the habit of the Order, she went about and begged alms, not only for herself but also for other needy persons. She led the crippled and the blind to her humble home and rendered them every service. Not satisfied with this, the servant of God

went from village to village in order to seek out the sick, especially such as were afflicted with leprosy and other loathsome diseases; she waited on them with the greatest patience and self-denial, honoring in them the person of our Divine Savior. God rewarded her heroic virtue with extraordinary graces and wonderful signs. To escape the veneration of the people, Jutta retired to a hermitage in the neighborhood of Culm, in Prussia. Here she closed her saintly life on May 5, 1264.

Lancelot Decius.—Born in Paris of wealthy parents, Lancelot aroused the admiration of all by the excellent qualities of his mind and body and by his rapid progress in all branches of learning. But his thoughts and aspirations were directed to heavenly things and after joining the Third Order, he retired to a solitary place to give himself up entirely to prayer and penance. After some years, he took up his abode near a town and devoted a great part of his time to the instruction of children. The wonderful fruits of his instructions and holy example were extraordinary; many of his pupils were afterwards distinguished for their virtue and learning. He was also always solicitous to aid others in their spiritual and temporal needs. The year of his death is unknown.

Leonard Godici.—Leonard was born at Palmero, in Sicily. In his youth, he entered the Franciscan Order in his native city, but to his great grief he was soon dismissed on account of his feeble health. At the advice of St. Benedict of San Fratello, he joined the Third Order and gave himself to the service of God in the world. He distinguished himself especially by his love of prayer, in which he was often rapt in ecstasy, and by his great

charity toward his neighbor. He not only gave to the needy of his own means, but he also begged alms for them, so that he was known in the city as "the father of the poor." Many rich persons contributed large sums to enable him to aid as many of the poor as possible; with these means he established kitchens in various parts of the city, which provided hundreds of poor families with wholesome food. Leonard also strove by good works to come to the aid of the Poor Souls in purgatory. For this purpose he founded a confraternity called *Misere-mini*, whose object was to help the Poor Souls by having Masses said for them. This confraternity spread to other cities, and through the piety and generosity of its members hundreds of Masses were daily said for the suffering souls in purgatory. Leonard closed his life of charity on June 17, 1634.

Louis Callon.—This saintly Tertiary was born at Aumali in France. After completing his studies in Paris and obtaining the degree of Doctor of Divinity, he was ordained a priest and after some time appointed pastor of

the church of his native city. In caring for the souls entrusted to his charge, Louis strove to imitate St. Vincent de Paul, with whom he was united by the bonds of friendship, and like him, he effected much for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people. He devoted his large inheritance entirely to charity. Besides assisting the poor in every way, he founded and endowed a college, a school for girls, a hospital, and a convent for penitents. He also enabled many girls to marry by providing them with suitable dowries. He died the death of a saint at Vernon, on August 28, 1649.

Lucia ab Angelis.—From her youth this fervent Tertiary was distinguished by her great piety and charity. Burning with love for her suffering fellow men, she delighted in visiting the sick to console them and to minister to their wants. God rewarded her charity by granting her the gift of miracles. She cured many sick persons by making the sign of the cross over them. She died at Ponta Delgada, in Portugal, on February 14, 1622.

THE ASSUMPTION

STANDING alone upon the highest peak
 In His fair world of grace, that mystic land
 Which thou didst enter from the Almighty's hand
 Before thy holy gaze, O Virgin meek!
 Didst rest on Nazareth and creatures weak—
 His handmaid's part in our Redemption planned
 Long ere the hour of her conception grand—
 Unparalleled. No tongue but God's can speak
 Due praise of thee, His temple undefiled,
 His spouse most fair, His best-beloved child;
 E'en though immeasurably—thou art, O Queen,
 By Him alone in majesty surpassed!—
 Glorious ere birth—unto life's final scene—
 Glorious indeed when crowned in heaven at last.

—Katherine Cashin, Tertiary.

VENERABLE FRANCIS BEL, O. F. M.

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O. F. M.

(Concluded)

WHEN they arrived in London, Marshal Jones confined his prisoner in a hotel and ordered him to send for his trunk. Fr. Francis complied, fearing a refusal might inconvenience his friends and benefactors. When the trunk arrived, the marshal took possession of all its contents.

Two guards now conducted the friar before the commissioners of parliament. While they were waiting at the door of the courtroom, the man of God was rebuked and insulted by the passers-by. At last, the commissioners were ready to receive them. After the preliminary questions regarding name, birthplace, and religion had been answered, Mr. Corbet, one of the commissioners, began to ask the prisoner about certain persons mentioned in the papers that had been taken from him.

"Prithee, question me not about any third person," the friar rejoined, "because my conscience forbids me to injure others."

"Such considerations are out of season," threw in Mr. Whitaker, "when the public weal is the issue."

"Is this thy writing," they then demanded, producing the friar's note to the Spanish ambassador.

"It is," came the ready reply; "but it is only an imperfect sketch of what I had in mind to write."

"Art thou, as the writing shows, a member of the Order of St. Francis?"

Here the friar hesitated for a moment.

"Several others," urged his enemies, "have been brought before us who wisely admitted it."

"I am a poor penitent of the Order of St. Francis; but it is becoming for everyone to do penance."

"Art thou a priest?"

"That question should not be put; for, if I say yes, I own myself guilty of a crime; if I say no, my denial will implicate others."

"Is this thy breviary?"

"It is; and it contains many pious prayers dictated by the Holy Spirit."

"Aye, but interspersed with idolatrous ones that poison all the rest," broke in Whitaker.

"Forsooth, it is no breviary at all, but a missal," clamored some of the bystanders, examining the book from all sides.

Here Fr. Francis explained to them the difference between a Roman breviary and a Roman missal. In the meantime, the judges agreed on the sentence to be passed. The prisoner had admitted his being a Franciscan; moreover, suspicions were strong that he was also a priest. For the present, therefore, he must be confined in Newgate.

The next day, Fr. Francis received a letter from the Provincial urging him to come to Douai and to take the place of Ven. Paul Heath. In reply, the man of God penned the following note:

Reverend Father—I received your behest with all due humility and readiness to follow it. Some twenty-four hours before it came to my notice, I had already begun to take the place of Fr. Heath in Newgate. As for the rest, I ask your prayers that I may persevere unto the end. With St. Andrew, I likewise entreat all Christians not to thwart my martyrdom.

Your poor brother,

Francis Bel.

To the letter from the Commissary Provincial, which arrived a few days later and also summoned him to Douai, he answered that he would obey as soon as the present impediment, for which he had no excuse, would be removed; then he playfully explained the nature of this impedi-

ment: how he had been arrested, tried, and thrown into Newgate. Expressing his desire to die for Christ, he at the same time declared his willingness to forgo this privilege if such were the will of God. After asking his superior to pray for him, he concluded with the assurance that, were he to escape the death sentence, he would use every lawful means to recover his liberty so as to be able to obey.

On December 7, the servant of God was summoned to the Mayor's bench. His indictment having been read aloud, the judge asked him what he had to offer in his defence.

"Where are my accusers?" demanded the friar.

"Thou shalt face them to-morrow. For the present, declare whether thou art guilty or not."

"To cross the sea, receive holy orders, and return hither, I consider no crime. Therefore, I plead not guilty.

"Reply to the question!" snapped the judge. "What is thy answer?"

"The same that I already gave to the high commissioners; I have no other to give."

"That one we have; in addition, however, we now demand an answer in legal form; namely, art thou guilty or not guilty?"

"Very well, if such be the manner of your procedure, then I maintain that I am not guilty."

"By whom wouldst thou be judged?"

This question, it seems perplexed the friar; he was at a loss what to say.

"By God and thy country!" suggested one of the bystanders.

"By God and my country," repeated the friar.

With this, the guards approached and led him back to Newgate.

The next morning, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Fr. Francis was again placed at the bar. After swearing in the twelve jurymen, the judge ordered the witnesses to ad-

vance their accusations against the prisoner. Immediately, James Wadsworth and three other notorious apostates stepped forth and testified that they knew the prisoner to be a priest. One of them, Thomas Gage, made such a botch of it that he was sharply reproached by the bench and told to retire. Another, not having been sufficiently instructed what to say, had little evidence to offer. At last, when the witnesses had finished their wretched testimony, the judge turned to the prisoner.

"What hast thou to say in reply to these depositions?" he asked.

"The witnesses," boldly retorted the friar, "are men of ill repute, and therefore they should find no credence."

"Well, what objections hast thou to present against them?"

"All are apostates from the Catholic faith. Now, in all justice, men who have broken their troth with God can not and should not enjoy the confidence of their fellow men."

"Thy objection is without weight," they shouted. "Hast thou anything to propose to the jury in thy defence?"

"I have not; but I trust they are Christians. I am not a priest of the order of Levi," he subjoined, "according to the priesthood of Aaron; nor, indeed, would it be wise for one called by God to the priesthood to pass by the fountain itself and drink of the muddy water."

"Thou speakest mysteriously. Hast thou anything else to say?"

"Nothing; I refer you to the answers I gave at my trial before the high commissioners."

Thereupon, a copy of the proceedings was presented to him. Having read it through, he handed it back without a word of comment. In the meantime, the jurymen went out for consultation. After a short time, they returned and declared the friar guilty of the charges brought against

him. On hearing this, Fr. Francis gave thanks to God and followed the guards back to prison.

That same afternoon he was cited to court to hear his sentence. Although he realized what was in store for him, his heart was filled with inexpressible joy. After thanking his accusers and the jury, he delivered a masterly defence of the Catholic priesthood.

"If anyone," he said in part, "has a vocation to the priesthood, let him seek it there where the succession is indisputably certain and has never been interrupted since the time of Christ, namely, in Rome; not there, however, where it is doubtful and without question defective, as is the case with the Protestants; for certain it is that in the Protestant Church there is no true priesthood."

Here the clerk interposed:

"We are to comply with the laws under which we were born and under which, you confessed, you, too, have been born."

"Quite correct, I admit," replied the friar; "forsooth, had I been born among pagans and infidels, I should submit to their laws in so far as they were not opposed to the law of God. Know ye, therefore, that they who first enacted these laws, have long ago and irrevocably obtained what they deserved. Wherefore, let those be prudently and betimes on their guard and look to their consciences who are now charged or will yet be charged with the office of executing these laws."

"Is there anything else you should like to say?" queried the judge with cynic indifference.

"I have no more to say," returned the martyr. "I resign myself into your hands."

At a sign from the judge, the guards approached and shackled the friar's hands, a ceremony that was generally dispensed with in the case of priests. Then the judge arose and

solemnly pronounced sentence of death. Fr. Francis was overjoyed when he heard it and with a loud voice intoned the *Te Deum*. Before leaving the court-room, he turned to the judges and thanked them. They in turn reminded him of the terrible torments and death his obstinacy was preparing for him.

"I beseech God," said the friar with trembling voice, "to grant through his infinite mercy that not greater torments befall you in the next world than those that await me in this."

As usual, Catholics as well as Protestants flocked to Newgate to see the condemned priest during the two days preceding his execution. For all the saintly friar had a word of comfort or warning, as the case demanded. Many were moved to tears that one so gentle and refined in his manners should be condemned to a death so painful and revolting. But the valiant hero only rejoiced in the anticipation of the eternal reward that was to follow.

"I am astonished," he said repeatedly to his visitors, "that God should have been pleased to honor me with the crown of martyrdom, and that he should have chosen me, a miserable being, rather than the many holy men now in England, who are aspiring to this happiness."

On Sunday morning, he celebrated Mass and administered Holy Communion to a number of Catholics. During the day, four Protestant ministers came at the behest of Parliament to dispute with the martyr on doctrinal matters. But they were outwitted at every turn and in the end were compelled to beat an inglorious retreat, much to the satisfaction of the bystanders. Ever since sentence of death had been pronounced, the Spanish and the French ambassador were taking steps for his acquittal. When Fr. Francis heard of it, however, he became sad and even reproached the Prior of St. Magdalen, when the latter told him that they were trying to ob-

tain grace for him.

"Alas! dost thou deem it a grace," he said, "to be robbed of the crown I have desired so long? Till now, I considered thee my friend; but, let me tell thee, if thou persistest in thy design, I shall no longer regard thee as my friend, but as my greatest enemy I beseech thee, do not prevent my martyrdom. I conjure thee, do not oppose my death which is my greatest happiness; whatever steps thou takest, I shall invoke the most holy Mother of God and St. Andrew that no one in the end may deprive me of the cross which I see before me."

When, at last, night set in, the man of God dismissed his visitors, saying it was his wish to be left alone the remaining few hours of his life, so as to prepare himself for the sacrifice he was to offer on the morrow. The entire night he spent in prayer and meditation. Early next morning he rose to say Mass for the last time and to give Holy Communion to several Catholics. He was still rapt in prayer, when the guards entered his cell and told him that his hour had come. Recommending himself to the Most High, he arose and followed them to the street. Without delay, they fastened him to the hurdle and then whipping up the four horses dashed off to Tyburn followed by a concourse of people.

Arriving at the place of execution, the holy man was transported with joy.

"Now I find myself in the place," he exclaimed, "which blessed Thomas Bullaker predicted to me!"

At the command of the sheriff, he then ascended the cart. With glowing animation he exhorted the assembled populace to renounce heresy, which had brought all the present calamities upon them, and which

would bring them endless sufferings in the next world. Then, declaring that the sole cause of his impending execution was his being a Catholic priest, he fearlessly censured the laws pursuant to which he had been condemned, and then concluded:

"I declare before you all in the sight of God and of his Son Jesus Christ who will judge us, and I seal my declaration with my blood, that I die a true member of the Catholic Church. With my whole heart I forgive all who have contributed to my death, and I die joyfully for so glorious a cause."

A thief who was also to be executed felt such compunction at these words that he solemnly abjured the Anglican heresy and was absolved by the martyr. Finally, orders were given to carry out the sentence. While the cart was drawn from under him, the martyr raised his hands and received the last absolution from the Prior of St. Magdalen. He had hung only a few seconds when the executioner cut him down. On removing his secular dress, they found that beneath it he wore the Franciscan habit and cord. At this sight, the crowd was filled with admiration.

"What sort of men are these," they murmured, "who thus despise earthly comforts?"

Having finished their bloody work on the sacred corpse, the executioners exposed the quarters on the four gates of the city. Mason concludes his life sketch of Ven. Francis Bel by remarking that several miracles were thought to have been wrought through his intercession. Like his fellow friars who died for their faith and profession at this time, he, too, is now on the official list for eventual beatification.

THE UNAFRAID

By Anna C. Minoque

CHAPTER III

Synopsis of preceding chapters:—Ben Anderson employed in a newspaper office is suddenly confronted with a crisis. While undergoing a physical examination preparatory to his admission to a benevolent society, he is told to "Go West!" to avoid the ravages of consumption. Unnerved at first, he takes courage at the thought of the Girl Reporter, whose wretched copy he alone had been able to decipher, and who has gone West bravely determined to sell her life as dearly as possible to the same pitiless enemy that threatens his. With the hearty Godspeed of the "Old Man," the editor, Ben joins the ranks of *The Unafraid* and goes West in search of a new lease on life. Five years as a lumberman in Arizona make a new man of him and he learns to love his adopted home. One day, while cutting timber with his men in the mountains, Ben receives a mysterious note directing him to follow the bearer. He obeys, accompanied by his friend Swaunee, for he scents a trap has been set for him and his men by the I. W. W's.

THE very hour when Anderson was being led through the mountains into the heart of the range country where lay the hamlet of Pretty Valley, a girl sat at one of the windows in the tiny house, which Arizona builds beside the school for its teachers. A heavy kimono enveloped her, and her hair fell in a cloud about her shoulders. Its blackness deepened the pearllike fairness of her face, showing delicately beautiful under the moonlight. Her eyes were dark and were fixed with an intentness that never wavered upon the trail, showing like a stream across the mesa. By the clarity of the moon's rays she could see the cattle lying in groups: and always the bell of the leader of the horses was in her ears.

Why the horses should feed all night and drowse under the trees during the day, was one of the many puzzles Mary Ranard had encountered during her long years in the West. It had caused her much annoyance; for always it seemed that belled horse took a step or shook his head just as

she was on the point of falling asleep. But now her nerves had grown less sensitive, and the bell no longer kept her awake, and the morning chorus of the coyotes ceased to fill her with loneliness.

The illness that had driven her from the East had passed, but it had left, as the mark of its consuming presence, a certain chiseled expression on the face, a certain pallor on the cheeks and brow that neither sun nor wind could bronze or redden. Yet it was a face full of attraction, and no man but would look at it twice, no woman but would know its subtle charm.

Though she was well, though all that made life interesting was "back yonder," still she lingered on. Always she was "going home" next year, and always "next year" found her back in the schoolroom.

"You are holding me here, Father," she once declared to the Franciscan priest, when his missionary travels brought him to Pretty Valley, and he smiled and answered that he had not chained her to the desert.

"But I have often wondered," he added, "what would become of my people without you!"

"There are better teachers than I," she answered.

"You don't have any trouble getting a school, I notice," he said. "If I had a good Catholic like you, Mary, in all the schools, I would have some hope for the faith of the Mexicans and Catholic whites. Those two years you were at Big Well really helped to save that congregation!"

"Oh, it is good in you to say that, Father. It makes me feel these years in Arizona have not been wasted."

"Wasted? I wonder, child, if those years back home would have given

you such opportunities to do so much for God and his neglected children! Souls, Mary, souls! They belong to Him. What matter whether they are in a city or a desert, since they are souls—the sheep of His pastures?"

Such fragments of their conversation now recurred to her, as she sat by the window, her elbows on the sill, her hands cupping her face. Over and over had Father Paul and other priests declared it was Catholic teachers they most needed for their work; and always in her schools she had, as far as her duties as a public instructor would permit, tried to supply that need. Daily after school hours, she taught the Catholic children their catechism; on Saturday afternoons, she had classes for the girls and women in sewing and religious instruction; on Sundays, she had Sunday school and meetings of the boys' and girls' sodalities.

She had brought with her a fair amount of medical knowledge, and she had been able to care for bodies as well as for souls and for minds. She could say, without vanity, that into whatever community she had been called by the profession of teaching, she had been a means of doing good.

Still there was no sense of having found her place. She did her work well and unselfishly, but there was no impelling purpose in it, no conviction that it was to this life, this work, she was called. She felt still an outsider. The West had not grappled her in her strong arms;—but still she stayed.

"If only I knew what I ought to do!" How often had she said that to herself! And always recurred that soul-revealing story in the "Imitation," with the solemn answer: "Do now what thou wouldst do, if thou knewest." But to-night, after having traveled the well worn path of reflection, she thought: "I am here now five years. I will not say they are lost years, for I have health again and I have tried to be of some service to

God and my fellow men. But plainly I am here a moment 'resting only'—plainly my work is back yonder. Never have I been caught by anything here as I was caught in the old days by a thing of such slight importance as bringing in a ripping story for the 'Old Man,'" and she laughed softly. "Yes, I think I have never gotten over my homesickness for it—the office, with its noise and confusion, telephones jangling, typewriters clicking, men and women writing like mad, and the vibrations of the big presses! It was life! The words we wrote thousands read the next day!"—

She mused on the past, her eyes on the moonlighted mesa, where the cattle slept, while in the fenced land the horses fed, to the accompaniment of the white leader's bell.

"That was the world made—this is the world in the making. I'm not saying I couldn't find this as tremendously interesting, if I could come to my place in it, if some voice appointed me to that place. That's the secret of the Franciscan Fathers' happiness and devotion and success. While it must be hard to make the sacrifice of one's will, once made, the reward passes understanding. Wherever they are sent, that is God's will for them, while the rest of us just drift around—"

Again she fell to musing, again she emerged, and came to a decision.

"I suppose I had better take brother's advice and go back when my school is out and begin writing. I have plenty of material for stories, I may win fame and wealth. Then I could give Father Paul the money he needs to start a convent school. The Sisters are best fitted for the work anyhow. It's their vocation. There's all the difference in the world between that and an avocation."

Then over the silence came the faint sound of a horse's hoofs in the distance. Her hands fell from her face, and clutched the window sill, as she leaned out to catch the first out-

lines of the approaching figures. When she could discern the horse and his rider, she drew back and dropped the curtain of yellow scrim. The trail passed within a hundred yards of the cottage. As he rode by, the bearded man glanced up; but he saw only the curtain swaying in the night wind. She waited until the cessation of hoofbeats told her that he had stopped at the ramshackle building—saloon and dance hall of territorial days—now bearing the name of hotel; then she returned to her place by the window. An hour passed. Then her head drooped on her hands. He had not come, that unknown boss of Gilday's logging camp! What should she do?

Though buried in the heart of the wilderness Miss Ranard, the teacher of the country school at Pretty Valley, was still in close touch with the great outside world. The volume of her mail was always a wonder to the people congregating at the post office, after the carrier came in, and they thought what a task it must be to answer all those letters, what an amount of time it must consume to read all those papers and magazines. Thus it happened that she was well informed on the happenings of the day, with the forecast for the morrow. It was only the day previous a letter from her brother said:

"We shall be drawn into this war yet. If the Mexicans were to unite under a strong leader, they could cause us no end of trouble. The firm hand at Washington is trying to avert that situation. I hope the western people will be forbearing and prudent."

They had been both: she knew, for she had been a witness to it. They realized it was the time to hold the boat steady while the rapids were being crossed. Outwardly they went their way as of old, absorbed in their crops or their stock, ranchers and cattlemen nursing their ancient antagonism; but they kept an eye on the Mexican newcomers and other strangers.

Now the anarchistic organization of Industrial Workers of the World had begun to show its strength in the West. Already had there been trouble in the mining districts, already had sounded the rumble of civil strife.

A few years previously, as the land began to be taken up for homesteads, a man had come to Pretty Valley, and in the unused saloon and dance hall had opened a general store and hotel. The patronage of the latter was light; but a fair amount of business was done by the former, and Big Dick, as he was called, was said to be growing rich. It was noticed that from the first he was particularly friendly to the Mexicans; but if it had to be accounted for it would probably have been set down to the fact that, having a Mexican family living in the same house with him naturally drew those people about; and himself speaking Spanish like a native, he was able to become more intimate with them than the rest of the Americans. Of his past nothing was known beyond what he chose to relate, and that was little. But those who obtained even a partial glimpse, realized that life had not always been so calm and uneventful as it now was, that there might be justification for the distrust of him entertained by the more intuitive, for the fear of the children.

But with the coming of Miss Ranard a few months before, a change was noticed in him. The application of soap and water became regular, new clothes replaced the old ones. While not unconscious of her own attractions, it was some time before the fact that she was accountable for the change in the storekeeper forced itself upon Mary Ranard, and she did not know whether to be amused or offended. That he was a race renegade, she fully believed; and she knew none can be more dangerous than the man who has been separated, or who has separated himself from his own kind. She was quite capable of tak-

ing care of herself. But his fixing his questionable regard upon her, made her go very circumspectly; and the young ranchers, who had been accustomed to dance attendance to the village teachers, when they were young and pretty, found this one rather inclined to avoid their company. At first they were affronted, but putting facts together they gradually hit upon the reason of her preference for solitude, and found cause for deeper dislike of the strange man. They would gladly have welcomed an opportunity to run him off. But as long as he made no effort to force his presence upon the teacher, nor gave others cause for offense, they could take no action. But older brothers had a way of questioning the children about the happenings of the day; and many a night, with the chivalry of clean manhood, a young rancher would linger about the village to assure himself that the obnoxious storekeeper made no attempt to call upon the teacher. Thus, unknown to her, she was watched, and at the lifting of an eyelash dozens would have sprung to her side.

She had to go almost daily to the store; and though she remained only as long as was necessary, nothing escaped her observation, sharpened by her journalistic training. A bridle and a saddle hidden under potato sacks, a new supply of rope, an expression of preoccupation on the man's face—these and other things, trifling in themselves, put her on the alert. Then Mexican men began to drift in, strangers, entirely unknown to the gentle Mexicans of the village. Some of these hired themselves out to the ranchers, others loitered about the village—all seemed to fraternize with the storekeeper.

But it was Lupe, of the dark eyes and long silky black hair, who gave confirmation to the teacher's suspicions that Big Dick was plotting some mischief. Lupe was downcast that

morning, and the change was patent to the teacher. She seemed to be waiting the approach of a disagreeable duty; she rose up to its performance when the school was dismissed and Miss Ranard began the catechism class for the Mexican pupils.

"Miss Mary," Lupe announced in her halting English, "my father says for me not to study the catechism anymore in Spanish. He wants my brother and me to be good Americans."

"Yes, Lupe," said the teacher. "Today, however, you will answer the questions in Spanish."

If a bomb had exploded on her desk, Mary Ranard could scarcely have been more surprised. Lupe's father was of the ordinary Mexican type, satisfied with little, and getting that little with the least physical effort, troubling about nothing that did not personally concern him, and hardly able to make himself understood in the English tongue. That this man should suddenly assume a patriotic attitude, repudiate for his children the language of their ancestors, did not happen without grave reason. She must have that reason.

When evening fell, she set out for the humble home where Lupe lived. She found the father on the step, a baby in his arms, a cigarette in his mouth. They went inside, and Mary explained that she had called to talk about his unusual decision regarding the children's discontinuing the study of the catechism in Spanish.

"I want to be a good American," he told her, "and my children to be the same."

"That is right, Carlos," she assented. "But why have you decided for the change at this time instead of at the beginning of the term?"

"I did not know then that there are such wicked Mexicans," he replied.

"Wicked Mexicans in Pretty Valley!" she exclaimed, laughing. "I don't know one!"

"But I do—more than one!" he cried, his eyes flashing.

"It is true, Miss Mary," said the wife, her eyes filled with fear.

"Why you surprise me!" said the teacher. "Tell me about them!"

He detected the lightness in her voice and thinking she discredited his statement, he was swept out of his natural reserve.

"It is true, as I can tell you!" he reasserted. "They come in here and tell us all this country belongs to Mexico, and Mexicans should work to give it back to her: It is our country, they say, where our language is spoken, and we should not be under the Americans, who despise us and despise our Church and make fun of our fiestas. I spit on such Mexicans!" he cried. "They are liars! In their country they kill the priests and burn the churches. No American does that to us here! Our children go to school the same as the Americans, and nobody troubles us. If we do not get rich like the Americans it is because we do not work as hard as they do. Father Paul says so, and he is a wise man. Those strange Mexicans come in and try to make trouble, telling us to quit being Americans and to be true Mexicans. And Big Dick says they are right, and we should listen to them. Big Dick is no true American—and no true Mexican either. I will not have my children learn Spanish in school. I don't want them, when they are big, to have bad Mexicans talk to them and try to make them run off horses and cattle belonging to the Americans to help people fighting in Old Mexico."

"Is that what those strange Mexicans are doing here, Carlos?"

Now that he had spoken, fear seized him. His dull mind grasped the truth that the state of the neutral is doubtfully hazardous: the Mexicans would hate him, the Americans would mistrust him. She rightly interpreted his silence and said, warningly:

"Carlos, you are an American citizen. This is your country as much as it is mine. You love the liberty it gives you and your children, and you must always be ready to defend that liberty. You have shown that you are a good citizen by refusing to have anything to do with those bad men from Mexico and Big Dick. But if you know of anything those men are planning against the State, it is your duty to tell me. You will not be harmed. The Americans will be with you. You can trust me, Carlos!"

"I don't know much," he confessed, "for from the time I told them they are wicked men, they do not talk to me any more. But I know they have been going around to find where the range horses are—and—don't you notice more cattle coming down this way?"

Like a flash, she seemed to see the open way out of the country and beyond that the many roads across the border. They were heading the small herds toward that open way; the roundup of the horses would be an easy accomplishment. But how had they expected to make the get-away?

She sat looking out of the low door, studying the question. That they were not going into the project blindly, was certain, and some one was directing their operations. She had no doubt that it was Big Dick and that his plans were well laid.

"Carlos," she said, "we must try to find out what they are up to. Hear all that you can and tell me. Find out if your friends have been approached by those rascals and what they offer. As for the children studying the catechism in Spanish, I think it is better to make no change now. They are preparing for their First Communion, and it would be hard for them to go into the English class. With such good American parents, I am sure they will grow up good Americans too."

(To be continued)

AIMS OF THE NATIONAL TERTIARY CONGRESS*

By Fr. Roger, O.F.M.

BEFORE we begin our deliberations regarding the feasibility of holding a National Tertiary Convention, let us consider the aims of such a gathering and the possibility of attaining these aims.

What are we aiming at? Our aim is to hold a National Third Order Convention in 1921, that is, a general meeting of the directors and the members of the Third Order of St. Francis in the United States, in order to advance the interests of the Third Order. We choose the year 1921 to commemorate at the same time by a great Tertiary demonstration the anniversary of the founding of the Third Order which, historians say, is coincident with the investment by St. Francis himself of Bl. Luchesius and his pious wife Bonadonna in the garment of penance as the first Franciscan Tertiaries. The subsequent glorious history of the Third Order, the vast multitude of its members in every walk in life and in every country under the sun, the great number of Tertiaries illustrious for their achievements in the arts and sciences, the brilliant galaxy of Tertiary saints, the powerful influence the Third Order at various periods of its history, the untold works of charity to which it has given rise—all this certainly calls for a more than ordinary commemoration of the seventh centenary of its establishment.

Now would it be proper to observe this important centenary by holding a National Convention of Tertiaries? That a large and an enthusiastic gathering distinctively Franciscan will eminently serve to put the Third Order in its proper light before the

world, will make known its aims and advantages, its resources and accomplishments, its activities in the past and its possibilities for the future, will help to destroy prejudices and place the Third Order before the eyes of our countrymen as one of the mightiest lay organizations in the Church, as a power, "which," according to Pope Leo XIII, "is to renew the world,"—no one will doubt. For these reasons alone, I give it as my humble opinion that a National Tertiary Convention in 1921 would be most opportune and eminently useful.

But we have still other aims in holding this national gathering of Tertiaries. Foremost among these are the following:

The Convention will renew the enthusiasm and fervor of our present Tertiaries. They above all will be made fully aware of the treasure they possess in the Third Order and of the vast power it places at their command. A national convention will bring home to them more forcibly than anything else the real character of the Third Order, its countless advantages, privileges, and activities. It will convince them more than ever that their Order is not limited to monthly prayer meetings held by a few old persons in their parish church. It will make them realize that they belong to a true Order, approved by the Popes, the greatest lay Order in the Catholic Church. A national convention, moreover, will be an object lesson also for the Reverend directors. How often do they not seek in vain for advice regarding the conduct of their fraternities? Often sad experiences, depressing failures are their only

*This article is a brief résumé of the opening speech of Rev. Roger Middendorf, O.F.M., Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, addressed to the delegates at the recent conference of Conventuals, Capuchins, and Friars Minor, held at Cleveland, O., to discuss the proposed national Third Order convention.—Ed.

means of learning. At a national convention, they will be given an opportunity of meeting other directors, men experienced in conducting Tertiary affairs, valuable information will be imparted, mistakes corrected, pitfalls pointed out, definite lines of action suggested. They will learn how fraternities in other cities are being conducted and will return home filled with new zeal and well stocked with information how to discharge their duties as directors of Tertiary fraternities.

Another aim we have in view in holding a national convention is to give the Tertiaries of our country organization. Such a convention might be aptly compared to a grand review of the vast army of the Third Order of St. Francis. Hitherto this army, owing to lack of organization, has been to a great extent unknown and more or less inactive. By assisting at such a national gathering of Tertiaries, individual members of the Third Order will realize that they belong to distinct fraternities, which if united into provinces, will become a power in the land for furthering their common interests and will give to the Church an *acies bene ordinata et formidabilis*, an organization of lay Catholics who by their vast number and especially by their exemplary lives will command the respect and attention of their fellow Catholics as well as of those not of the Fold.

The third object we have in view is to encourage and systematize Tertiary activities. No one will deny that many individual Tertiaries are engaged in laudable works of piety and charity. But their light is to a great extent hid under the bushel. It does not shine on the pathway of others, to induce them to follow a similar course. Again, individual efforts are generally ineffective in regard to the great problems of our times. The most sacred interests of Holy Church may suddenly be imperiled; society

may demand reforms; famine, pestilence, and war may unexpectedly call for the exhibition of united charity. Will the Tertiaries, unless thoroughly organized, prove themselves to be in such times of public stress, what Pope Gregory IX styled them, "The New Maccabees?" How can they, if one fraternity is ignorant of the existence of the other, if even the Tertiaries who attend the same devotional monthly meetings of their fraternity are perfect strangers to one another? A national convention will prove to be one of the most potent factors in uniting the various fraternities scattered through the country, and in imbuing the individual Tertiaries with the idea that they are members not of a mere pious confraternity but of a fraternal organization whose very being is activity.

A national convention of Tertiaries will serve also to make the Third Order of St. Francis known all over the country. At present, it is hardly known outside the limits of Franciscan parishes; and, to our shame be it confessed, is little enough appreciated even by many of the household, owing chiefly to the fact that its real nature and aim are not thoroughly understood by them. Many Tertiaries, too, are not fully conversant with the real scope of their Order. A national Tertiary convention, if properly conducted and advertised, will draw the attention of the laity as well as of the clergy to the Third Order; will cause prelates to pause and to realize that an organization that has called forth the highest encomiums from over thirty Popes, must be far different from what they had been led to believe; will arouse a hitherto unheard of interest and enthusiasm for the Third Order in the hearts of all the children of the Seraphic Father; and will thus bring about the happy consummation of Pope Leo XIII's ardent desire to reform modern society by means of this wonderful institu-

tion of St. Francis. Pastors will learn that the much decried Third Order not only prepares a few aged persons for their entrance into eternity, but primarily makes for the personal sanctification of Christians of every age and walk in life, for the hallowing of the home, and for the religious, moral, and social welfare of society at large. They will learn that in the Third Order they possess a potent means to train their people into model parishioners, who, far from becoming estranged from their home parish, will be foremost in all that relates to the welfare of their congregation and will be the most enthusiastic and zealous supporters of every parish undertaking.

Finally, a national Tertiary convention will prove that the lofty ideals of St. Francis are eminently practicable for this workaday world of ours, and it will be a veritable revelation for thousands who now stand aloof be-

cause of ignorance and distrust.

To sum up. The aim of a national Tertiary convention is:

To imbue our Tertiaries with love and enthusiasm for the Third Order;

To teach the Reverend directors how to conduct their fraternities with success;

To organize the Tertiaries of the United States into one living, active body, the better to attain the real aim of the Third Order; namely, the reformation of society by the example of model Christian lives;

To increase and regulate Tertiary activities;

To bring every Catholic to a knowledge of the Third Order;

To point out to the clergy the true nature and scope of the Third Order;

To swell the number of devotees of St. Francis;

To commemorate in a most worthy manner the seventh centenary of the founding of the Third Order.

A PERFECT FRIENDSHIP

By Marian Nesbitt, Tertiary

IT has been well and truly said that the more elevated and pure the soul, the stronger and nobler are its affections. It follows, therefore, that the Saints—with hearts wholly detached from earthly desires and earthly ambitions; turning always toward God, as the sunflower turns toward the sun; striving ever more and more strenuously to become humble, gentle, utterly self-forgetting; seeking untiringly and everywhere "the better things"—the Saints, we must admit, are singularly well equipped for friendship in its highest and most perfect form. "I know not," writes Paul Janet, in his *Philosophie du Bonheur*, "I know not whether a soul deserves to be called great, unless it has experienced to some extent the need of friendship." Now the souls of all

the Saints, without any exception were great; their ideals were exalted, and in consequence their friendships were proportionately excellent. Saints, too, are by Heaven's grace to be found in every condition of life. Like precious gems, their brilliance shines forth, irradiating even the darkest corners where sin and misery reign; gleaming no less bright in sordid streets, than amidst the loveliest surroundings.

There are, however, certain places which seem predestined to be the forcing-houses, so to speak, of holiness; and these latter—need we say it?—are the cloisters, which seem equally favorable to the growth of friendship. Every monastery, every friary, every convent has its own annals recording the story, old yet ever new, of those

golden links that bind souls together in the purest, most enduring of spiritual contracts.

One of the most beautiful and interesting of such friendships is that which existed between the Seraph of Assisi and St. Clare, who, under his guidance, founded the Second Order of St. Francis—an Order as famed for the fruits of sanctity it produced, as for the illustrious names hidden behind its austere walls. "These two chosen souls both loved their Lord," says Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., "with a love which admitted of no other love less sacred and spiritual." They loved Him also "in His earthly poverty, and in His pity for the world; and in this revelation of the Christ-life, they both found the full response to their own desire." Their deep mutual regard, therefore, and entire understanding and sympathy, was not in any sense "an affection purified of grosser earthliness, yet nevertheless earthly in its fiber." It was all heavenly, all on fire with the Divine flame of charity toward God and man, which consumed them both, and made their utter self-sacrifice and self-devotion things to wonder at and to admire.

The Lady Clare was born at Assisi, on July 16, 1194, of distinguished parents. She seems to have been endowed from her earliest years with singular gifts of nature and of grace; in truth, she possessed every advantage which an esteemed and honored name can give. Beauty was hers in no ordinary degree, and the charm that is more potent than beauty. Yet costly garments gave her no pleasure; neither did the distractions of society, nor the allurements of the world turn her from her ardent desire to lead a hidden life with Jesus Christ.

Reference has been made to her spirit of self-sacrifice. This manifested itself in her large-minded sympathy, and extraordinary devotedness and generosity to the poor, on whom she bestowed "not only her superfluous

treasures or comforts," but even her own food. So great was her charity that all the needy loved her, and the whole city was loud in praise of her goodness. Consolation and the light of a more than merely natural kind-heartedness went with her when she visited the sick, and carried relief to the indigent, whom, high-born maiden though she was, she took pleasure in serving with true humility and gentleness.

With such dispositions, it is not surprising that the holiness, zeal, and mortification of St. Francis and his disciples should have made a deep impression on her mind. The Order was increasing day by day; and it must have roused the enthusiasm even of the most indifferent to see the crowds that flocked to join its ranks. Learned professors, young nobles, and wealthy citizens, bishops, priests, and peasants hastened to fling themselves at the feet of the Saint, and deemed it their choicest privilege to don his rough habit for the remainder of their days.

Francis, on his side, had heard of Clare, "for he was wishful," says the old chronicler, "to snatch this noble prey out of the reach of a wicked world, and to lay her—an illustrious trophy—upon the altar of God."

His fame, in this spring of 1212, was on every lip; he had just come to preach the Lenten sermons at Assisi, and we can believe with what devout attention Clare listened to his impassioned words—how eagerly she sought an opportunity to speak with him, and to disclose to him the innermost secrets of her soul. We know what the results were. "He exhorted her," we are told, "to despise this world and its fleeting hopes," and encouraged her in her resolution to consecrate herself to her Divine Master in the religious state, thereby removing the last lingering doubts from her mind as to her vocation. She realized only too vividly that such a step could not be taken without much suffering

and opposition. Her sensitive nature, cultured mind, and keen intelligence rendered her peculiarly alive to the cost of the sacrifice which she was none the less determined to make, and which was finally accomplished in the Holy Week of that same year when, accompanied by a pious aunt who was in her confidence, she left her father's roof and repaired to St. Mary of the Angels.

There, having divested herself of her rich apparel, she was consecrated to our Lord by St. Francis himself, and clothed in the roughest of rough habits. Her luxuriant hair cut off, and her head covered with a thick veil, she entered upon her religious life in a convent of Benedictine nuns, under whose care her Seraphic Father had placed her, until she went to San Damiano's—that garden of heavenly flowers forever to be associated with her name.

“During the first few years of its existence,” history tells us, “this Community had no written Rule; it was guided by the verbal instructions of St. Francis.” Clare, much against her will, had been made superior, and we are not surprised to learn that she directed her Sisters “less by her words than by her example.” In all things she endeavored to imitate, as far as possible, her spiritual father, and by her charity, silence, mortification, poverty, prayer, and vigils, excited the wonder and admiration not only of her own community, but of the world at large. She devoted part of each day to manual labor, after the example of the members of the First Order, “whom she welcomed whenever they visited the Sisters to discourse about Jesus Christ and the spiritual life.” (See *Leg. S. Clarae.*)

She was like an angel of mercy and compassion to the sick who came to her for consolation; but above all she cemented ever more and more firmly her friendship with St. Francis, resting with perfect confidence in his

judgment and support, for “adventurous and purposeful as she was,” says Fr. Cuthbert, “she confessed to herself her woman's need of a strength other than her own.” Humble, too, and utterly free from self-consciousness, she never dreamt of the feelings of reverence and esteem she had inspired, both in her beloved friend, and in the brethren, who “regarded her as one sent by God to witness to them the truth and sanctity of their vocation, and held her in high honor and pure affection, because of what she was to them.” “With a sweet loveliness”—to quote once more from Fr. Cuthbert's charming description—“she would speak of herself as the little plant which Francis reared in the garden of Poverty;” and “in the reverence with which the brethren surrounded her, saw only an indication of the nobility of their own souls.”

Thus the time rolled on, and every day that passed, served but to strengthen the sacred bond between two chosen souls destined by Almighty God to work side by side, and hand in hand in His vineyard and to stand forever in His holy sight, and in the eyes of Catholic Christendom, as the most perfect followers of their own noble ideals. Always, let it be remembered, Clare gave to Francis an unfailing sympathy and unswerving loyalty. Always she was ready to rejoice in his joys, and grieve in his griefs, and to “minister watchfully both for the comfort of his soul and the alleviation of his bodily sufferings.” A pair of sandals, which she made to relieve the pain of his stigmatized feet, are still preserved at San Damiano. (See *Life of St. Francis*, by Fr. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.) And we know that in his last dying moments, the Poverello sent her a message, bidding her remain faithful to that vow of absolute poverty, to preserve which intact, all the best efforts of their lives had been given.

What more fascinating story of a

friendship could be found? "Blessed, O my God, is he who loves Thee, and his friend in Thee!" cries the great St. Augustine. Truly, St. Francis loved thus. That wonderful ejaculation which was ever in his heart and on his lips—*Deus meus et omnia*, My God and my All—contains within it a profound metaphysical truth in regard to friendship. It expresses real-

ly, only more briefly, the meaning of those beautiful words uttered by the saintly Abbot Aelred, of Rievaulx, words which might well have been spoken by our Seraphic Father to St. Clare: "Nous voici donc, toi et moi, et j'espère aussi qu'entre nous deux, il y a un tiers—Jesus Christ.—Behold us two, and I hope that between us there is a third—Jesus Christ."

ST. MARY'S INDIAN SCHOOL

By Sr. M. Macaria, O. S. F.

PERICULIS in mare "In perils from the sea." Into such a brief phrase, St. Paul crowds a whole chapter. Less gifted than the great Apostle in brief yet graphic expression, we must needs occupy several pages in describing our "Perils from Floods."

Wednesday, July 21, 1909, will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Odanah, Wisconsin, and particularly by the Sisters and pupils of St. Mary's School. Beginning Tuesday evening, rain fell almost incessantly for two successive days and nights. The lightning and thunder were terrific, especially Tuesday night, when several houses were struck, and among them two of the largest buildings in town, the Morrison Hotel and St. Mary's Hall. The hall took fire immediately, but the flames were extinguished before serious damage was done. The stroke which tore the cupola off the Morrison Hotel, being cold was not followed by fire, but the shock was terrible, and we were told that both Catholics and non-Catholics fell upon their knees in mortal terror. Three families, numbering nearly two dozen souls, came to the school and begged, for the love of God, to be sheltered from the storm, as their homes had been partially destroyed. Such a request at such a time could not be refused; and the charity then

shown has since borne fruit in the conversion of two of the families.

Wednesday, at 6.40 A. M., we received a message from the Ashland Power and Light Company stating that their dams on the White River had gone out, and that the water, carrying destruction in its path, would reach Odanah in twelve hours. They stated also that we were the only people in town that they could reach by telephone, and they asked us to inform the inhabitants of Odanah as well as the Lumber Company here. We immediately telephoned to the Lumber Company and received the curt answer, "We were here before the flood, and we shall be here after it has passed." Even one of the oldest inhabitants, whose advice had always proved reliable, said that he feared little, as we had been threatened by the bursting of dams on several previous occasions, and that no great damage had ever resulted. We therefore were quite calm about the matter.

At 3.00 P. M., the Ashland Power and Light Company again spoke to us through the telephone, asking whether we had informed the Lumber Company. We replied in the affirmative, quoting the answer we had received "But, Sister," replied the speaker, "this is something terrible, and the water will reach you before

an hour's time. Are your stock in?"

Sister Catherine, the superior, hastened to the barnyard and communicated the information to the man in charge, adding that he had better get the cattle in. He was inclined to think lightly of the matter, and wished to finish the work he had on hand, but Sister insisted that he get the cattle in as quickly as possible. So he, with another hired-hand and two or three boys, hastened across the meadow. It was well they did. Though it was but a few moments before they appeared again, driving the cattle before them, it was no ordinary meadow scene that met the eyes of those who watched for their return. An ocean seemed to have leaped from heaven over the wide, smooth meadow, and cattle and herdsmen seemed about to be engulfed beneath its mighty tide. One boy fell and for some time was lost to sight; another was seized with cramps, and had hard work to reach the school; all were struggling through water neck-deep, while a roar, like that of a cataract, shut out every other sound. Finally, all reached the barnyard, well-nigh exhausted, and never were weary cattle more anxious to reach shelter and never were milkmen more anxious to have cattle under shelter than on this memorable day.

While the men were getting the stock in, Sister Catherine had been transferring the chickens to the upper story of the barn, and, though this occupied but a few moments, so rapidly did the water rise, that when she had finished, she had to ride a pony up to the house. Hence, our first concern was to secure a boat or canoe in which to travel to and from the barn, as it was impossible to make any more visits to the chickens, cattle, or horses without some such conveyance. We therefore, kept a sharp lookout, and hailed the first canoe, which approached within speaking distance, giving the supposed

owner \$3.00 for it. But trouble followed trouble, as flake follows flake. Only a short time had elapsed when another Indian came along and claimed the canoe, stating that it had been stolen from him by the first party. We could but surrender it to the rightful owner and trust to Providence for securing another, which we were allowed to possess in peace, as happily there were no double claims upon it.

Realizing that it would be but a few moments before all communication with the outside world should be cut off, we profited by the last opportunity of informing those interested in our safety of the actual situation. Accordingly we telephoned to the telegraph Company of Ashland a message directed to our Mother Superior at St. Rose Convent, La Crosse. The message stated that the water was even then inside our front gate and that no trains could reach the town. This telegram was the signal for most fervent petitions on the part of the Sisters, who were at the mother house in great numbers for their annual institute and retreat. Some of the Sisters from Odanah were also in LaCrosse, and had seen high water in Odanah every spring for more than a decade of years, and, more than once, sufficiently high to tell even on the strongest nerves. These Sisters knew the custom had always been to watch, pray, and bear our own burden rather than distress others unnecessarily. Knowing that, although the high water question had been a serious one in the past, no messages on the subject had ever been sent to the mother house, the Sisters concluded, and rightly so, as we shall presently see, that this flood was quite out of the ordinary, and realized fully that there was much to fear, and, humanly speaking, little to hope for. Imagine their suspense when no direct information concerning the situation at Odanah could be

obtained after the receipt of the telegram on Wednesday until the following Saturday. All understood that if communication were possible, we certainly would not leave them in this dreadful suspense, and they found no difficulty in crediting the accounts given by the daily papers. Be it said to the credit of the LaCrosse papers, their accounts were in nowise exaggerated; in fact, the actual situation could scarcely be imagined, much less exaggerated.

With water six feet on the level, mighty torrents rushing in every direction, telegraph and telephone service out of question (the posts and wires having been swept away), how did the Sisters at Odanah fare? Wednesday night we listened to the rushing of the waters, minus all poetry; we thought neither of Minehaha nor Niagara; for, above the sound of the waters, rose the din of clashing timber, logs, and houses, that were being jammed together by the rushing current which swept everything in its path, and even threatened to carry off the iron bridge, the stone foundation of which it seriously undermined. The clanking of heavy chains which were being used to stay the logs, jammed up against the bridge, as well as the bridge itself; the danger bell which rang incessantly; all added to the terror of that night. From midnight to 4.00 A.M., the waters rose very rapidly, and as morning dawned the ten carpenters who were engaged at the school, prepared to seek safety in flight. One of them, an old sailor, volunteered to inform a particular friend of the school, Mr. M. Schrank, of Ashland, of our situation. In order to reach the train, the men were obliged to cross two miles of water with mighty torrents rushing hither and thither and which, turn whichever way they might, they could not avoid. Part of the distance they covered in a canoe, paying a good price to the owner, who on reaching a certain

distance, refused to go further, and our friend in company with another man from Odanah, had to complete the remainder of the trip on a raft. They finally reached the train and arrived at Ashland, where the old sailor manfully redeemed his promise promptly, despite the fact that his clothing was soaked as he had to wade part of the distance to the train.

Mr. Schrank immediately secured three gasoline launches and several row boats, which he brought as near to us as possible by train, then across the waters even to our very door. Right glad were we to see him, for "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and, on his arrival, our situation closely resembled that of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*—we too had

Water, water, everywhere,
But never a drop to drink.

Mr. Schrank inquired about our necessities, and has since frequently smiled over the reply, "We need water for ourselves and hay for the cattle." Six feet of water on a level, and "never a drop to drink"! Provisions we had in plenty, but no water in which to cook them, for the water which surrounded us might be likened to a cesspool, in which refuse of every form was floating. The superintendent of the Lumber Company saw that we got the hay we requested, and Mr. Schrank returned to Ashland, and, as superintendent of the great Riese Coal Company, he made a novel shipment: "A Carload of Fresh Water." A freight train brought the precious cargo within two or three miles of the town: thence, it was transferred to gasoline launches and finally, the priceless liquid reached us. Did the donor remember the Master's promise, "Even a cup of cold water given in my name shall not lose its reward"? At all events, we doubt if the unadulterated ale of Father Adam was ever more appreciated. How often, alas! we partake of Heaven's blessings without even a thought of

their Author, or of their value, until suddenly deprived of them.

Having been supplied with pure water, we were suffering more from anxiety than actual want. Mr. Schrank considered it rather hazardous to venture out with so many children, many of whom were between the ages of three and eight years. He sailed across the waters to the mill to consult Mr. Baker, superintendent of the Lumber Company. They thought it best for us to remain at least until threatened by more immediate danger, though in fact, matters looked sufficiently alarming as they were, for the school might be compared to a large steamer in mid-stream, the whole town being practically a vast lake. Our meadow, where one hundred and fifty tons of hay had stood just as the flood came pouring in, was covered by the water, to a depth of six feet. The cattle in our barn, which has a five foot foundation, were standing in water over ten inches deep. The bursting of another dam was anticipated, in which case, some expected that the school would be hurled into Lake Superior. Others, however, considered our position sufficiently safe, for they concluded that the general sweep of the waters would be in the direction of the northern torrent; that is, through our field, the devastating force of which would hardly reach the school, though the lower floors upon which no water had as yet entered, would, no doubt, be flooded.

Oh, the anxiety of those moments, each of which seemed an hour! Oh, those long hours, each of which seemed a month! We sat not, ate

not, slept not, but at our open door we stood, and gazed upon a "world of waters," listened to their roar, thought of the universal deluge, hoped and prayed that, like the ark of yore, St. Mary's and all within her might be spared, for it could be as truly said of us, as was said of Noe, "We alone remained and those that were with us in the school," the town having been practically deserted.

As we stood gazing upon the fearful waters, a poor cow swam toward us, struggling against the powerful current. She headed straight for our yard, as if we had been standing outside for her special benefit, and she struggled on until her feet rested on earth once more, inside our front yard. Weak from exertion and trembling from her long exposure to the water, she would doubtless have sunk down, never to rise. We might have said, "What is a strange cow to us in the midst of our present anxiety?" Fire hardens clay, but softens wax; tribulation acts in like manner. Compassion for the poor dumb creature was the sentiment of all, and, forgetting for the moment our own danger, we made her a drink of ginger tea, and ministered to her with a pity almost akin to tenderness. When the days of terror were over, the owner came to get her and was very grateful for the care we had taken of his cow.

The animal having been cared for, we were again confronted with the thought of our own and our children's safety, in other words, with a question at that moment of vital interest to all: "Must we leave the school?"

(To be continued)



THE CHARITY OF FRA JUNIPERO

By Mary J. Malloy

RUGGED and homely was the bodily vesture of Fra Junipero; but the soul it clothed was not such. It was as a child's in innocence, and a man's in faith and trust in God, and the only failing of it was exceeding charity. Fra Junipero could not allow himself that his broad shoulders should bear the weight of cloak and habit when his poor neighbor went destitute of covering; and again, he thought it better himself and his brethren keep prolonged fast rather than that a beggar of the way should pass him hungry and see the wallet he carried them alms-full for their dinner. And that his sick should sigh for a morsel not his to give but his neighbor's to bestow—why should he wait to search that neighbor out? Were it not rather a sin to give pause for thought whether the taking of it unasked might anger him? Were not the hearts of all men warm with the same fire of brotherly love that consumed his own?

More than once had indignant protests been lodged with the Padre Guardiano at Fra Junipero's excessive charity. "But," quoth Fra Junipero, "it was for the love of our brother that I did this thing—surely, friend, thou canst not be angered that I did for thee what thou wert not at hand to do thyself, of thine own great charity?" And often the aggrieved condoned and confirmed the act, so that Junipero saw there was no harm done, and wondered in his simple mind that all this stir should be, and took cheerfully the penance ordained him by Padre Guardiano, and went and renewed his' offence without compunction.

High upon its hilly slopes, Assisi basked in the bright sunshine, decked in all its bravery for the next day's festival. From every window and

portal hung draperies of silk and fine stuffs. Garlands of flowers made sweet the atmosphere of the streets where, after High Mass, the great procession would wind its way with noble and peasant in its train.

In the cathedral, old Don Bartolo, the sacristan, was making ready too. His guarded chests, full of treasure store of gold and silver and precious adornments, were being emptied of their contents for the dressing of the altars, as was customary on high feasts; and scarce could he give commands to one and another of his helpers for delight, as he gazed lovingly upon these jealously kept possessions he almost felt his own by virtue of long years of guardianship.

Most of them all did he value the golden *luciferum*, with its massive stem of golden leaves, out of which sprang seven great golden lilies, the cup of each encircled with a coronet of golden flames of the sacred wax. Down from each glorious chalice dropped slender chains, hung with delicate bells of silver that swayed and chimed with every movement near, so that it seemed to Don Bartolo as if the angels sang the praise of *Gesu Sacramento*; and hardly could one tell if to the eye or ear they were more beautiful.

When at the solemn Benediction his *luciferum* was placed before the altar-throne, and every waft of perfumed air from the jewelled censers set the lovely bells swinging and ringing ever so faintly and ever so sweetly, Don Bartolo put his old head down in his trembling hands and thought himself in Paradise. Many another cunning and fair piece of handicraft was in his keeping, but this was the jewel and star.

Now as he stood before it, fresh from its new burnishing and glowing

in its exquisite beauty, in to him came Fra Junipero from the humble Porziuncola at the base of the town, where the *Frati Minores* made their home.

"Peace to you, my brother," said he. "Our Padre Guardiano has sent me as you requested him, to watch your treasures while you supped."

"Peace to you, Fra Junipero. I asked this thing of your charity because I would not willingly leave these precious things in the care of my helpers, who know not the difference between gold and brass, methinks. Some of them have not the soul of pigs, and would touch and handle them with hands fresh from the dust of the vaults whence they have brought up my chests. Did I not see Tomaso just about to lay his begrimed fingers upon my silver bells? And when I soundly rated him therefore, he turned aside and said—ah, my ears are still ears!—yes, he said to another—'*Povero!* he grows so old!' Yes, yes, it is only the old who know how to value as they should—the young men, they are not as in my day—we had thoughts then beyond our Sunday cloaks and fripperies! 'Tis good to know one so staid and proper as yourself, Fra Junipero. But I remember your holy Francis, too, when he walked the streets of Assisi a gay young cavalier, his sword at his side, singing that all the town could hear, his heart was so light. *Ahi, ahi*, I too was young then! but I was ever grave and sober, and often did he laugh at me and rally me for such bearing. And now they say the Pope will make a great saint of him, and I am still only *povero!* Poor old Bartolo!"

"Peace to you," said Junipero. "It is as the Lord wills."

Bartolo shook his hoary head. This was but small comfort Fra Junipero was offering him. But Bartolo was wiser at heart than his talk would always make him out to be; so he let the matter rest. With a promise to return within the hour, he departed,

leaving Junipero alone in the lofty arched sacristy, filled with soft lights and mellow shades and the peace of the holy spot within.

Fra Junipero looked about him with no curiosity and no desire. "Praised be the Lord," he said to himself with simple-hearted admiration, "who put it into the minds of men to make things so beautiful—but to me our little Porziuncola is a better place, and holds more that is pleasing to Him. Now, why do they store up these things for His worship, when His poor without ask for bread?"

His eye fell upon the magnificent *luciferum*, standing in its uncovered beauty in the center of the room. Even his untutored soul knew it to be of great price. He drew a long breath, and approached it almost reverently. One little bell rang faintly in the air of his approach. He looked at it curiously, extended his hand timidly and laid it gently upon the marvelous filigree of its surface.

"It may be that I am wrong," said he. "Thy little bell, my Lord, sings now Thy praise to me as if Thou saidst 'All things are Mine.' Peace be with thee, *campanella!* Thou hast given me my lesson."

At that moment a muffled sound from the church without fell upon his ear. He opened the sacristy door softly and peered out into the great arches, already full of twilight shadows. At first he saw nothing. Suddenly, he perceived the figure of a woman lying prone before the high altar. As he gazed, a storm of sobs broke from her.

"*Dio mio. Dio mio!*" she cried aloud. "What shall I do? My Pietro will be with Thee before morn—I have for him no bread, no wine, nor for my children! *Dio. Dio mio.* send us Thine aid! *Abbate di noi pietà!*"

That such grief should be here, right here.—such suffering, such misery, and all around the wealth of earth and the joy of festival! Juni-

pero was at her side in a moment.

"Peace be with thee! what is thy trouble, my sister?" he asked.

The woman raised her head, all dishevelled, and her eyes, tearstained and hollow with woe.

"O good frate," she answered him, recognizing the brown habit of Blessed Francis and seeing the kindness of his look, "Pietro, my *sposo*, dies of disease and hunger.—My children cry for bread, and I have none to give them.—Guillermo, the rich merchant, turns us out of our lodging, because we have not the money he asks.—I have gone on my knees in the streets, and they laugh at me for a beggar. *Pieta, pieta!*" she cried, laying her poor head down upon the cold stone pavement in a burst of despair that racked Fra Junipero's heart.

He looked at her for a moment in silence, then turned back straight to the sacristy. He walked without the slightest hesitation to where stood the golden *luciferum*, and pulling a small knife from his pocket, he cut first one silver bell and then another from its chain, till his hand was full.

"Here, my sister," said he; "the good God sends you these. They are His property. His own; He sends them to you that you may take, and turn them into bread for your children and comfort for your Pietro. See, they mean the money of Guillermo. Go you to Don Giorgio di Lanzo in the Via Strada—he will buy them of you when you tell him that Fra Junipero sends you. He is a good and generous merchant and knows me well. Go, and the peace of God be with you!"

He was gone before she could grasp the meaning of his words; but in her hands were the silver bells, and in her heart the firm belief that an angel of God had brought her succor.

Not so thought Don Bartolo on his return. Fra Junipero was nowhere to be seen and—could he believe his eyes! !—a number of his silver bells—the bells of his *luciferum*—had like-

wise vanished! He knew not what to think. The *frate* would surely never have left of his own accord—it never for one instant crossed Bartolo's mind that this same *frate* might have been the purloiner of his treasurer. Robbery!—murder!—it must be that!

Pale, terrified, out of breath, he arrived at the gate of the convent.

"For God's love, Fra Leo," he cried as the porter answered his summons. "Fra Junipero—Fra Junipero—" he stopped, unable to bring forth another word.

"You wish to see him?" said Fra Leo, very much surprised.

"See him?—Is he here—home?—"

"Surely, *amico*. He returned but a short while ago. What ails you?" as the bewildered Bartolo strove in vain to speak. "Shall I ring for him?"

"Yes, yes!"

A ring of the bell brought Fra Junipero, as calm and undisturbed as ever.

"Your pardon, Don Bartolo, that I did not stay till your return—" he began, as he saw for whom he was summoned. "I remembered me of a forgotten duty, and none was about—"

"My bells!" gasped out Don Bartolo, unable to formulate more.

"Your bells? Ah, yes, my brother, while you were away came a poor woman to the church in such grief your good heart must have melted to behold her—and for bread and shelter for her I cut some few of the silver bells and gave her in her need."

A howl broke from Don Bartolo "The Padre Guardiano!" he shrieked.

Fra Leo and the equally amazed Fra Junipero gazed at him in alarm.

"Friend Bartolo, what ails thee?" cried the latter, unsuspecting of offence. Then, a sudden thought striking him—"It is not possible, *amico*, my act hath displeased thee? They were our Lord's, those bells. It was in His name I gave them to His needy creature. Peace be with thee!" He turned and walked away, sad and disturbed, indeed, that his old friend

should show such lack of charity.

"Alack, alack!" sighed the perturbed Padre Guardiano, stretched on a bed of sickness and presented with the misdeed of Fra Junipero, to the small comforting thereof. "We will strive to find the woman and make them good; but, indeed, it is thine own fault, Don Bartolo; thou hast known him long enough to know also his singularity in respect to holy charity. I but marvel he gave her not all! Go now and of thy goodness ask that Fra Junipero be sent in to me."

Fra Junipero, promptly summoned, came as promptly, unimpressed and quite at ease.

"I gave the bells to one who had great need," he said, "whereas where they were they served but the purposes of mere pomp and worldly vanity; they praise *Il Santissimo* no longer when His children cry for bread."

Padre Guardiano heaved a sigh. Well he knew the futility of correction or argument in regard to this erring brother; yet, in fulfilment of duty, he addressed himself to the task of reproof, and with such energy that his voice, already weakened by sickness, at last utterly failed him, and he lay speechless under the eyes of Junipero, kneeling at his side and regarding him with an expression that the harassed superior could not fathom.

Dismissed from his presence, Junipero went slowly out into the woods adjoining, lost in deep thought, but with nothing abashed or repentant in his aspect. In fact, his mind seemed to be running upon something very apart from his own affair. Finally, he appeared to have arrived at a decision. He raised his head briskly again, and started off in the direction of the town.

It was late, very late, when he returned. This, too, did not seem to trouble him in the least. In his hand he bore a rather large packet, armed with which he made straight for Pad-

re Guardiano's cell.

The latter, distressed and sleepless, looked up in surprise as Junipero entered and walked up to his couch.

"*Padre mio*," said he, "whilst thou wert scolding me this evening and telling me of my faults, I noticed that thy charity was making thee very hoarse; so as thou still wert talking, I turned about in my mind what might ease thee of thy affliction. Then came a good thought to me. I went back into Assisi and got old Madre Maddelena to make for thee this cake with butter to soften thy chest and throat. I pray thee eat of it, for it is very good in such a case, and it was in trying to do me benefit that thou hast brought such suffering upon thyself."

"Begone—I will not eat of thy cake!" answered him Padre Guardiano, feeling the pain of his throat freshly afire with the draught of Fra Junipero's irritations. And still stood Junipero urging upon him the cake, and taking no denial.

"Begone, I say to thee, thou son of confusion!" at last cried out Padre Guardiano; "else will I lose my charity entirely with thee!"

"'Tis thy charity I seek to find, *Padre mio*," said Junipero in all simplicity.

"I will not eat of thy cake, I tell thee—go—leave me in peace!"

"Yea, I will go, *Padre mio*, with cheer will I go, since thou sayest our parting is in peace. But for a last goodness, since thou wilt not eat of this good cake of mine, I ask of thy kind patience, which is of much merit to thee, indeed, with such as I, that thou wilt hold for me, my candle, whilst I eat of this gift of God myself, that His bounty be not wasted."

Padre Guardiano looked at him with a great laugh filling his breast.

"Now will we eat of it together." he said. "The peace of God be with thee, Fra Junipero!"

FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.

CHAPTER X

Fr. Bernardino Beltran—Antonio Espejo Receives Permit for Expedition—His Company—His Zeal for Religion—Indian Tribes Encountered—At Tiguex—Fate of Three Franciscans—Various Excursions—Pueblos Visited—At Zuni—Discoveries

WHEN the Franciscans of the Zacatecan Custody learned in what predicament the soldiers had left the three friars on the Upper Rio Grande, they felt greatly alarmed, and at once took steps for their relief. Fr. Bernardino Beltrán of the convent at Durango, in particular, exerted himself in their behalf. The viceroy appeared willing enough to aid the undertaking, but until the permission of the king of Spain could be obtained, relief might be much too late.

Happily the interest of a wealthy gentleman, Antonio Espejo, was aroused with good effect. "As it happened," Espejo himself relates, "that I was in that jurisdiction at that time, and heard of the wise and pious desire of the said religious¹ and of the entire Order, and knowing that by so doing I should serve our Lord and his Majesty, I offered to accompany this religious and to spend part of my wealth in paying his expenses and in taking some soldiers, both for his protection and defense and for that of the religious whom he was going to succor and bring back, if the royal justice, in his Majesty's name, would permit or order me to do so. Accordingly, having learned of the holy zeal of said religious and of my intention, and at the instance of said Fr. Bernardino, Captain Juan de Ontiveros, *alcalde mayor*,² for his Majesty in the pueblos called Cuatro Ciénegas, which lie within the jurisdiction of Nueva

Vizcaya, seventy leagues east of the mines of Santa Barbara, gave his order and commission that I, with some soldiers, should enter the new land in order to succor and bring out the religious and men who had remained in it.

"So, by virtue of said order and commission, I enlisted fourteen soldiers, whose names are Juan López de Ibárra, Bernardo de Luna, Diego Pérez de Lujan, Gaspár de Lujan, Francisco Barrero,³ Gregorio Hernández, Miguel Sánchez Valenciano, Lázaro Sánchez, Alonso de Miranda, Pedro Hernández de Almansa, Juan Hernández, Cristóbal Sánchez, and Juan de Frías, all of whom I supplied with arms, horses, munitions, provisions, and other things necessary for so long and unaccustomed a journey. Beginning our journey at the Valley of San Bartolomé, which is nine leagues from the mines of Santa Barbara, on November 10, 1582, with one hundred and fifteen horses and mules, some servants, and a quantity of arms, munitions, and provisions, we set out directly north."

It would be interesting to follow Espejo's description of the Indians along the route until the expedition reached the Rio Grande, but that would lead us far from the subject, which is New Mexico and its missionaries. One observation, however, must be noted. Unlike the generality of Spanish military officials, Antonio Espejo manifested a sincere and unselfish interest in the spread of re-

1. Fr. Beltrán. 2. Magistrate.

3. Barrato, according to Read, p. 178.

4. *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest*, edited by Dr. Bolton, pp. 169-170.

ligion, and therefore assisted Fr. Beltrán to the best of his ability. Apart from paying the expenses of the undertaking, one may gather as much from his own narrative, which is corroborated by the old Franciscan chroniclers. For example, on arriving among the Conchos Indians, Espejo tells us, "We did not find that they have any idols, nor that they offer sacrifices. We assembled as many of them as we could, erected crosses for them in the rancherías, and by means of interpreters of their own tongue, whom we had with us, the meaning of the crosses and something about our holy Faith was explained to them."

Similarly the Pasaguantes were dealt with. The Tobosos were next encountered, and found to be afraid of the Spaniards; but after a while these Indians were disabused "and through interpreters we gave them to understand that we had not come to capture them or to injure them in any way. Thereupon they were reassured," Espejo continues, "and we erected crosses for them in their rancherías and explained to them something about God, our Lord." The Jumanos or Patarabueyes were similarly treated. Their habitations of grass huts may have extended from the junction of the Conchos with the Rio Grande to the vicinity of Juárez. "These Indians," Espejo writes, "appear to have some knowledge of our holy Catholic Faith, because they point to God, our Lord, looking up to the heavens. They call him Apalito in their tongue, and say that it is He whom they recognize as their Lord and who gives them what they have. Many of them, men, women, and children, came to have the religious and us Spaniards bless them, which made them appear very happy. They told us and gave us to understand through interpreters that three Christians and

a negro had passed through there, and by the indications they gave they appeared to have been Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, Dorantes Castillo Maldonado, and a negro, who all escaped from the fleet with which Pánfilo Narvaz entered Florida."⁵

Espejo's party remained with these people for eight days, awaiting the arrival of another Franciscan, Fr. Heredia, who was to name the leader for the journey into New Mexico. While among these Patarabueyes or Jumanos, Fr. Beltrán was informed by some Indians that Fr. López and his companion were still alive. He therefore urged the soldiers to proceed and not to wait longer for Fr. Heredia. Accordingly, Espejo was formally chosen captain and *justicia mayor*, whereupon the march was resumed.⁶

On January 26, 1583, the little expedition crossed the Rio Grande possibly at the ford which later was known as El Paso del Norte. From that point the Spaniards went straight north. After marching twenty-one leagues from here they reached the first pueblos in the region of the present Socorro. Continuing, the party finally reached the borders of the Tiguas. This province comprised sixteen towns one of which was Puaray, which they reached on February 17. "Here we found," writes Espejo, "that the Indians of this province had killed Fr. Francisco López and Brother Augustin Rodríguez, three boys, and a half-breed, whom we were going to succor and take back. Believing that we were going there to punish them because they had killed the friars, before we reached the province they fled to a mountain two leagues from the river. We tried to bring them back peacefully, but they refused to return. In their houses we found a large quantity of corn, beans, gourds, many turkeys, and many ores of different col-

5. *Ibidem*, pp. 171-173.

6. *Ibid.* p. 174.

ors.

"Having arrived at this province of the Tiguas and found that the religious in quest of whom we had come, and the half-breed and the Indians who had remained with them, were dead, we were tempted to return to Nueva Vizcaya; but, . . . as it seemed to me that all that country was well peopled, . . . I deemed this a good opportunity to serve his Majesty by visiting and discovering those lands so new and remote, in order to give a report of them to his Majesty, with no expense to him. . . . Having communicated my intention to the religious (Fr. Beltrán) and the soldiers, and they having approved my decision, we continued our journey and discovery."⁷

First Espejo with two soldiers made a trip to the Maguas, two days' journey to the east⁸ where they learned that the Indians had killed Fr. Juan de Santa Maria. "We made friends of them," he writes, "and said nothing of these murders. They gave us food, and, having noted the nature of the country, we departed. It is a land of pine forests, with Castilian pine-nuts and sables. We returned to the camp on the Rio del Norte."⁹

From Puaray the whole company marched up the river for about six leagues to the province of the Quéres, where they were well received by the natives who occupied five large pueblos. Proceeding for two days, and covering fourteen leagues, the coun-

try of the Pumames (Punames) was reached. This province consisted of five pueblos, the principal one being Cia on the Jémez River. About six leagues to the northwest the explorers found the Jémez¹⁰ in seven pueblos. Marching three days to the west, and covering fifteen leagues, the company faced the pueblo of Acoma, situated on a high rocky mount.¹¹

The next journey lasted four days during which, going west, they travelled twenty-four leagues, and then came to Cibola or Zuñi." In this province," Espejo writes, "near the pueblos we found crosses erected, and here we discovered three Christian Indians, who said their names were Andrés of Culiacán, Gaspár of Mexico, and Antonio of Guadalajara. They declared that they had come with Francisco Vásquez Coronado.¹² We instructed them again in the Mexican tongue, which they had almost forgotten."¹³

Here Fr. Bernardino Beltrán remained with Miguel Sánchez Valenciano, his wife *Casilda de Amaya*, their two sons Lázaro and Miguel Sánchez, Christóbal Sánchez, and Juan de Frías, whilst Espejo continued exploring the country to the westward. On this trip with nine companions he visited the Moqui, and apparently went as far as the region of Big Williams Fork, west of Prescott, Arizona.¹⁴ From there the intrepid little party made their way back to Zuñi.

(To be concluded)

7. *Ibid.*, pp. 175-180. Arlégui, p. 217, claims that Espejo, angered at the brutality the Tiguas had practiced on the three martyred Franciscans, and finding they offered resistance, waged war on them, and killed many thousands of them. With only fourteen men this seems a rather absurd story. Mendieta, p. 765 (followed by Torquemada, III, p. 628, and Salmerón, no. 10.), says that Espejo left these Indians well punished—*bien castigados*. Espejo has nothing about any punishment inflicted; but since he treated the Maguas kindly, it would seem that he refrained from arousing animosity in view of the weakness of his own force, if for no better reason.

8. *Spanish Exploration*, p. 180, Bolton thinks the Maguas dwelt southeast.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 181.

10. Emeges, Amejes, Jemes, from the Queres named Memishetsi, or Hemishitsi; their own name is Tuwa, or Walatuwa.—Hodge in "*Land of Sunshine*, November, 1900.

11. Acoma, from the native name *Acome*, signifying the "people of the white rock."—Hodge, *ut supra*.

12. in 1540. 13. *Spanish Exploration*, p. 184.—14. *Ibid.*, p. 187.

ON THE PERFECTION OF LIFE

From the Latin of Saint Bonaventure

By Fr. Jasper, O.F.M.

Silence

THE virtue of silence is quite an effective means of perfection for a religious. For as *in the multitude of words there shall not want sin* (Prov. 10, 19), so speaking briefly and rarely serves unto this, that man avoids sin. And as from too much talking there frequently follows offence both against God and against our neighbor, so by silence is nourished justice (holiness), from which as from a tree the fruit of peace is gathered. And as peace is most necessary for those who live in a cloister, so too is silence, which preserves peace both of soul and of body. Wherefore, the prophet Isaias, considering the virtue of silence, says, *The work (effect) of justice (holiness) shall be peace, and the service of (means unto) justice—silence* (Chap. 32, 17). That is to say, silence is of such efficacy that it preserves in man the justice (grace) of God, and nourishes and keeps peace among neighbors. For, unless man with much care *sets a guard to his mouth* (Ps. 38, 2), he will soon lose the graces he possesses, and fall into many evils. *The tongue is indeed*, as St. James writes in his Epistle, *a little member, but it boasteth great things*; and again, *our tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity* (Chap. 3, 5, 6); to which St. Bede remarks "that through the tongue nearly all evil deeds are instigated or perpetrated." Do you, O servant of God, wish to hear, do you wish to know how many evil things proceed from the tongue if it is not diligently watched? Listen, and I will tell you. From the tongue proceed blasphemy, murmuring, defence of sin, perjury, lying, detraction, flattery, cursing, insult, strife, derision of the good, evil

counsel, slanderous reports, boasting, revelation of secrets, rash threats, indiscreet promises, overmuch talking, vulgar language. In very deed, it is a great shame for the female sex and a disgrace for pious virgins not to *guard their mouth*, not to observe the discipline of the tongue, since so many sins are committed through our restless tongue. Forsooth, I dare say, in vain does a religious glory in possessing true virtue when he destroys the discipline of the tongue by ceaseless talking. For *if any man*, on the testimony of the Scriptures, *think himself to be religious, not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, this man's religion is vain* (James 1, 26).

O beloved spouses of Jesus Christ, look upon your Mistress and mine, look upon Mary, the mirror of virtues, and learn from her the discipline of silence. How much the Blessed Virgin loved silence is evident enough. For, if we peruse the Gospel, we find that she spoke very little and with few persons. We read that she conversed with only four persons, and spoke only seven times: with the Angel twice, with her Son twice, with Elizabeth twice, with the waiters at the marriage feast only once. Thus is confounded our loquacity, by reason of which we are inclined to talk much, even though the utility of silence is great.

One advantage of silence is, that *it leads to compunction*. When a man is silent, he thinks on his ways (Ps. 118, 59), and has time to consider how manifold are his defects, and how little is his progress; and from this arises compunction. The prophet David says, *I was dumb, and was humbled, and kept silence from good*

things, and my sorrow was renewed (Ps. 38, 3).

Another advantage of silence is, that *it proves man to be spiritual*. The test is almost infallible. If a man lives in Germany, but does not speak German, it is apparent that he is not a German. In like manner, he who lives in the world, but does not speak of worldly things, evidently proves that he is not of the world. For *he that is of the earth, of the earth he is, and of the earth he speaketh*, we read in the Gospel of St. John (Chap. 3, 31).

The religious has no other means for keeping silence, than to flee the society of men and to lead a retired life. For he that has already *raised himself above* the (ordinary) condition of men, must have no other consolator or companion than God alone. He should, therefore, *be solitary and keep his peace*; for from the moment he has God for his companion, he should not care for the companionship of men. We read in the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremias, *He shall sit solitary, and hold his peace, because he hath taken it upon himself* (raised himself above himself) (Chap. 3, 28). *He shall sit solitary*, I say, by fleeing the society of men; *and hold his peace*, by meditating on heavenly things; and he has *raised himself above himself* by tasting heavenly sweetness.

Although silence is necessary for all religious to become perfect in virtue, it is even more necessary for virgins consecrated to God and handmaids of Jesus Christ to observe the discipline of silence. Their *speech should be so precious*, their lips should be so modest that they never speak except in case of necessity. Therefore St. Jerome says, "Let the speech of the virgin be reserved and rare and precious,

not so much by its eloquence as by its modesty." Seneca counsels the same, saying, "To attain the highest perfection, I wish you to speak briefly, rarely, and in a low tone of voice." Listen, then, you talkative servant, listen, you clamorous and garrulous virgin! To accustom yourself to observe silence, you should do what the abbot Agathon did, of whom we read in the Lives of the Fathers, "that for three years he kept a stone in his mouth, till he learned to keep silence."

You also should tie a stone to your tongue and fasten it to your palate and *put your finger on your mouth* (Judges 18, 19), that you may learn to keep silence; because it is a great disgrace for a spouse of Christ to wish to converse with another rather than with her Spouse Jesus Christ.

Speak, therefore, rarely, sparingly, and briefly; speak with fear and modesty, yea, *scarcely speak in your own cause* (Ecclus 32, 10). Cover your countenance with the veil of modesty, sew your lips together with the thread of discipline, and let your speech be brief, precious, and useful; let it be modest and humble. Speak, O handmaid of God, seldom and little, because *in the multitude of words there shall not want sin* (Prov. 10, 19). Do not speak an idle word; because of *every idle word that men shall speak, they shall render an account for it in the day of judgment* (Matth. 12, 36).

"An idle word," according to St. Jerome, "is that which is spoken without necessity on the part of the speaker or without advantage to the hearer." It is, therefore, always better and more useful to be silent than to speak; "because I was," as the wise Xenocrates avers, "sometimes sorry to have spoken, but never to have been silent."

IN HONOR BOUND

By Noel A. Dunderdale, *Tertiary*

WHEN Cyril Richards stood outside the door of Room 221, City Bank Building and read "Franklin-Hunter Co. Wholesale Provisions," he almost laughed aloud.

"Well," he said to himself, "Fate is in it. However, I have come this far, so I may as well go the rest of the way and see what happens. I can't lose anything."

With that he entered the office. Ten minutes later he emerged, having made application for a position with the corporation. Again he felt like laughing aloud when he reviewed the situation. Only a week previously he had gone out to the general offices of the Franklin-Hunter Co. in answer to their advertisement for an accountant and, after picking his way carefully through the thick mud and exclaiming disgustedly at the odors that met his nostrils, had reached their building only to find that, as the day was a holiday, the office was closing early and no business could be transacted. Thereupon, he turned upon his heel and, vowing he would never set foot in that manufacturing district again, returned to more congenial localities.

Reviewing the situation, it did seem strange that he should be again drawn to the same organization. He felt, too, that his chances of getting the position were a hundred to one. So it transpired, and two more weeks found him there and ready for work.

The outlook, to his discriminating taste, was not good. He saw some hundreds of men, most of them coatless and with questionable shirts rolled to the elbow, working over worn-out books and chewing tobacco vigorously. There were girls, too, who chewed gum, equally vigorously. After lunch they all chewed tooth-picks as well.

In his own department, Richards found only two other men, both his seniors: Mr. Burton, a middle-aged man and seemingly a gentleman, in charge of the department, and his assistant, a certain Lovach, who boasted continually of the diamonds he owned and the number of suits he had. Certainly, the large stone in his tie could not escape notice; and when anyone did comment on it, he was careful to bring his hand into view so that the ring he wore would receive equal attention. Cyril smiled at this vain display of money, and instead of noticing the particular cut of the stones observed the characteristics of the man. For the rest, the only thing that attracted his attention was the masonic badge in Lovach's lapel. Richards had heard much of the Masons but had known only a few, and those not intimately. He rejoiced at an opportunity for closer study.

The first occasion came soon. Lovach was speaking one day of Foley, of the law department.

"The trouble with him, Richards," he said, sneeringly, "is that he's a Catholic."

Richards' face betrayed nothing. Lovach continued.

"I don't know how it is," he said, "I never could get along with those people. I hope you are not one of them."

Cyril's face wore a far-away look. "Would it make any difference?" he asked. "In my opinion," he continued, quietly, "a man's religion is his own affair. As a matter of fact I am a Catholic."

"But you don't wear a K. C. button," argued Lovach, regarding Richards' badgeless coat.

"I never joined their order," replied Richards, weakly.

That ended the conversation.

It came to Cyril's mind rather forcibly later in the day, however, and he recalled how earnestly and how frequently Jim Harris had urged him to become a Knight. "Oh, I haven't time for such things," he had pleaded. "I'm not a club man in any sense of the word, and you probably wouldn't want me. I have too many other interests that take up my time. I would never attend the meetings."

"Yes, you would," Jim had urged, "and you would meet as fine a crowd of young fellows as you can find anywhere. There are club-houses with reading-rooms, games and so forth, and there is always someone you know there. Besides," he added confidentially, "a fellow gets hard up once in a while, and it helps to have somebody to go to for \$50 or so in an emergency. Why, only last month we took up a collection to help a man who got sick. We gave him \$100, to help him out. These things count, you know."

Cyril had listened, agreed, and—passed on.

There were several outstanding facts in Cyril's situation, and he began to view it now with great precision. In the first place, he was among people who were undeniably his social inferiors, and of whom he could never make companions. Secondly, he was engaged in work that by no means called for even a small part of his ability. These considerations prompted him to make a change. But then he weighed the opposite side of the case. His work was easy, so he had much time for thought. He had been drawn to the position on two separate occasions against his own judgment, and had received it without any effort at obtaining it. More than all, he found himself among men who were bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church. And investigation showed that about half of the employees of the company were Masons. Cy-

ril recalled now that when he applied for the position he had had to state his religion. "Oh, you are a Catholic?" had been the enquiry. "Yes," he had replied firmly, expecting to be asked "Roman or Anglican," and prepared to deny the possibility of more than one Catholic faith. He had been disappointed that this opportunity did not come. A careful review of the whole affair prompted him to go through with it, assured that his being there was no idle chance but rather some deep purpose.

Richards had not been in the office many days when Mr. Symonds, the treasurer, came to his desk one morning and, sitting down, introduced himself and indulged in a friendly chat. Richards was pleased at this mark of distinction, but he did not fail to notice that Mr. Symonds, too, wore a masonic badge.

The day after that he chanced to be standing outside Mr. Hunter's office waiting his turn to enter. To his surprise he heard his own name mentioned by a voice that he recognized as Mr. Symonds'. "He seems to be a good man but—we can't keep him."

"Why?" questioned Hunter.

"Catholic," was the reply, in a tone that admitted of no argument.

Cyril wondered why they had engaged him if they felt so bitterly towards his faith. He said nothing, of course, but deep in his heart there was a determination that if there was to be warfare between them, he would fight to the end and meanwhile make the most of his present opportunities.

Election time was at hand and one campaign was at its height. The office of mayor was the most bitterly contested, the struggle being between two equally prominent citizens, representative of opposing factions: McKenna, a Catholic and, of course, an Irishman, stood for the interests of the common people, the working and middle classes, while Robinson was backed by the big interests of the

city, by the organizations that expected to reap reward from his election. Among these was the Franklin-Hunter Co., of which Robinson was a large stockholder, and on whose behalf Mr. Hunter had issued a circular letter to the office force.

When this letter reached Richards it bore the signatures of some scores of employees. Cyril read carefully the typewritten heading:

We, the undersigned, employees of the Franklin-Hunter Co., hereby pledge ourselves to vote for Henry Robinson, candidate for mayor, at the forthcoming election and to do all in our power to aid his cause by urging our friends to vote for him.

Cyril calmly passed the letter back to the boy who had presented it to him. Lovach, a silent witness of this, now interfered.

"Say, Richards," he began, "you'd better sign that."

"Why?" asked Cyril, with assumed ignorance.

"You'll get fired if you don't," explained Lovach.

"So? For what?"

"Because Robinson is a stockholder of the company and it's backing him in his campaign."

"But I don't intend to vote for him," continued Cyril.

"Hang it all, that doesn't make any difference. Sign it anyway. Nobody will know who you vote for."

"Thank you, I don't care to do things that way. If I pledge myself, I make good." With that Cyril resumed his work. Lovach stared at him in amazement.

Later in the day, Cyril received a letter from Mr. Symonds asking what objections he had to voting for Mr. Thompson. Cyril replied, also by letter, that he worked for the company as accountant but did not see that so doing necessitated his voting for a man whose policies he did not approve.

On the following morning, he was informed that another man would

take his place in the accounting department, and he would be transferred to the shipping room. This surprised him and he sought an explanation. "No, there is no fault with your work," he was told. "We are just making ourselves stronger, that's all." The newcomer, being a Mason, undoubtedly added strength, though perhaps in a different way.

Cyril went to the shipping room and was put to work that a boy could have done. An hour convinced him that this was the method adopted to get rid of him and while it was playing into the hands of the company, there was no other course open to him but to resign. The work was beneath him, it was not what he had been engaged for, and the change was an insult. He left on the same day.

The forthcoming election now took on a different aspect, as Richards viewed it. He had known that as Robinson was a Mason and McKenna a Catholic their interests were diametrically opposite, but now he realized the full meaning of this difference and saw not only a struggle between two men of opposite religious tendencies but an issue between the many thousands of people represented by these two candidates. He saw that if Robinson were elected not only would the working classes suffer, but all the Catholics in the city would be the victims of inimical legislation. He determined to do his part towards preventing this and, actuated by the highest aims, threw himself heart and soul into the fight. Now at last he saw why Providence had sent him to the Franklin-Hunter Co.

Possessed of some ability with the pen, Richards decided to use this to further the cause he had espoused. His first attempt was an open letter to the *Morning Herald*, the paper that supported McKenna. In it he set forth the logical grounds upon which his man should be elected. It appeared in print, of course, and to

his surprise and delight was accompanied by a favorable criticism. He looked for a reply from *The Times* on behalf of Robinson, but several days went by without anything appearing. About a week later the answer appeared in the form of a letter similar to his own. This refuted all he had said for McKenna and advanced some reasonable arguments for Robinson.

Richards set to work at once and, carried away by his theme, surpassed himself in the argument he made. This promptly appeared in the *Herald*, and again with editorial comment. Richards was delighted. But he was still more delighted when he received a letter from the editor of the *Herald* asking him to call at the office when convenient. As a result of his call he was placed upon the staff for the express purpose of campaigning for McKenna through the medium of the press.

The argument now progressed with greater fervor on both sides. Every time Richards wrote an article, his opponent retaliated with a more bitter one. Back and forth they wrestled in this wordy war, the advantage shifting from one side to the other and the voting population swaying, undecided which side to favor.

So the discussion went on for some weeks. Gradually, however, as election time drew nearer, the arguments of the Robinson man grew perceptibly weaker, while those of Richards pushed the cause of McKenna with resistless energy. Cyril worked night and day now and his pen was never out of his hand. He seemed almost inspired, so readily did the words flow from his active mind.

Finally the day came. At the polls Cyril met Lovach, who had just cast his ballot.

"How do you do?" called Richards. "I'm on my way to kill your vote."

Lovach approached him, a roll of bills in his hand.

"Wager this you don't," he said.

Richards started. "What do you mean?" he asked.

Lovach took a package from his pocket, carefully unwrapped the covering and bit off a piece of tobacco.

"H'm!" he said, "a man's not a fool, is he? Anybody can see that McKenna is going to win and I guess he can thank you for it that he will. But that's no reason why a fellow shouldn't make a little money, is it?"

"You mean you bet on him?" gasped Richards.

"Certainly."

"And—voted for him?"

"Why not? Dollars are dollars."

"But," continued Richards, "I thought you were pledged to vote for Robinson. You'll lose your position, won't you?"

"No chance. Who'll know?"

Cyril thought for a minute.

"No wonder that Robinson is losing," he said, "if that is the kind of support he gets."

The next day Cyril was talking to his friend Harris.

"Congratulations, old man," said the latter, shaking his hand. "They tell me you have been appointed to the assistant editorship of the *Morning Herald*."

"Yes, the election of McKenna helped me to that," answered Cyril.

"Election nothing. It was the fellow who wrote for *The Times*. You got your start answering his arguments."

"No, Jim, you're wrong. I got my start *writing* his arguments."

"You—what?" exclaimed Harris.

"Just that. Nobody answered them; so I had to, to keep up the argument. But, by the way, give me an application for the K. C. and I'll sign it while I think of it."

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Conducted for our Women Readers

By Grace Strong

A Little Talk On Summer Fiction

WHEN you inspect the novel-laden counters of the book-stores you find yourself wondering who will buy all these books. Evidently the buyers exist, else the books would not be there. If you were to make yourself acquainted with the contents of the majority of those novels your amazement would increase. Tastes differ, of course, and unquestionably publishers have a better understanding of the wants of the public than their critics, to whom the acceptance of some of those novels by reputable houses is a mystery.

Do not conclude I oppose novels. I am a reader of them, and the author who gives me a good story leaves me in his debt. But what I can not understand is why people will waste time and money on the silly, insipid stories that represent so large a part of the output of the publishing houses. I am not speaking of the non-discriminating readers, those to whom anything labeled a novel is acceptable. Go into the homes of well educated people, into the offices of professional men and women, and there you will find the same trash that you see the school girl reading when she ought to be at her lessons, the office boy enjoying in his stolen moments.

"I don't know why I buy books like that, and why I spend time reading them," a cultured and successful professional woman said to me the other day. "They are bores when they are not vulgar. I have got to break myself of this habit of novel-reading—it is a mental demoralization."

When I observed that it was not the reading of novels that was bad but the character of the novels read, she protested:

"How are you to know a good novel? You can not depend very much any more on the names of the publishers, for they all are stung by the bee of gain. You can not depend on the critics, for they bestow praise on all books advertised in the columns of their paper, and ignore the rest. I just depend on the verdict of the clerk."

As the clerk probably worked up to his position from errand boy he is, of course, a competent judge of all the books poured out on his counter!

If you were to ask these people who spend hours with the uninteresting characters of the popular novel, if you were to ask them to meet people below them intellectually or socially, they would think it a martyrdom and marvel that you could find anything in such company. Yet whatever their limitations, these are people of flesh and blood, their tragedies are real and likewise their comedies; if you can get behind their lives, you will find something worth while; for the soul, however obscured, is there. But you will search long until you find anything resembling a soul, or intelligence, or truth of life, among the characters that disport themselves on the pages of many of our novels.

Now there are good stories, but they are hardly the stories that the popular author grinds out to order. They are the work of men and women who, in the world's mad race for money, strive not to lose sight of Art, and who, if not animated by the higher motive of accounting faithfully to their Creator for the talent He gave them, are altruistic enough to desire to render to the world the best that is in them and to be loyal to the requirements of their Art.

I recall a parish library under the direction of a priest, himself an author, and consequently better able to judge of the work of his fellow craftsmen. He has a corps of assistant readers upon whose good taste and good sense he can depend, and to that library is drawn the best in current fiction. The patrons of the library, who are not confined to the parishioners, know they need not waste time in reading a dozen silly stories to come upon one good one; they also receive standardized opinion upon books that are not circulated by the library. I have often thought what an assistance our convent and college graduates could render in their parishes in this matter of directing readers toward good novels.

Every summer the army of fiction readers is increased by the boys and girls just out of school. It is sad to see these young people whose teachers have spared no pains to train them in the appreciation of the higher values, fronting the peril the world of indiscriminate novel reading hides. I am not thinking solely of the immoral story, but also of those which lower the ideal of life in any way. While we are reading a book we have fellowship with the mind of the author and with the class of people he portrays, and the old saying, "Show me your company and I will tell you your manners," holds true in the realm of fiction reading as well as in the intercourses of actual life.

The Woman with the Dead Heart

THE other day while I was waiting with a friend, a woman paused to speak to us. The stranger was well dressed, her whole appearance bespoke one free from care until you looked into her eyes. Then you felt a shudder creep over you. It was as if you had unexpectedly come upon a corpse. Dead eyes in a smiling, still youthful face!—I made some remarks

of my discovery to my friend after the stranger had passed on, and she shook her head sadly.

"It is true," she then said. "It is the corpse of a woman who goes about under that guise. Yet few women I know lead a more active life, and few do more good. You know the sorrows that come to us as part of the common lot, or that are brought upon us by others—these find in us a shield against deadly hurt. But the sorrows we deliberately bring upon ourselves, they cleave the heart. Then if we haven't God to turn to for healing, we go down the rest of our days, dead people. Poor Mrs. S—is one of those whose religion never gets farther with her than the church door.

"She was one of the most brilliant girls I ever knew. She could do a variety of things, and do them well. But her chief asset was her voice, and she and her family rated it extravagantly. I dare say she might have made a career for herself if she had been willing to endure the hardships success demands. Her parents could not afford to pay for her complete musical education; but if she had possessed the earnestness and ambition of that bookkeeper yonder, who used to work all day in a box factory and go to school at night, she would have secured it easily. She would make spasmodic attempts, and when some obstacle arose, she would suddenly discover that one of her other talents offered better opportunities, and she would turn to it to the neglect of her voice cultivation.

"She attracted a certain type of men as an arc light attracts moths, but the men who were her mental equals seemed shy of her. Perhaps they realized there could be no mingling of their brilliant lights: and they may not have been quite certain that theirs would not suffer by the contrast. In the time of Mrs. S—'s youth men were not accustomed to being so rudely jostled out of their first places

as in these later days of sex equality!

"During a vacation spent in the country, she met young S—. He was a splendid type of physical manhood—and that was as far as the poor girl saw—then. Her family and friends could only see an ordinary and poor backwoodsman; and believing that she had spoiled her career and marred her life, they bitterly resented the marriage they were, of course, powerless to prevent, and sat in perpetual judgment on the poor fellow. Some of us, however, saw a fine man in the making, and for all our love of her, doubted if she were the woman to help in that making. When she would attempt to justify her choice, by pointing out the superiority her children would possess, we could not but wonder if the struggling soul of S—did not merit some consideration, as well as did the physical and mental caliber of those unborn children. When the first child was a daughter, there was a disappointed mother; when a sister followed in due time, there was a bitterness as well as disappointment. When the third child, a boy, sickened and died a few weeks after birth—

"But I am getting ahead of my story. They were poor, and while she made a gallant fight, she failed to credit him with making as gallant a one. Unquestionably the crudity of her new life must have galled her, but she should have had vision enough to see that the refining process to which she subjected him was also exasperating. There was a mutual world for them—but she deliberately missed it, and even the most loving can not live in that world alone. And he did love her! I usually felt a strong impulse to slap her, when I saw how nobly, how beautifully he loved her. Naturally the children took their cue from the mother. She made herself a wonderful being for them, while they saw in their father only a man who could not make money, so they could have toys and pretty frocks like

other children.

"Who knows the dark hours of that big, repressed man! Who can measure the strength of his temptation to slip out of lives in which he was made to feel he had no part—for now she had gone back to her singing, and by her teaching and choir work was earning far more than he—how strong must have been the temptation to slip out of their world and lose himself in the World Where Nobody Cares!

"Then the Other Woman came into his life—not in the way of the popular novel and the movies, but in the way of an angel from God. She was a little older than he, an intellectual of a high order, and of a social standing better than the wife's people. The first meeting was accidental, and they feared the son-in-law had lost them all it meant for them—and it was only him she saw!

"It would be a long story for me to tell you how the ideas of S— along certain mechanical lines, and which had been visionary to his wife and her family, were converted by him, through this woman's belief and assistance, into practical reality, whereby he won not only wealth, but a certain amount of fame with it. Anyhow that is not the matter of chief importance. That a man found himself and out of the cruel fire his soul came forth strong and ready for any future, that is the important thing.

"But during the process he was brought, by the necessity of the change in him, to see his wife with clarified eyes—and—and—my friend, when a woman sees Pity for Her sitting in the seat of Worshipful Love, and when she knows that she herself and none other wrought the change, then the woman dies unless she can turn instantly to the Divine Wisdom. Perhaps—for Pain instructs the most foolish—Mrs. S— might have done so, but before she could bow her stubborn vanity, her husband had died."

M. T.

FIRESIDE TALKS AND TALES

For our Young Readers

By Elizabeth Rose

A Queer Thing!

IF all the world was good and kind,
 And everybody chose to mind
 No business but his own,
 And everything went just all right,
 Our stumbling stones all out of sight,
 And troubles all unknown—
 Why, what a world this world would be!
 Too good, indeed, for you and me.

If you and I had all we wanted,
 And all our prayers were always granted,
 We wouldn't care for it a bit!
 For ne'er within the human breast
 Is joy or happiness or rest,
 Until some goal unwon, 'tis writ,
 Stands out before our straining eyes,
 And holds itself an unreach'd prize!

By the Fireside

A Fireside Talk in August seems rather comical, does it not? We won't sit too close or too long—just long enough for a few words. I hope all our Young Folk are having a fine vacation and the best of times, in spite of the heat, wars, and upside-down doings generally in the world around. Speaking of wars, how many of you know the story of the great soldier and saint, Louis IX of France, whose feast comes on the 26th of this month? I send you a little tale of him as a boy, just before he was crowned king of that country. Very few good times did he ever have in August, for a king has no vacations.

Do you remember Cher Ami, the wonderful "Distinguished Service Cross" pigeon? Well, I have just heard of a funny sequel to his adventures. It seems that he was not pleased with the quarters to which he was consigned by Gen. Pershing's orders, as a signal honor—the Captain's own quarters on the boat, covered by people. He pined so that he had to be carried back to the coop where his

fellow pigeons were confined. Then Cher Ami was quite himself again. The idea of a pigeon—even a D. S. C. pigeon—turning up his nose at us humans!

Shepherd and King

LOUIS, the shepherd, lay stretched at length on the slope of the hill, lazily watching the contented flock that grazed about him, and once in a while glancing over toward the gates of Rheims, decked with standards and pennons for the coronation of Louis, the young king, on the morrow. The hum of bustle and life within struck across the green fields between, and almost moved him to wonder what might be the feelings of one who was to be crowned king on the morrow? He had heard that the sovereign-to-be was but little older than himself. It was only a few months ago that Philip, his father, had died, and Queen Blanche, his mother, would have the boy crowned at once, that no wicked men might work him harm or take his kingdom from him.

"I wonder if 'tis pleasant to be a king?" he thought to himself; and with that, a boy rushed suddenly down the hill upon him, with such swiftness of descent that he ran full on a tiny lamb, sleeping peacefully at its mother's side in the long plushy grass. There was a mighty tangle for an instant. The fallen lad arose, crimson with rage; the innocent cause of his mishap lifted a pitiful cry of appeal. Louis the shepherd was on his feet in an instant, for fear that his lamb should have suffered harm. He ran and gathered the little creature in his arms lightly and tenderly.

"If thou hast hurt my lamb!"—he

began, but the other was even quicker.

"How darest thou set thy lamb for a trap on the hillside?" he cried. "Thou varlet, this for it and thee!" And a sharp blow from a riding whip of black and silver that hung from his wrist made lamb and shepherd smart.

The lambkin was upon the grass in the twinkling of an eye, the shepherd at the young lord, for such was he, with a pair of fists whose plebeian strength was undreamt of by the aggressor. But he was no coward.

The combat was a short one, however; a clear voice broke sternly in upon them both.

"Sieur Charles, Sieur Charles, what dost thou down there, and thou, shepherd, knowest thou with whom thou dost fight?"

A lad, scarce older than themselves, stood at the top of the slope. He was fair and strong and of a most pleasant countenance, though of a gravity and dignity that seemed beyond his years. His dress was dark and sober, but in his velvet cap was a plume held by a golden clasp of exquisite workmanship, in the shape of a fleur-de-lis.

"So it please thee, my lord," said Louis the shepherd, hesitating but resolute, "this boy hath threatened me a trampling that his gracious legs carry not out as well as his pride might wish, seeing how he thrusts them in the way of others undesired."

"This varlet," cried the other angrily, "hath planted himself and his miserable lambkin impudently in my way and caused me a fall!"

"This is my master's field," said the shepherd sturdily, "and though I caused thee no fall, nor did my lamb, thou art intruder here, and by his rule must pay forfeit for unwarranted entrance."

The newcomer laughed heartily.

"Thou art a good watchdog, shepherd," he said gaily. "Here—take this in token that I—Louis—pay my debt

for territory unlawfully entered!"

He took from his cap the golden clasp and held it out to the astonished shepherd.

"Now Charles, for thine," he added, still laughing. "Methinks, the boy is right, and thou in the wrong here."

The other drew back with a frown.

"'Tis not to-morrow yet," he said. "Dost thou command me?"

"I say to thee that neither to-day nor to-morrow shalt thou or I do injustice to any," his brother answered him, with a flash of eye and a determination of manner before which the other fell sulkily silent.

"What is thy name, boy? Louis, too?—Give me thy lamb that I may carry it to the mother. To-morrow, this can I not do for thee or another, but to-day I am still but Louis," the kind lad said, lifting the lamb and bringing it carefully to the bleating mother who called it.

"Farewell, Louis the shepherd," he cried, as he turned to go up the hill again. "Come thou to-morrow to the gates of Rheims at seven of the clock and show thy clasp of fleur-de-lis to a soldier who will there await thee, and thou shalt see why to-morrow I could not have carried thy lamb for thee. Come, brother," he added, and the two went off, the one light of foot and joyous, the other dragging resentfully behind.

At seven of the clock on the morrow, Louis the shepherd stood at the gates of Rheims. Many a struggle had he made to gain them and with many a failure had he met; but the showing of his golden fleur-de-lis had everywhere met with prompt response. So there he stood, unmolested, watching the glorious procession that took the road to the great Cathedral. And as it came ever nearer, his heart leaped suddenly up within his breast; for there, at its head, with Queen Blanche on the one hand and Sieur Charles upon the other, the center of the brilliant company of knights and nobles,

rode Louis the King to his crowning, and smiled in passing upon Louis, the shepherd boy.

The Saint Who Never Wanted Anything

EVERYTHING about her was beautiful, even to her name, Clare, which means Light. It is said that before her birth the fortunate mother whose daughter she was going to be, was told by an angel to give this name to her, for she was to become a great Light on earth to others. Everybody loved her. To a beautiful body she joined a lovely soul; and she could have had everything she wanted, but the strange thing was that she never wanted anything! That is, for herself. When only a small girl, she would steal off with the gifts she received to bestow them upon others not so fortunate as herself. When she was but sixteen, she hid herself away from the world in a poor humble convent, St. Damiano, near Assisi, where her friend, the great St. Francis lived, and it was he who cut off her flowing curls and put a coarse habit and veil on her, as the Foundress of his Second Order. When the Pope, thinking that the great poverty in which she and her nuns, the Poor Clares, lived, was too hard for women to stand, wanted to give her some property for her convent, she begged him so to grant her the privilege of always being in need, that though he finally consented, he expressed the greatest astonishment, saying he had never been asked such a thing before, or heard of anybody craving such a boon. As she lay dying, some one spoke to her of the hard life she had led and her patience in bearing it, and she showed much surprise saying that she had never needed patience, for she had never really suffered! I don't think any one else would have said such a thing and meant it, but Clare had found the secret of true happiness. Even the pa-

gans, great and little, of this world, tell us that the fewer a man's wants are the happier he is. So our beautiful Clare, "the little flower of St. Francis," as she is called, was indeed, as it had been foretold her mother, a light to all of us.

What An Old Blind Mule Did

THE day shift of a coal mine near Webb City, Missouri, were just on the point of going off duty late one afternoon, when a tremendous explosion was heard, and the galleries around them fell in with terrible force, crushing and maiming several of their number, and leaving fifty men unable to reach the open, at a depth of 250 feet beneath the surface of the earth. They were in pitch darkness, afraid to move, hemmed in by the fallen roof and walls of the section in which they had been working. They were in despair. Then the foreman of the gang remembered a telephone installed near by, and was fortunate enough to find it intact. On communicating with those above, he was told to try to reach Shaft 7, as it was unobstructed and would lead them to safety. But how reach it? In the awful conditions about them and deprived of the faintest ray of light, not a man would venture to locate the shaft, although daily making use of it.

With the party was their blind old mule, Ben, the faithful plodder of many years, who knew his way as well as they, and in their desperation they thought that perhaps he might know it even better. The usual call was given him; one man grasped his bridle tightly, the others came behind, holding to the leader and each other fearfully in the blackness. Ben started off patiently at the call of duty, and step by step, through darkness and danger, led them unerringly, with his God-given instinct, to the shaft and safety.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College.—The Apostolic Process of the beatification and canonization of the 260 Irish martyrs who suffered under English sovereigns from the days of the Reformation to recent times, is being successfully conducted in Dublin under the able presidency of Archbishop Walsh, as the special representative of the Holy See. The number includes bishops, secular priests, friars, laymen and women, of whom 77 were Franciscans and two Capuchins, while many of the bishops, priests, and laymen belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis. Rev. Fr. Gregory Cleary, O.F.M., is now in Rome, having been commissioned by his Grace, Archbishop Walsh, to collect data in reference to the cause of these holy martyrs. After examining the various archives of Rome, Fr. Cleary will continue his researches in other libraries of Italy and possibly also of other countries of Europe. During the days of the penal laws, Irish scholars fled their country and settled in celebrated seats of learning on the Continent and it is hoped that by following them in their wanderings some of their literary treasures may be retrieved and thus throw light on the religious persecutions under which so many of their fellow countrymen suffered for the Faith.—

The novena in honor of St. Antony in our college church was conducted this year with more than usual solemnity. Every evening, after the sermon preached by Rev. Fr. Guido Gherardi, O.F.M., of Tuscany, a Cardinal gave sacramental benediction. On the feast day itself, after the solemn blessing of the lilies, a procession was held in honor of the greatest son of St. Francis, but it was only with difficulty that it could make its way through the spacious basilica, owing to the dense throng of St. Antony's clients, who had gathered to do him homage. At dinner, the community was honored with the presence of his Eminence Cardinal Giustini and of his Excellency the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who suffered so many hardships and even exile at the hands of the Turks during the War. Cardinal Giustini closed the novena with solemn benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.—

On June 14, Very Rev. Fr. John Joseph Deguire, Provincial of the Franciscans in Canada, came to Rome to consult the general curia of the Order on important affairs of his province. Very Rev. Fr. George Payne, Provincial of England, who is likewise in Rome, took ill and was compelled to

seek medical aid in the English hospital. Although it was necessary to perform an operation, we are happy to say that his condition is not critical.

Lourdes, France.—We learn from *The Franciscan Review* that the little town of Lourdes in France boasts of a flourishing fraternity of the Third Order, numbering some 200 members. These Tertiaries are very active and besides supporting the good work of the Catholic press, they have set on foot a movement for the spread of sane literature. The women Tertiaries moreover devote themselves to the special worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (in ten months they made 2706 hours of adoration), and they have founded an altar society, from which 164 poor churches derived material benefit in a single year. This little fraternity is indeed animated with the real spirit of the Third Order and can well show the way to others older and more numerous than itself. His Grace Monsignor Schopfer, Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes, is a Tertiary of more than fifty years standing. At his golden jubilee in 1912, he recalled with deep emotion the day on which he received the Third Order cord and scapular at the hands of the Ven. Mgr. de Segur, the great apostle of frequent Communion and one of the most eminent Tertiaries of modern times.

Nimegues, Holland.—Apropos of the "Letter to a Tertiary," which appeared in the July issue of the *Herald*, and in which the Rev. Father inveighed strongly against the prevailing immodesty of feminine apparel, it is encouraging to learn that the Tertiaries of Nimegues in Holland have launched a systematic campaign, with episcopal approbation, to effectually counteract this spreading evil. The regulations of the league are but a commentary on the Rule of the Third Order. A similar league exists in Belgium and is also due to the initiative of the Tertiaries. The Dutch Tertiaries have also gone a step further toward realizing the desires of Pope Pius X in regard to the Third Order, as we learn from *The Franciscan Review*. All the fraternities of the country are now federated. Our esteemed contemporary deplores the fact that in many countries the great encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and his numerous undertakings for the spread of the Third Order have not had the desired result, owing to the failure on the part of many of the clergy and of the laity to understand the real aim and end of the Third Order. "Federation,"

he says, "is the need of the day, and henceforth in Holland at least the various brotherhoods will enjoy an increase of vitality." Our readers are aware of the efforts the *Herald* is making to secure the much-needed federation of the fraternities in this country and we ask them, one and all, to pray and to work for the success of the proposed National Convention of the Third Order in 1921, the chief aim of which is to unite all the Tertiaries of our country into one grand federation.

Bethlehem, Palestine.—In 1885, the schismatic Greeks erected a wall in the Basilica of the Nativity at Bethlehem, which destroyed the beauty of the sacred edifice and even converted the body of the church into a market place. On his arrival at Jerusalem, the British Governor proposed that this hideous structure be removed, without any prejudice to the rights of the Catholic Church in the Basilica. When the order became known, the Greeks, who were under the impression that it was given for their benefit, hastened to remove the wall themselves. As this constituted, in their opinion, a right to the whole basilica, the Franciscans protested to the Governor, who upheld their contention, and gave orders that the wall be removed by British soldiers. The wily Greeks were not to be thwarted, however, and alleging that it was they who had erected the wall, they took the stones to their monastery. Fearing this act might be held to imply some right over the affairs of the church, the friars again protested to the Governor, saying that as the stones had formed part of the building itself, they were neutral property. They were again successful, and the Governor gave orders that the stones be delivered to the home of the British Military Governor, much to the chagrin of the Greeks. This little incident is but another evidence of the great care that the Franciscans are taking lest any of the rights conceded to the Catholics in regard to their use of the Holy Places be in the least infringed.

Jerusalem, Palestine.—His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, of London, arrived in Jerusalem on January 18; and on the same day he was received by the Right Rev. Fr. Custos and the Franciscan community of the Holy Sepulcher. On January 23, he celebrated a Pontifical High Mass in the venerable basilica, at which all the civil and religious authorities were present. His Eminence was very much impressed by the ceremonies and music rendered at the Mass by the friars, and as a mark of special favor he honored them as their guest at dinner in St. Saviour's convent, being accompanied by the Patriarch of Jerusalem and

his auxiliary Bishop. Taking leave of the Fathers on January 27, he expressed to them his grateful appreciation of their kind hospitality and dwelt especially on his great satisfaction over the truly heroic charity that is their daily bread in remaining faithful to their charge to care for the Holy Places.

Mount Tabor, Palestine.—The vanquished Turks could not forbear laying their destructive hands on Mt. Tabor, the scene of Christ's Transfiguration, and not content with carrying off whatever was of any value, they even cut down the beautiful trees that had formed a crown of glory to the Holy Mount. From the third century down to the year 1263, beautiful churches had stood on this height, but with the destruction of the one standing in that year, only ruins remained to remind the devout pilgrim of what had been. Pious persons, notable among them being the First American Pilgrimage in 1888, offered to rebuild this ancient basilica, but the Greeks and the Turks would never grant permission to do so. Now that better days seem to have dawned, the initial steps toward the erection of a suitable church have been taken; but the work has been temporarily halted owing to the lack of funds. It is hoped that American Catholics will hasten to avail themselves of the opportunity to do what was denied their forebears.

Somaliland, Africa.—Fr. Cyprian de Sampont, O.M. CAP., missionary in Somaliland, has been awarded a prize for composing the first dictionary and grammar of the Somali language.

Switzerland.—The Third Order of St. Francis in Switzerland, under the direction of the Capuchin friars, must be in a very flourishing condition. A recent report has it that the 298 fraternities established in the dioceses of Lausanne, Sion, and Basel total not less than 20,000 Tertiaries, including 410 members of the secular clergy.

Three Rivers, Canada.—As repeatedly mentioned in the pages of the *Herald*, his Lordship, Rt. Rev. F. X. Cloutier, D.D., Bishop of Three Rivers, Canada, is not only himself a devoted Tertiary of St. Francis but is also striving to spread the Third Order in his extensive diocese. Till now he has succeeded in having fraternities established in 48 parishes, while the total number of Tertiaries approximately amounts to 6,000. It is also interesting to know that in entire Canada there are about 65,000 Franciscan Tertiaries.

Paris, France.—The Catholics engaged in the telegraph and postal service of France form a special organization under the direction of the Capuchin friars. Some time

since, solemn services were held in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart in Paris to commemorate the eleventh anniversary of the founding of the society, which venerates St. Francis as its special patron and protector.

West Park, Ohio, Franciscan Monastery. At the close of the scholastic year, the following clerics of the Franciscan house of studies at West Park, O., received Sacred Orders at the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop Farrelly, of Cleveland: on June 21, the first two Minor Orders, and on June 23, the remaining two were conferred on Fr. Eligius Weir, Fr. Arcadius Paull, Fr. Prudentius Fochtman, Fr. Lucian Trouy, Fr. Paul Eberle, Fr. Gregory Wallenschlager, Fr. Christophorus Clark, Fr. Raphael Friedrich, Fr. Daniel MacNamara, Fr. Sylvester Saller, Fr. Bertrand Wickes, Fr. Stephen Roth, and Fr. Callistus Gibes. On June 23, the holy order of deaconship was conferred on the following: Fr. Athanasius Steck, Fr. Ephrem Muench, Fr. Winfrid Nolan, Fr. Alphonse Coan, Fr. Stanislaus Jaworski, Fr. Narcissus Tarkowski, Fr. Leander Conley, Fr. Sylvester Renier, and Fr. Sylvano Matulich. All these ordinations took place in the cathedral of Cleveland. On June 25, the clerics who had been ordained deacons on June 23, were elevated to the holy priesthood in St. Joseph's Franciscan Church, Cleveland. On the same occasion, the minorists received the order of subdeaconship. Bishop Farrelly again officiated at the ceremony. The newly ordained priests then repaired to their respective homes, there to offer to God Almighty in the midst of loving relatives and friends the first fruits of their priestly life. Rev. Fr. Athanasius sang his first solemn High Mass in St. Antony's Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. Fr. Ephrem, in St. Joseph's Church, Omaha, Nebr.; Rev. Fr. Winfrid, in Sacred Heart Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. Fr. Alphonse, in St. Agnes Church, Ashland, Wis.; Rev. Fr. Narcissus, in St. Stanislaus Church, Cleveland, O.; Rev. Fr. Leander, in St. Bonaventure's Church, Columbus, Nebr.; Rev. Fr. Stanislaus, in St. Michael's Church, Tarnov, Nebr.; Rev. Fr. Sylvester, in St. Francis Church, Sacramento, Cal.; and Rev. Fr. Sylvano, in St. Paul's Church, San Francisco, Cal. *Franciscan Herald* extends to all the happy clerics its sincerest felicitations and wishes the band of young priests a blessed and long career in the service of the Master.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Convent.—In the week following the Catholic Educational Association convention in St. Louis, some twenty Franciscan educators from all parts of the United States convened in St. Antony's Convent, that city, to discuss their own educational problems. The conference

lasted from June 29 to July 2 inclusive. The following Provinces were represented: Province of the Sacred Heart (St. Louis, Mo.); Province of St. John the Baptist (Cincinnati, O.); Province of the Holy Name (Paterson, N. J.); Province of Santa Barbara (San Francisco, Cal.); Province of the Immaculate Conception (New York, N. Y.); Commissariat of the Assumption of the Bl. Virgin (Pulaski, Mich.); Commissariat of the Holy Land (Washington, D. C.). The purpose of this convention was to bring together for consultation and cooperation the Franciscan teachers of the various courses, classical, philosophical, and theological, in order to determine the exact scope of each department and to improve the educational system of the Friar schools in this country. Accordingly, the leading topic of discussion was the curriculum and the coordination of studies.

At the opening session, Very Rev. Hugoline Storff, O.F.M., veteran educator and present superior of the Franciscan Province on the Pacific Coast, made an eloquent and inspiring address on "The Franciscans and Education." On Monday, June 30, the conference was mainly occupied with the discussion of a paper read by Rev. Ferdinand Gruen, O.F.M., vice rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, Teutopolis, Ill., and editor of *Franciscan Herald*, on "The Curriculum of the Franciscan Preparatory Seminary." The following day, Rev. Claude Mindorff, O.F.M., lecturer on philosophy in the Franciscan house of studies at Cincinnati, O., furnished much interesting discussion in his comprehensive paper on "The Curriculum of Philosophy." The last day of the convention was almost wholly taken up with the consideration of the many pertinent suggestions offered in the learned dissertation on "The Curriculum of Theology," by Rev. Thomas Plassman, O.F.M., prefect of studies and teacher of theology at St. Bonaventure's Seminary, Allegany, N. Y. In the final session, an organization of Franciscan educators was formed, which is to be known henceforth as "The Franciscan Educational Conference." To govern future meetings, which it was proposed to hold annually in connection with those of the Catholic Educational Association, a constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected: Fr. Thomas Plassman, O.F.M., President; Fr. Martin Strub, O.F.M., Vice President; Fr. Urban Freundt, O.F.M., Secretary. This gathering of Franciscan educators may be regarded as historical in the sense that it is the first of its kind ever held in these parts; and that it is bound to impart a fresh impetus to the Franciscan movement in this country.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Convent.—On July 9, the Province of the Sacred Heart held its annual chapter at St. Louis. The following are some of the more important changes made: Rev. Fr. Matthew, Definitor, was elected guardian of West Park, O., and will be succeeded as pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Chicago, by Rev. Fr. Timothy; while Rev. Fr. Gregory, of West Park, was chosen vicar of St. Augustine's. Rev. Fr. Julian, for many years business manager of *Franciscan Herald*, goes to Jordan, Minn., as pastor and superior. His vacant chair in the *Herald* office will be occupied by Rev. Fr. Maximus, the zealous director of the Third Order in Superior, Wis. Rev. Fr. Hilarion, well known among the Cleveland, O., Tertiaries for his untiring labors in the interest of the Third Order in that city, has been transferred to St. Peter's, Chicago. He will be succeeded by Rev. Fr. Joseph Cupertino, who was similarly engaged in Ashland, Wis. Rev. Fr. Juvenal, an ex-army chaplain, has been appointed vice rector and vicar of Quincy College. Rev. Fr. Charles, formerly of Nashville, Tenn., received his appointment as superior and pastor of Columbus, Nebr. Our other army chaplains, who have all now safely returned from France, Rev. Fr. Isidore Fosselman, Rev. Fr. Peter A. Crumbly and Rev. Fr. Cyrinus Schneider, have received appointments to Dubuque, Ia., St. Louis, Mo., and Petoskey, Mich., respectively. Rev. Fr. Aloysius, who has been attending the Chicago University the past two years, will complete his course at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., while Rev. Fr. Leo Ohleyer and Cyprian Emanuel will go to Rome to take up higher studies in the international Franciscan college of St. Antony in that city.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.—The Rev. Director felt justified on July 13 in praising the Tertiaries of our city for their truly Franciscan spirit of penance and self-denial. For on that day, in spite of the depressing sultry weather, they filed into the church, while thousands of others passed the sacred portals at the same hour to a public place of amusement not far distant. One reason for the more than doubled attendance at the monthly meetings since our retreat is certainly the use of the so-called attendance cards. Fifteen new members were received on this occasion.

Teutopolis, Ill., Novitiate Monastery.—On the great feast of Corpus Christi, when the Catholic world celebrates with joy and thanksgiving the august mystery of the Eucharist, wherein Christ the Savior gives himself entirely to us, eight young cleric and five lay novices turned their backs to all that the world has to offer them and gave

themselves entirely and unreservedly to their Eucharistic Lord by pronouncing their simple vows as members of the First Order of St. Francis. The ceremony, which was conducted with all the solemnity and beauty of the Franciscan ritual, was deeply impressive and all present were much affected by the scene. Rev. Fr. Philip, O.F.M., rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, as the delegate of Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, officiated. He was assisted by Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Rhode, O.F.M., vice commissary of the Holy Land, Washington, D. C., as deacon, and by Rev. Fr. Ferdinand, O.F.M., vice rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, as subdeacon. Rev. Fr. John, O.F.M., master of novices at the monastery, and Rel. Fr. Clarence, O.F.M., acted as masters of ceremonies. The following clerics were professed: Fr. Edgar Eberle, Fr. Albert Limacher, Fr. Godfrey Piontkowski, Fr. Fidelis Voss, Fr. Egbert Huster, Fr. Audoen Diederich, Fr. Rufinus Glauber. Bro. Henry Dreixler then pronounced his vows as lay brother of the First Order. Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Rhode, as delegate of our most Rev. Fr. General, received the profession of the following lay novices, who belong to the Commissariat of the Holy Land: Bro. Bernardine Brzezinski, Bro. Boniface Becker, Bro. Hyacinth Polec, and Bro. John Forest-Findelley. To all these young men, who have hearkened to the Master's call and have chosen the better part, *Franciscan Herald* extends its heartiest congratulations and wishes them, in the words of Holy Church, *pacem et perseverantiam*.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.—At the last two meetings of both the German and English-speaking branches of the Third Order, forty-one professed members were added to our roster. The greater number of these belong to the English-speaking branch. On these occasions, the profession ceremonies were conducted for the first time with special solemnity—all the prayers being sung. It was most impressive. The officers of both branches are very active in the interests of their Order. At present, they are endeavoring to obtain permission from all the pastors of the city to have a general Communion Sunday each month for the Tertiaries in their own parish churches. So far, the Tertiaries are permitted to approach Holy Communion in a body in seven churches of the city, announcement of the fact being made the Sunday previous. A very edifying assemblage gathered at St. Francis Church on the occasion of the Forty Hours Devotion, on Pentecost Sunday. Our Rev. Director had announced that a special hour would be set apart for the Tertiaries, and his expectations were more than realized, the church being crowded to the last

pew with the children of St. Francis. The devotion, too, on this occasion was entirely Franciscan, consisting of the Franciscan rosary, the consecration of the Third Order to the Sacred Heart, and other prayers peculiar to the Order. The Tertiaries were so much pleased with their special hour of adoration, that they wish it to be made an annual affair.

Chicago, Ill., Poor Clares Monastery.—The chapel of perpetual adoration of the most Blessed Sacrament, attached to the monastery of the Poor Clares, Fifty-third and Laffin Streets, Chicago, was dedicated on the feast of Corpus Christi, June 19. The ceremony began at 10.30 A. M. His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Mundelein, D.D., first blessed the public chapel after which he entered the enclosure to bless the chapel of the cloistered Sisters. He was attended by Right Rev. Monsignor F. A. Rempe, Right Rev. Monsignor Hoban, a number of clergy, and many acolytes. After the dedication ceremonies, a solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Samuel Macke, O.F.M., Provincial, assisted by Rev. FF. Sabinus Mollitor and Eusebius Heller as deacon and subdeacon. The singing was rendered by the choir of the cloistered nuns, while Monsignor

Rempe delivered an eloquent and touching sermon. After Mass, the Corpus Christi procession was held and benediction with the Blessed Sacrament given by his Grace. The Blessed Sacrament was then placed on the throne above the high altar, where it will remain in perpetual exposition to receive the homage and adoration of the Sisters and of the Catholics of Chicago.

In the evening, Right Rev. Bishop A. J. McGavick officiated at the solemn Vespers, at which the choir of St. Augustine's Franciscan Church rendered the singing. Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was then given, after which Very Rev. Joseph Rhode, O.F.M., of Washington, D. C., preached a very impressive sermon. At both the morning and evening services, the chapel, though very spacious, was unable to accommodate the crowds that assembled from all parts of the city. On the two following days, special services were held to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coming of the Poor Clares to Chicago. The Blessed Sacrament will be constantly exposed in this beautiful chapel, where Benediction will be given twice a day, and the faithful are urged to avail themselves of this extraordinary privilege.

NOTICE

Rev. Fr. Roger Middendorf, O.F.M., Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, requests me to announce to the Rev. Directors and to all the lay members of the Province that the annual meeting of the Board of Directors will be held in Tertiaries' Hall, St. Louis, Mo., on October 22, 1919.

FR. GILES STRUB, O.F.M., Secretary.

OBITUARY

St. Louis, Mo., St. Rose Hospital.—Rel. Fr. Oswald Pozdzierski, O.F.M., Cleric.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Peter (Francis) Frechard.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church:

St. Louis Fraternity:—John (Francis) Dowling.

St. Francis Fraternity:—Mary (Hyacintha) Hayes; Lena (Antonia) Hagen.

St. Antony Fraternity:—Helen (Mary) Joecken.

Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:—Angela (Rose) Heck; Margaret (Frances) Mullen.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:—Bridget (Antonia) Barrett.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:—John Joseph (Antony) Bluemel.

Maryville, Mo., St. Francis Hospital:—Sr. Mary Anastasia Lyons, O.S.F.

Meyer, Iowa: Anna Freund; Katherine Hackenmiller.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church:—Rev. Francis (Antony) Sheridan; Rev. George (Clement) Trimberger; Michael (Francis) Walsh; John (Antony) Munier; Catherine (Elizabeth) Engelhardt; Pauline (Mary) Rupprecht; Caroline (Franzschina) Koch; Christine (Clare) Remm; Emilia (Anne) Wellen; Mary (Delphine) Forrestal.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—Mary A. Clark; Eva McKee; Mary McLeisch; Anne Clarke.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:—C. Dale; M. Pazinak; Catherine Smith; A. McDouald; B. Herbert; A. Thobe.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:—Mathias (Francis) Obermark.

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

The Horrors of Peace

WHEN nine months ago the German representatives affixed their signatures to the conditions of the armistice, the world hailed the end of fighting as a prelude to the millenium. The hungry millions of Europe expected food, the subject peoples liberty, the masses a guarantee against a recurrence of the awful upheaval through which they had passed. Today, after nine months of anxious and patient waiting, we are able to see how unfounded was much of the optimism that prevailed at that time.

Germany has indeed signed and ratified the peace treaty, but in doing so she declared that she yielded only to force; in other words, that she regarded the peace document merely as another "scrap of paper." Technically, we and our associates in the war are at peace with Germany; actually, she is still at war with her conquerors. Whatever the peace conference may have achieved in the way of setting the world to rights, it has failed to secure a peace of conciliation, without which there can be no hope of preventing another world war.

As for the other nations, many of them, even after five years of hideous carnage, show not the least disposition to convert their swords into plowshares. The consequence is that instead of one great war, the world now has on its hands something like twen-

ty small wars. Russia is still being harassed by her allies. The subject races, whose liberation we cheered in November, have become embroiled in the old, familiar disputes over frontiers and territories. Poland and Czechoslovakia are glaring at each other with swords in hands. The Rumanians are fighting the Hungarians. The Serbs are at war with the Albanians, and ready to begin hostilities on other fronts. Turks, Bulgars, Lithuanians, Letts, Esthonians, Ukrainians—merely to mention the names of these races is to indicate new areas of present or imminent conflict. Italy has openly and repeatedly shown her dissatisfaction with her share of the booty; and Japan has been not less pronounced in manifesting her resentment against the three nations that dominated the Peace Conference.

It would appear that, instead of removing the international differences evoked or provoked by the war, the Conference has only accentuated them. In other words, it has sown—we do not say deliberately—the dragon's teeth of future wars. The inhabitants of all other countries who are momentarily not in armed conflict with their neighbors, are at war with themselves. Domestic strife continues in Germany, Austria, Italy, France, England, Japan. Even in our own country we have unpleasant echoes of old-world troubles, as wit-

ness the numerous strikes and riots and the deep-seated and widespread disaffection of the masses over the high cost of living.

Thus it is apparent that the world, in spite of the great political changes it has undergone, is essentially the same after the war as it was before. The old passions of ambition, avarice, hatred, revenge, covetousness have been intensified rather than assuaged, and they will continue to grow in power until the human race is led back to God, the source of peace and love and right and justice. The league of nations may establish a new balance of power, but it will not prevent new international alignments and conflicts; and our children will pass the same judgment on us that we have pronounced on our forbears.

What has been said of nations, applies also to individuals. In spite of five years of terrible suffering, the people have remained virtually unchanged. All their desires and aspirations are yet "of the earth, earthy." They still betray the same riotous craving for pelf and pleasure, the same heartless egotism, the same unintelligible indifference to the things of the spirit, the same reckless forgetfulness of the lessons taught by divine chastisements. The great social questions of the day are farther than ever removed from a satisfactory solution. The gulf between capital and labor is widening from day to day. The confidence of the masses in their rulers is fast diminishing, and their faith in their own ability to help themselves is assuming ever more alarming proportions. Unless the mighty of the earth can be made to understand the signs of the times, and speedily lead into their proper channels the destructive forces they have so wantonly loosed, the new era of peace and freedom and justice and prosperity which they have promised to an expectant world will be engulfed in night and chaos before it has fairly

dawned. He must be an incurable and irresponsible optimist that can view the present condition of the world with anything like composure and satisfaction. To him who looks below the surface of things the horrors of peace must appear even more intolerable than those of war.



The One Hope

THERE can be little doubt that this will be a very uncertain world for some time to come. The late war has shaken the whole social fabric to its very foundations. What if capitalism and militarism persist in driving society, already bleeding at every pore, into the jaws of that grim monster Bolshevism? And what if Bolshevism should tear it to pieces limb by limb and leave it to die by the wayside? The Catholic Church will be the first on the spot, like the good Samaritan she has always been, to pour oil and wine into the gaping wounds, and by the magic of her gentle touch to reconstruct from the lifeless remains of the body politic and social a new creature of justice and charity after the image and likeness of God.

Even now the Church has begun the work of reconstruction. In all countries, Catholic laymen are cooperating with their leaders the Bishops to save what is left of Christian civilization. In Germany, the Catholic Center Party is a tower of strength against the assaults of radicalism. Without the aid of the Catholics, the present government could not remain in power for twenty-four hours. If in Austria, Italy, Spain, and France, the revolution has not yet come, it is owing in large measure to the influence of Catholic teaching over the masses. In our own country, the Church is laboring hard to forestall the revolution. The National Catholic War Council has drawn up a program of social reconstruction which is admitted on all

hands to be the best yet put forth by any body of men. Cardinal Gibbons, the venerable Primate of the American Church, has issued a call to all the Bishops to attend a conference for the purpose of discussing questions pertaining to the national welfare. The Knights of Columbus, who have done such splendid relief work during the war, are bending their strength to the solution of the problems of peace, and their activities in this field promise even to outshine their efforts in war time.

If only the great mass of our Catholic lay people could be made to understand that the Church, to succeed in her gigantic task, needs them. She needs *them*—not their money so much as themselves, i. e. their personal service, their time, their ability, their talents, their experience, their enthusiasm, their courage, their enterprise, their powers of mind and body, in short, their whole selves. The Church needs *them*—not only Mr. Smith and Mrs. Jones, who have plenty of time and money, but every man, woman, and child that glories in the name of Catholic.

Says Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., in the August issue of *The Catholic World*:

The urgent need is that Catholics should realize the responsibility which this opportunity imposes upon them; and especially that the Catholic laity should rise to a sense of their duty in this matter. The clergy have their responsibility too: Upon them it falls to instruct, encourage and guide the people in the fulfillment of their duty. But in the matter of political, industrial and social reconstruction, it is the laity whose influence will be most directly felt in the work-a-day world. At no time has there been a more urgent need that the Catholic laity should recognize the duties of citizenship and be animated by a keen sense of the duties which the Catholic citizen owes to the State and to society: for the voice and vote of the Catholic layman may yet determine the world's moral and religious destiny. To educate the Catholic laity in duties as members of the State and of the social body at large, is therefore at this moment of paramount importance: since no

Catholic can do his duty as a citizen if he lacks a proper knowledge of Catholic social teaching in its bearing upon the questions of the time. Without such knowledge he will be powerless either to direct his own action or to influence the actions of others. . . The Catholic citizen, of whatever class or position, will have influence for good, just in so far as he knows what is going on around him, and is able to judge the situation from the clear and definite knowledge of Catholic teaching. But such knowledge does not come from instinct: it requires education.

The Third Order of St. Francis is the one lay society from which the Church expects the spiritual regeneration of the masses. Franciscan Tertiaries, by virtue of their profession, should be found, therefore, in the foremost ranks of the Catholic laity whenever the Church issues a call to arms. They, before all others, have the duty to lead society back to Christ. Yet how poorly are they equipped for the creditable discharge of this duty. How insufficient is their instruction in the great social questions of the day. Is it not high time that the Reverend Directors gave their fraternities something like a systematic course in Catholic sociology and outline for them a practical program of social action? The national Third Order convention is a long way off. Meanwhile, the pressing needs of suffering humanity are crying for instant relief.



A Modern Midas

ONCE upon a time, there lived in Phrygia, a country of Asia Minor, a shepherd king, named Midas. This king had the honor to entertain for ten days a god, by the name of Silenus. Pleased with his kindness, the god offered, as a reward, to grant Midas anything he desired. The foolish king requested that everything he touched might turn to gold. Silenus acceded to his request. Midas laid his hand on a stone; it became a mass of gold. He touched the ears of corn; they waved in golden luster. When

he sat down to eat, his teeth could not penetrate the golden bread, fish, fowl, wine, water—all was gold. In despair he acknowledged his error, and prayed to be relieved of his ruinous gift.

So runs an ancient myth. Incredible though it may seem to all but children, it is hardly less marvelous than the life-story of a well-known multi-millionaire, who recently departed this life. His rapid rise from abject poverty and obscurity to the highest heights of fame and influence must be ascribed solely to his wonderful skill in acquiring fabulous wealth. Under his magic touch, the metals of the earth and the fruits of the field seemed almost instantly to turn to glittering gold. Unlike Midas, however, he seems not to have suffered any distress from his magic power; nor is there anything to prove that he prayed to be relieved thereof. Yet, in justice to him be it said that he once expressed the desire to die poor, and that he voluntarily divested himself of a considerable portion of his immense fortune. It is said that all told his benefactions amounted to almost half a billion dollars, and that the residue will come very close to the same figure.

Andrew Carnegie was unquestionably one of the greatest of American philanthropists, though his giving was often narrow and not unaffected by a certain self-consciousness. In his private life, he is said to have been kindly, human, simple, and, to the end of life, proud of his humble extraction. As a philanthropist, Carnegie may live for some time in the memory of man; but as a benefactor of the human race he has little claim to lasting gratitude. For it is an open question whether the acquisition of his colossal fortune did not entail at least as much human misery as he endeavored to relieve. A glance at the list of his grants and endowments will reveal that the bulk of his unearned wealth was devoted not to the relief of poor,

suffering, down-trodden humanity, but to purposes quite remote from the general good.

Contrasting the money-king of Pittsburgh with the Poverello of Assisi, we have no difficulty in deciding whose memory will be held longer in grateful benediction. To-day, after the lapse of seven centuries, the humble St. Francis, who desired nothing under heaven but the highest poverty, is still regarded with loving admiration as one of mankind's greatest benefactors. The world is richer for the example and teaching of this poor man than for all the gifts of modern Midases.



A Good Work

OUR esteemed friend Mr. Anthony Matre, K.S.G. and national Secretary of the Catholic Federation of the United States, is one Catholic layman who believes in doing things. Realizing that 20,000,000 people in the United States attend picture shows every day, and that from twenty-two to forty per cent of the film shows portray illicit love and adultery, twenty per cent murders and suicides, ten per cent drunkenness and twenty-seven per cent theft, gambling, and robberies, Mr. Matre together with a number of other Catholic gentlemen has undertaken the task of reviewing motion-pictures, for the purpose of recommending them to Catholic churches and institutions. Hundreds of thousands of feet of films have already been censored, and these are now available through the Clean Film Department, 11 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Matre and his associates have taken a step in the right direction, which we hope will lead in time to the establishment of a national Catholic board of censorship. Perhaps the Bishops in their coming meeting in Washington, D. C., will find time to discuss this much needed institution.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

By Fr. Silas, O.F.M.

St. Louis IX, King of France.—St. Louis, who is venerated as the patron of the Third Order, was remarkable for his charity toward all his suffering fellow men. The poor were his favorite guests. Daily he fed over one hundred in his palace; he waited on them in person and cheered them with words of consolation. He frequently visited the hospitals and saw to it that the sick poor received the proper care and nourishment. During a famine in Normandy and other parts of France, he had money and grain distributed among the needy in those districts. His tender heart always found means to come to the assistance of the suffering and the unfortunate, of widows and orphans, and when he was accused of exhausting the royal treasury by his liberality, he answered, "If kings sometimes must be extravagant, I would rather be extravagant in almsgiving." In his zeal for the honor of God, he built and endowed twelve hospitals, convents, and abbeys. His holy death occurred at **Tunis**, in Africa, during the second crusade he undertook to recover the Holy Places in Palestine from the Mohammedans, on August 25, 1270.

Bl. Louise Albertoni.—This illustrious Tertiary and model of Christian charity was born at Rome, in 1474, of the noble family of the Albertoni. After the death of her husband, she resolved to give herself entirely to God by the practice of prayer, penance, and works of mercy. Full of compassion for the poor and afflicted, she strove in every way to aid them in their sufferings and needs. During a famine which raged in Italy, she sold all her possessions and gave the proceeds to the poor, thus reducing herself to extreme poverty. Young girls in a destitute condition were the special objects of her solicitude. She

obtained employment for them, instructed them, protected them against the dangers of the world, and supplied them with a dowry to enable them to marry or to enter a convent. She passed to her eternal reward in Rome, on January 31, 1533.

Bl. Luchesius, the First Tertiary.—Before his conversion, Bl. Luchesius was a merchant at Poggibonsi, near Siena, known among his fellow citizens for his violent character and avarice. Moved by the grace of God, he gave up his business, distributed his possessions among the poor, and gave himself up with great fervor to the service of God. He and his wife, Bonadonna, were the first to embrace the Rule of the Third Order. As Luchesius had formerly wronged and scandalized others by his unscrupulous business methods, he now edified all by his humility, self-denial and charity. His generosity toward the poor knew no bounds. When he had nothing left to give them, he became a beggar for their sakes and went from door to door, appealing to the charity of the rich in behalf of his beloved poor. During a pestilence which ravaged Poggibonsi and the neighboring towns, Luchesius loaded a donkey with all that was needful and set out to aid all that were stricken with the plague. One day, when he was carrying to his house a man who was seriously ill, a young man began to ridicule and insult him. Luchesius quietly replied, "I am carrying Jesus Christ, who has said: As often as you have done it to the least of my brethren, you have done it to me." He passed away to receive the reward of his charity on April 28, 1241.

Maldonata Sanchez.—Born of a noble family and married to Molina Sanchez, Lord of Belvisio, Maldonata gave to the world an example of humility,

mortification, and charity. She was ever a mother to the large crowds of the poor who came to her for assistance in their need. It was her delight to instruct children in prayer and in the truths of religion. She died in the odor of sanctity at Belvisio in the year 1535.

Mary, Empress of Austria.—Mary was the daughter of the Emperor Charles V and the wife of Maximilian II. In her exalted position she was most zealous in the practice of humility and self-denial. Her compassion for the poor, particularly also for those who were ashamed to beg, her liberality toward churches, convents, and hospitals, her generous hospitality, and her kind charity toward the sick, —all tend to show in how great a degree this noble Tertiary was imbued with the spirit of St. Francis. She died at Madrid, on February 26, 1603.

Mary Alvarez.—After the death of her husband, this pious Tertiary divided her possessions among the poor, and restricted her own needs to only the most necessary things. A fervent Tertiary, she gave to all an example of piety, humility, charity, and patience in sufferings and trials. On her deathbed she exhorted her daughters to attend most diligently to the wants of the poor and never to dis-

miss them without consoling and aiding them. Her holy death occurred on February 2, 1551.

Margaret Agullona.—This saintly Tertiary was noted for her love of poverty and mortification. She distributed her inheritance among the poor and depended for her livelihood on the labor of her hands and on the alms of others. When money and other alms were given to her to dispose of as she thought fit, she sought out the needy and the sick and joyfully relieved their wants. She also visited prisons to console the prisoners, especially those who had been condemned to death. Her holy life was closed by a holy death at Valencia, in Spain, on December 9, 1600.

Margaret Bichi.—Margaret belonged to one of the most influential families of Siena. God permitted her to become the victim of calumny, in consequence of which she was confined in prison for some time; but she bore this great affliction with heroic patience and thus became more closely united with her suffering Savior. After her release from prison, she adopted a life of poverty and penance, and strove to serve her fellow men by aiding the poor and the sick and by instructing children. She died at Siena, on July 22, 1535.

THE HOLY NAME

A N angel all aflame
 First breathed that Holy Name,
 Reverent and low,
 Unto a gentle Maid
 Who knelt there unafraid.
 Pure as the snow.

“Jesus”—like music sweet,
 Oft did her lips repeat
 When in her arms
 Rested the Holy Child,
 Into her eyes He smiled,
 Won by her charms.

Name above every name,
 Obedient He became
 Even to death;
 Now 'neath the crimson glow,
 A greater love to show,
 He tarrieth.

So, when the way is drear,
 Thy Presence, Lord, shall cheer
 Our sojourning;
 Till, amid glad acclaim,
 In heaven we praise Thy Name,
 Jesus, our King.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

VENERABLE MARTIN WOODCOCK, O. F. M.

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

THE last Franciscan to die for the faith during the Puritan Revolution was Venerable Martin Woodcock.¹ Before, as well as after, his entrance into the Franciscan Order, his life was one long series of mental and bodily affliction, which he bore with heroic resignation to the will of Him whose judgments are incomprehensible and whose ways are unsearchable. "In the eyes of the world," Hope thoughtfully observes, "his life was a failure, for disappointment seemed ever to attend all his efforts in God's service. But in God's eyes his constant humiliations were the fitting preparation for the glorious crown which was predestined to him rather than to those of his brethren who might be deemed to have more worthily deserved it."²

Fr. Woodcock was a native of Lancashire. He saw the light of day in 1603 at Leyland, and in Baptism received the name John. His father Thomas Woodcock was a Protestant while his mother Dorothy, born of a good Catholic family named Anderton, was known for her piety and staunch adherence to the old faith. Unfortunately, all we know regarding John's boyhood and youth is the fact that, possibly to wrest her son from the influence of Protestant environment at home, his mother entrusted him at an early age to the care of his grandfather. With him he stayed till his twentieth year, when he abandoned Protestantism and embraced the Catholic faith. In consequence, as he had foreseen, his Protestant father treated him very cruelly. But he esteemed the treasure of his faith higher than earthly comforts. Pa-

tiently he bore his father's taunts for almost two years. Then having come of age, he made shift to follow what he sincerely believed to be a summons from above to the holy priesthood. With a number of young men he accompanied F. Edward Squire, S.J., to the continent and soon found himself within the halls of the Jesuit College at Saint Omers. After a year of study, during which he completed his classical training, he departed for the English College in Rome where he intended to take up philosophy and theology.³

All this time, the young convert felt in his heart an earnest desire to enter some religious Order. Finally, after six months of prayer and deliberation, he decided to join the Capuchins. The Procurator General of the Order, to whom he had gone for advice, mistook the Capuchins at Faubourg St. Jacques in Paris for an English community. Accordingly, he told John to enter the Order there. The young man immediately set out for the French metropolis, and on May 16, 1630, received the Capuchin habit. Soon, however, a storm of bitter trials was to dispel the joy and peace of his heart. He had been with the Capuchins only three months, when the superiors found it necessary to dismiss him from the Order. The novice was inconsolable when he heard of it. So ardent was his devotion to the life he had embraced that only by sheer force, as Mason tells us, could he be deprived of the lowly garb of St. Francis.

In a letter to a friend, the unhappy young man explained the reasons why the friars had sent him away.⁴ His

1. For the present sketch, unless otherwise stated, we have drawn from Mason: *Certamen Seraphicum* (Quaracchi. 1885), pp. 183-208.

2. Hone: *Franciscan Martyrs in England* (London, 1878), p. 216.

3. Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), p. 212.

4. Mason brings a Latin version of this letter which at his time was preserved in the provincial archives at Douai.

friends in England, and even his Catholic mother, had neglected to answer the letters which had been directed to them for information regarding his antecedents. Furthermore, his superiors could not discover what had prevailed on him to join their Order in Paris rather than in Rome; it seemed incredible to them that the Procurator General should have mistaken their friary for a community of English Capuchins. Moreover, from letters received through the Jesuits in Rome, they learned that the novice's mother, elder brother, and other relatives strongly discountenanced his entering a religious Order, which fact the superiors anticipated would in the end create difficulties for him as well as for the Order. Again, not only was the young man of Protestant extraction, but he had also been reared among Protestants. Then, his precarious health evidently militated against vowing a life of seclusion and penance. Finally, there was little hope of his ever becoming conversant with the French tongue, while the decided predilection he manifested for the English Jesuits who had lately visited him caused considerable comment. Therefore, "without any fault of his own," as Mason concludes, John Woodcock was compelled to leave the Order. "God made use of the injustice of men," Stone remarks, "to work out his own design, for if Father Woodcock had remained with the Capuchins, he could never have attained the martyr's crown, they having at that time no mission in England, so that what was to him a source of grief and suffering at first, was ultimately the very means by which he was to ensure his happiness and reward."⁵

With a heavy heart, the young man left the quiet precincts of the convent where he had only begun to taste of

the peace and consolation for which his spirit longed. Trusting in God for strength and guidance, he proceeded at once to Douai and applied for admission among the English Franciscans. At the same time, however, serious doubts regarding his true vocation began to harrow his soul. Would not his father's being a Protestant debar him also from becoming a Franciscan? Had he not better complete his studies, receive ordination, and secure a living? What if the Franciscans at St. Bonaventure's also turned him off? How, in that event, could he earn a livelihood, deprived as he was of his inheritance? While pondering what course to pursue, it suddenly occurred to him how, when he left Rome for Paris, Fr. Luke Wadding,⁶ the guardian of St. Isidore's, had drawn his attention to all these predicaments and had promised to receive him into the Irish College of Franciscans. It was at this juncture that the troubled student made the mistake of his life, as he himself later confessed. With more zeal than forethought, he withdrew his application to the friars at Douai and returned to Rome. But the end of his trials had not yet come. For some reason or other, he was not admitted among the Irish Franciscans, and again his heart became a prey to doubts and fears. To join the Order of St. Francis was his one and only desire. With deep regret he thought of the friars at Douai. Had he only joined them instead of applying to their Irish brethren in Rome. To be received into their midst now was more than he could reasonably hope or ask for. "Thus," as Mason says, "he was tossed about on all sides and found rest nowhere, until, after having escaped from many dangers, and having overcome many difficulties, he fell back upon his original design, and re-

5. Stone, l. c., p. 214.

6. The famous historian of the Franciscan Order.

turned to the place which in the first instance had been marked out for him by God."⁷

A natural sense of shame forbade him to appear personally at the convent of St. Bonaventure, and he solicited by letter⁸ the aid of his friend Fr. William Anderton, who was then a member of the community. This letter breathes a spirit of rare humility, winning sincerity, deep faith, and religious fervor. In it he begs his friend to plead his cause with the superiors of the Province, to declare in his stead that "through some weakness of body and soul, and through a fear not altogether reprehensible," he had justly incurred their distrust and displeasure; that now, however, having regained his mental and bodily strength, he was better disposed and earnestly desired "to heed his first call rather than to expose himself any longer to the surging billows of this world and to the furious onslaughts of implacable enemies; wherefore, my dear Father William," he continued, "by our old friendship which in this misfortune above all intercedes for me with you; yes, by the tender love of our Lord Jesus Christ, I pray that pity on my miserable condition may move you successfully to endeavor to obtain favor and pardon for me. This is my desire, this I ask, this I wait for, for this I sigh and yearn, and I shall await its accomplishment solely out of pure love of God and of his glory. Farewell. That which formerly you saw me long for lightly, you will strive now, for love of Christ, to secure for me more efficaciously. This will be my happiness; nothing else will ever cause me greater joy. Farewell."

The superiors at St. Bonaventure's were deeply touched when they read this humble and sincere appeal. Evidently, it was the outburst of a soul

that the All-Wise was leading heavenward through the perilous gloom of sorrow and affliction; and in their little community, perhaps, that tried soul was predestined at last to find spiritual peace and consolation. Thus the friars reasoned, and eager to further the designs of Providence, they informed the young man that he might come and join their ranks. Without delay, John Woodcock repaired to St. Bonaventure's, where Venerable Paul Heath, who at the time was vicar of the friary, vested him with the Franciscan habit and gave him the name Fr. Martin of St. Felix.

Humility had opened for him the portals of the friary; and it was this same virtue that chiefly characterized his later career. Fr. Martin soon won the esteem and confidence of his superiors by his love of prayer and recollection and by the spirit of ready submission which he manifested on all occasions. Though of a weak constitution, he ate very sparingly and shortened his hours of sleep to satisfy his thirst for prayer. In the discharge of choir duty, he edified all by his promptness and devotion. Mason, who had occasion to observe him during the novitiate, assures us that Fr. Martin outstripped all his fellow novices in strict observance of the Rule and of other, even the slightest, disciplinary regulations. In short, so fully did he vindicate the hopes of his superiors and confrères, that after the year of probation he was admitted by unanimous consent to holy profession. He pronounced the vows in the hands of the guardian Venerable Francis Bel. Thus, by a singular coincidence, Fr. Martin of St. Felix was vested and professed by two Franciscans who, like himself, were destined one day to shed their blood in defence of their holy faith and profession.

(To be concluded)

7. Mason: l. c., p. 197.

8. For a Latin version of this letter see Mason, l. c., p. 197.

THE UNAFRAID

By Anna C. Minogue

CHAPTER IV

Synopsis of preceding chapters:—Ben Anderson employed in a newspaper office is suddenly confronted with a crisis. While undergoing a physical examination preparatory to his admission to a benevolent society, he is told to "Go West!" to avoid the ravages of consumption. Unnerved at first, he takes courage at the thought of the Girl Reporter, whose wretched copy he alone had been able to decipher, and who has gone West bravely determined to sell her life as dearly as possible to the same pitiless enemy that threatens his. With the hearty Godspeed of the "Old Man," the editor, Ben joins the ranks of The Unafraid and goes West in search of a new lease on life. Five years as a lumberman in Arizona make a new man of him and he learns to love his adopted home. One day, while cutting timber with his men in the mountains, Ben receives a mysterious note directing him to follow the bearer. He obeys, accompanied by his friend Swaunee, for he scents a trap has been set for him and his men by the I. W. W's. The Girl Reporter, Mary Ranard, in the meantime has passed her years of exile in Arizona teaching in the mission schools for the Franciscan Fathers, but she longs to return to the East, as her health has been quite restored. The missionary's need of teachers and an unaccountable "something" defers her departure. While at Pretty Valley, Big Dick, the storekeeper, falls in love with her, much to her disgust, which deepens when she learns that he is plotting mischief with the revolutionary Mexicans.

AS Mary Ranard crossed the open space toward her home, the light in the store showed her a horse tied at the railing. Another strange Mexican, probably, and with him Big Dick was plotting.

If she did but know! Was it altogether impossible to find out? A little friendliness on her part—but at the thought she felt an instinctive revolt.

Her steps became slower. When she reached her door, she decided that she would go to the store. Fortunately, her coal-oil can was empty—that offered an excuse. But as she drew near, she felt her courage ebb. It was now clear to her that Big Dick was a bad man, and might she not be

courting danger? She decided to slip up to the open window and take a look at the company before venturing in.

It showed her the store deserted, except for Big Dick and a strange Mexican. Big Dick was leaning on the counter, over which were scattered some paper and envelopes. She saw he was writing a letter—and with his left hand. As that was not his method, her mind leaped to the conclusion that he was disguising his penmanship. The Mexican was leaning against the glass showcase, facing the door, being evidently on the watch for a chance customer. As that left both their backs to the window, she could watch them undetected. Then Big Dick lifted himself and folding the sheet thrust it into an envelope, which he sealed.

"But what if that Mexican should not go to Flagtown to-morrow?" she heard one of the men say in Spanish.

"But he will unless he is dead," answered Big Dick. "To-morrow he gets the rent for house he owns there. If he were not there on the day it is due, he would never get it. He goes up on Number Three and comes back on Number Five. That will give him time to ride over to the camp with the letter by six. Then he can come on to the end of the Pass, where I'll be waiting with his money."

"Does he know the Boss?"

"Tell him he will know him by his grin!" answered Big Dick, with a harsh laugh. The Mexican carefully rolled a cigarette.

"He'll grin the other way when he gets your kind letter!" he observed, casually. "But suppose instead of putting out his men to watch his trees and machinery against those people—how do you call them?"

"I. W. W.'s," said Big Dick, in English.

"Suppose, instead, he follows the Mexican?"

"Do you think I will be waiting in the open for Sancho at eight o'clock?" questioned Big Dick, sarcastically. "If they were to follow him when I don't show myself, they will think a hoax was played on them. But the chances are they will fall for it. The I. W. W.'s are about due in this district. They are expecting them. I'll wager before Sancho gets his money every man will be scouring through the forest looking for the enemy, and every forester will be telephoned to devote himself particularly to watching the Gilday area."

"Without doubt, Señor, you know your man!"

"I do not know him!" retorted Big Dick. "I never saw him in my life. But I know the average American."

"True," assented the Mexican, "like charity, they think no evil," and he laughed softly. He was a different type of Mexican from those to which Mary was accustomed. She scrutinized his profile, noted his straight back, and concluded he was an officer of one of the fighting parties of the southern Republic.

"Then granted that you get those foresters and camp men fixed on the other side of the mountain, and this side cleared off to attend the picnic at Crystal Lake on the Fourth of July, and some careless person to drop a match close enough to the horses to give them the smell of smoke, and some trusty Mexicans to head them south, stampeding the cattle—I see nothing, my friend, to prevent us from getting some good mounts and fat beeves across the border for our needy men. By the time the picnickers are called from their fun and the loggers are rounded up, the fire will keep them busy. It is a well conceived plan. Señor! You will be well rewarded, if it does not fail of execu-

tion."

"I'll get my reward first," said Big Dick, calmly.

"Oh! the girl? Of course! I was thinking of money," said the Mexican.

A silence followed, and Mary held her breath. What horrible thing was this she was hearing?

"You are certain she won't be missed?" continued the Mexican. "I dislike when a woman is brought into men's affairs. She always upsets them. If the teacher were missed, wouldn't it break up the picnic?"

"She will not be missed in time," he said, decisively. "She told them she would not go until the afternoon and the Dickersons are to call for her in their new automobile."

The chill of death fell on the listening girl, as she heard her arrangements for the Fourth of July picnic coolly stated by Big Dick. But what did he mean about her being missed? Then the former statement of the storekeeper regarding his payment came back: they were going to carry her off the night before! She smiled at the idea. Carrying off a woman belonged to a time so remote to her civilization—but, broke in the thought, were the two men, here plotting, of that civilization? She saw Big Dick in his true character and it appalled her. Her mind worked quickly. She could of course save herself, now that she knew the plan against her—but how could she prevent the carrying out of the remainder of the wicked project? How save the horses and cattle, the homes and crops and lives the fire would destroy? Save them without the bloodshed bound to result if it became known that here in their midst were enemies plotting crime?

She dropped on her knees and lifting her hands to the glory of the star-gemmed sky called silently on God to help her, besought him to show her the way she should follow. Then she rose, and, stepping softly to the front

door, tripped lightly up the steps. Surprise showed on the faces of the two men as she entered. Not noting it, she smiled at Big Dick and said:

"It is a good thing for me the store is still open, or I should be without my light to-night!" and she held up the empty can. As he took it, she saw the letter lying on the counter, the letter that was to create alarm of the coming of the I. W. W's on the other side of the mountain. If, instead, she could send one of warning!

The Mexican, leaning against the showcase, was regarding her with admiring eyes, a fact observed by the jealous store-keeper. To fill the can he would have to go to the lean-to at the rear of the store. He could not set this highborn Mexican to the task of filling a coal-oil can, neither would he go and leave him alone with the girl. A moment followed, in which none moved, and fear laid its cold hand on the girl's heart. Had she walked deliberately into their trap? But the next moment's reflection showed her that so premature a move would spoil all their plans, and it steadied her.

The Mexican apparently grasped the situation. He flicked the ashes from the end of his cigarette, and, with a slight mockery in his tones, said:

"While you are busy, Señor, I will go to my room for my slicker. I must be starting."

"Si, Señor!" replied Big Dick, but he waited until the Mexican had gone up the stairs before starting with the oil can.

Reassuring herself that the Mexican was not spying on her, Mary took the pen and drew to her a sheet of paper. She was taking such a chance on the letter reaching the Boss of the logging camp, she durst give no warning; but if he were to follow the Mexican bearer he might arrive at the knowledge himself. Much depended on the Boss. A thread, if he were,

quick-witted, would lead him as easily as a rope. She felt intuitively that a thread would suffice. As she leaned to write, by one of those acts of the subconscious mind, she was standing by the printer's side in the office, and he was saying, "close your a's and underline your u's." It made her form her letters with care, and unconsciously she underlined the "u." "Follow the man who brings you this."

She heard Big Dick turning off the spigot. He was evidently hurrying to get back. She could write no more. She thrust the sheet into an envelope, sealed it, slipped it along the counter. As she thrust the one Big Dick had written into her blouse, he came in.

"Have you any of those good oranges left, Mr. Wells?" she asked, as he set the can beside her. He was selecting the best for her, when she heard the Mxican coming down the stairs. She sauntered over to another part of the store on the pretext of examining the potatoes, so that the two could confer. If he had no suspicion he would start without further delay, and she knew that for the chance of a few words with her, Big Dick would speed his ally. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the Mexican surreptitiously slip the letter into his pocket, and she felt relieved. With a few words, in Spanish, he passed out, mounted his horse and rode off. So far she had succeeded. She decided to purchase several articles. That would give her an excuse to allow Big Dick to walk home with her. A new friendliness on her part would draw him from considering too closely her appearance at an hour so late and untimely. He would, furthermore, be out of reach of the Mexican, if by any chance that man were to return.

"Miss Mary, how are you going to carry all those things?" asked the storekeeper, his voice betraying his hope.

"That is what I am thinking?" she laughed. "Yet I have to have the oil,

and I do want the oranges for breakfast, and I hate to make another trip to the store in the morning."

"I suppose there is nothing left for me to do but to shut up the shop and help you," he said timidly.

"That would be very kind of you, but quite a bother."

"Bother! I am only too happy to serve you," he rejoined.

"I dare say I am your last customer anyhow," she went on. "I had to make a visit to one of my pupils' home, and with that and trying to get my dress ready for the picnic, I nearly forgot my provisions. You are going to the picnic, of course?"

"Of course!" he lied, cheerfully. "I intend to close up in the afternoon and take it in."

"I am not going until about twelve myself," she admitted. "The children are teasing me to go in the morning, but I'd be worn out before the day was over. I told them I am going to have a nice long sleep. You can imagine how they regard my intention to sleep on picnic day!" and again she laughed.

"I should think you would get very tired of this sort of life, Miss Mary," he said.

"I can think the same of you, Mr. Wells," she rejoined. "I imagine that your life has been quite an adventurous one, and that you must find keeping store here a rather tame affair."

"You have sized it up, Miss Mary!" he admitted. "But a man has to settle down sometime, you know?"

"I think you made a good choice in your selection of Pretty Valley," she answered. "This is going to be a great farming country in time. They will bring a railroad through here. Would it not be strange if here where we are walking to-night there would be busy streets and great buildings? Do you ever indulge in day dreams, Mr. Wells?"

They had reached her door, and while she had no intention of allowing

him to enter, still she wanted to detain him. She sat down on the edge of the veranda. He made no attempt to follow her example, neither did he show any inclination to depart.

"I think every one who is ambitious dreams," he replied.

"And what are your dreams, Mr. Wells?" she asked. She looked fragile and beautiful in the moonlight and the eyes she lifted to him were as innocent as a child's.

"What all men dream of, Miss Mary: wealth and fame and love."

"Why didn't you say the world?" she asked, smiling. "Don't you know if a man gets any one of those things, he is fortunate? And if you could get only one, which would that be?"

"Wealth," he said, promptly, "for it buys the other two."

"O you cynic!" she cried, and the thought flashed through her mind that this man who assumed a rude exterior and foregathered with Mexicans, was a product of another life. Were these then but disguises? "What made you a cynic?" she demanded with the assurance of a pretty woman.

"Life—if you call telling the truth cynicism," he replied.

"You really are in a bad condition, Mr. Wells!" she said, lightly, and the smile was on the delicate face which she lifted to him.

Thus for an hour she held Big Dick standing in the moonlight, her words keeping the conversation dangerously near the personal, yet never letting down the barrier that was between them. When finally she dismissed him, the feeling of revulsion she had been mastering broke upon her.

"He is an unspeakable monster!" she cried to herself. "I feel as though I had been wading through mire. Mercy is unknown to him. He is a lost soul!"

And but for Lupe she would have been his prey! She crossed her hands on her breast and lifted her face to

the sky. God's goodness, His protection, became a vital reality. Truly, was she resting under the shadow of His wings!

The next day passed in feverish anxiety. A visit, with some of the children this time, to the store after school assured her that no discovery had been made; on the watch at her window, she saw Big Dick ride off at six o'clock. Now he had come back, but the Boss of the logging-camp did not follow! Something had failed and she and these helpless people were at the mercy of these desperadoes, unless she did something to prevent it.

As she finally lifted her head from the window sill and glanced abroad, her eyes caught the light on the mountain top where the Forest Reserve watchman kept his outlook for fires. One day, with some of the children, she had climbed up to see him, and had wondered how a man so young could stand the utter loneliness of that life. He had laughed and said it was easy to save money there. Her thoughts now played about him, for she could not yet face the resolution forming in her mind. She recalled the books she had seen lying around. Probably he was a student and was saving his money to take him through college.

"Oh! I could not climb that mountain in the dark!" she finally moaned and her head fell again on the sill. When she raised it, her face was ghastly in the moonlight. The only other telephone in the neighborhood was at the store. The nearest ranch-

house was two miles away, over a road she had never traveled, and she did not know the way to the ranger's cottage. But in these mountains were wild cats, coyotes, timber wolves; bears and mountain lions even were not unknown: and night was their time! Besides, might not those strange Mexicans be stationed about?

All these objections she brought forward, though there was ever the conviction it was the only thing for her to do. How did she know that her exchange of letters had not been discovered—and, realizing she had detected their scheme, they would act sooner—that that very night they would fire the forest,—that that very night carry her off? God had shown her her danger and the danger of the people. And she hesitated because of the fear of meeting a coyote, that would only fly from her!

She rose and in the dark put on her walking shoes, her riding skirt and a blouse. A cap and a jacket completed her attire. In one pocket she put her revolver, in the other her pocket flashlight. Then kneeling, she commended herself to God. Spiritually reinforced she rose and stepped onto the veranda. Nothing threw a shadow on the trail she was to follow, and she knew not but Big Dick or some of his tools were keeping a watch over her home. But one shot would waken the sleeping hamlet, and that would be given if any one attempted to follow her or interfere with her. She felt brave now and plunged into the moonlighted open space, her eyes fixed on the light on the mountain.

(To be continued)



FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

CHAPTER X

(Concluded)

Fr. Beltran Remains at Zuni—Espejo Continues Explorations—Back at Zuni—Fr. Beltran Returns—Espejo Proceeds East—His Achievements—First White Woman in New Mexico—Espejo's Offer—Expedition of Castano de Sosa—Results—Expedition of Leyva de Bonilla.

“FROM this province,” Espejo tells us, “Fr. Bernardino Beltrán and the others who had remained with him returned, although I urged them not to leave, but to stay and search for mines and other treasures.”¹⁵ With eight soldiers, Gregorio Hernández having joined Fr. Beltrán, Espejo continued his explorations towards the east as far as the Tanos, south and southeast of the present Santa Fe. “Here they did not wish to give us food or admit us,” Espejo writes. “Because of this, and of the illness of some of my companions, and because of the great number of Indians, and because we were unable to subsist, we decided to leave the country; and at the beginning of July, 1583, taking an Indian from the said pueblo as guide, we left by a different route. At a distance of half a league from a town of the said province named Cicuye (Pecos) we came to a river which I named Rio de las Vacas;¹⁶ for, travelling along its banks for six days, a distance of about thirty leagues, we found a great number of cows (buffaloes). After marching along this river one hundred and twenty leagues toward the east, we found three Indians hunting. They were of the Jumano nation. From them we learned,

through an interpreter whom we had, that we were twelve days’ journey from the Conchos River, a distance which we thought must be a little over forty leagues. We crossed over to this river, passing many watering places, . . . and found there many of the Jumano nation, who brought us fish of many kinds, prickly pears and other fruits, and gave us buffalo hides and tanned deerskins. From there we came out to the Valley of San Bartolomé, whence Fr. Bernardino Beltrán and I, with the companions named herein, had started. We found that the said Fr. Bernardino and his companions had arrived many days before at the province of San Bartolomé, and had gone to the Villa of Guadiana.”¹⁷

Thus Espejo, a private citizen, says Bancroft, accompanied by only one friar and fourteen soldiers, peacefully wandering from province to province, had accomplished substantially as great results as had Coronado with his grand army and his winter’s warfare on the Rio Grande. Espejo visited seventy-four pueblos, and found thousands of Indians, whom he prayed Almighty God to lead to His divine service in the Catholic Faith.¹⁸

“I also brought an Indian from the province of Tamos (Tanos) and a

15. River of the Cows, i. e. Buffaloes, for that is what he saw. Later the stream was named Pecos.

16. As Fr. Beltrán’s mission was accomplished when he had learnt the fate of the three friars, and being indifferent to gold, Espejo’s proposition could have no weight. The rest were tired of wandering about in such a country.

17. *Spanish Exploration*, pp. 182-190. Guadiana, i. e., Durango.

18. Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, p. 90. Espejo’s figures regarding the population are exaggerated, so we omit them.



Without bag or baggage the early Franciscans traversed afoot the great Southwest in quest of souls. The handkerchief contained the breviary and some food for the day. A gray felt hat and a wooden staff surmounted by a cross, such as they used on these trackless journeys, are still preserved at Mission San Luis Rey, California

woman from the province of Mohoce (Moqui)," he relates, "so that, if in the service of his Majesty return were to be made to undertake the exploration and settlement of those provinces, they might furnish us with information regarding them and of the route to be travelled, and in order that for this purpose they might learn the Mexican and other tongues."¹⁹ The Indian, named Pedro Oros, died in Tlanepantla whilst under instruction of the Franciscans.²⁰

Espejo expected to lead another expedition into Mexico, and therefore, a month after his return from San Bartolomé, made application for a permit to the viceroy, then Most Rev. Pedro Moya de Contreras, Archbishop of Mexico. He was probably referred to the king, whom he accordingly addressed to the same effect on April 24, 1584. Nothing resulted from this petition for himself. Another of greater influence succeeded, as will be related in subsequent chapters.²¹

It will have been noted that one of the soldiers, Miguel Sánchez Valenciano, was accompanied on the expedition by his wife, Casilda de Amaya. She therefore enjoys the distinction of having been the first white woman to enter New Mexico, the very heart of the continent, thirty-eight years before Puritans brought their families to Massachusetts.²²

The rediscovery of New Mexico by Brother Augustin Rodríguez, and the expedition of Antonio de Espejo for the rescue of the three Franciscans stirred an enthusiasm in Old Mexico for the northern exploration and colonization which was much like that aroused in 1539 by the report of Fr.

Marcos de Niza. Soon numerous applicants petitioned for license to explore, colonize, and govern the new territory. Only Espejo, however, and one other gentleman, offered to undertake the conquest and settlement at his own expense. He proposed taking four hundred soldiers, one hundred with their families, and a large outfit of live stock. He also offered to take along twenty-four Franciscans for the conversion of the Indians and for the spiritual needs of the colonists. In return he asked for himself the appointment of Captain-General with privileges similar to those enjoyed by the viceroys of Mexico. This demand probably caused the royal government to ignore him as well as other petitioners.²³

While these gentlemen endeavored to secure the contract from the king, Gaspar Castaño de Sosa, lieutenant-governor of Nuevo Leon,²⁴ undertook to conquer and colonize New Mexico without submitting to the tiresome and uncertain process of securing a government permit. He formed his mining camp of Nueva Almaden, now Monclova, into a colony, and with the more than one hundred and seventy men, women, and children started out on July 27, 1590. The supply train consisted of numerous wagons, horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and everything necessary for founding a colony.

Crossing the Nadadores, Sabinas, and Rio Grande, he ascended the Rio Pecos which he named Rio Salado or Salt River. He encountered resistance at one pueblo, probably Pecos, but stormed it, and from there continued the conquest through the Tehua, Quereses, and Tigua towns, and even

19. *Spanish Exploration*, p. 192. 20. *Ibid.*, p. 223. 21. *Ibid.*, p. 193-95. 22. Other authorities are those named in note 7; then Tello, 493-495; Whipple in *Pacific R. R. Reports*, III, 113-115; Bancroft, 80-91; Shea, I, 185-186; Salpointe, pp. 45-46; Lummis, *Spanish Pioneers*, 87; *Poco Tiempo*, 205; Fr. Marcelino da Civezza, Tom. VII, Pt. II, pp. 443-446, but the most detailed on the subject is Read, *Illustrated History of New Mexico*, pp. 177-189.

23. *Spanish Exploration*, pp. 199; Read, pp. 188-189; Bancroft, pp. 97-98. 24. Alcalde, or Mayor of the City of San Luis Potosí, at the time acting lieutenant-governor.

ascended to Taos. If Read is correct, "Castaño, although without authority from the king, adopted a better policy than his predecessors; for it was he who for the first time gave the pueblos a definite form of government by appointing in the greater part of them a governor and other officials." To this day, indeed, each pueblo town has a *gubernador* and other native officials recognized by the United States. In the midst of his successes Castaño de Sosa was arrested by Captain Juan Morlete, who had come up from the south with fifty men, for having entered the new territory without license from the government. He quietly submitted, even to the shackles that were put on him, and then the whole company returned to Mexico. No priest seems to have come with the expedition; but Lom...

in Bancroft relates that "Padre Juan Gómez," probably a Franciscan, accompanied the troops of Captain Morlete.²⁵

"About three years later, Francisco Leyva de Bonilla and Antonio Gutiérrez de Humaña led an unauthorized expedition from Nueva Viscaya to New Mexico. They spent about a year among the pueblos, making Bove, later San Ildefonso, their principal headquarters. Setting out from there they went far to the northeast, entered a large Indian settlement on the Arkansas, in eastern Kansas, and continued to a still larger stream some twelve days' journey beyond. The stream would seem to have been the Platte. On the way Humaña murdered Leyva and took command, but later he and nearly all his party were destroyed by Indians."²⁶

25. Bancroft, pp. 101-107; *Spanish Exploration*, p. 200; Read, pp. 189-190, Villagrà, 36-37. Read gives Villagrà's verses in English.

26. Bolton in *Spanish Exploration*, pp. 200-201; Bancroft, pp. 107-108; Read, pp. 190-191; Salmerón, no. 11, merely mentions by name the three last expeditions.

THE HERMIT OF JACKFISH BAY

By Ellen McPartlin

THE hut with its snow-piled roof and somber timbers was scarcely discernable. Behind it the dark fir reared aloft their winter burden. Before it a desolate drifted beach merged into a desolate drifted bay, which widened in turn into the great white stretch of the lake. Lead-en clouds hung over the sun, and the shadow of the forest fell dimly, like a shadow of gloom over the snow.

Within the hut Bernard Craig sat by the rough deal table, his head sunk upon his hands; his eyes dully morose with sullen thought. He had not known how much it meant to him that one man had persisted in ignoring his rebuffs and sullen temper; he had not known that a feeling of love

for a fellow being had made insidious growth within his heart despite his avowal to live unto himself alone. Even now he refused to acknowledge his own feeling; yet he was moodily rehearsing his hermit life here in the wilderness.

It was many years since Bernard Craig had come upon this spot on just such a winter day, and felt its reflection of his own dismal mood so companionable that he had built the low log house close under the towering trees and settled down to a morose life, trapping in winter, hunting and fishing in summer; his wilderness harvests were carried on his back to the distant settlement, and the proceeds were sufficient to keep him abundantly

supplied with all he needed in life. His needs were simple. His own ax and saw supplied his furniture and firewood, his gun and line provided food; a small strip of garden gave him roots and vegetables that could be stored for winter use. As remote as possible from the society of his fellow men, and little dependent on them—this suited the man who had withdrawn from the world to brood over his wrongs in solitude. No man in the settlement dared seek to penetrate his reserve or to win him from his gloom. He was queer, all agreed; dangerous, some thought.

Yet there was one who not only entered his cabin and sat by his fire, but had even won him to talk of himself and his grievance. Father Rollette the Franciscan priest from the Indian village across the lake, following the lonely trail to a distant branch of his mission, had once knocked at the door asking shelter from the furious storm that had overtaken him. The shelter was given but not graciously. The mission priest was used to rebuffs: finding his host taciturn, the genial priest had endeavored to bridge the silence by talking himself, choosing the theme nearest his heart, his work among the Indians. Craig might reply or not as he chose, might listen or not as he chose, the lively narrative went on in the quaint English that somehow caught the attention. Craig in spite of himself found his interest caught in the snare of some queer adventure that had befallen this missionary of the wilderness.

"So my li'l canoe go all to pieces on dose rocks; I was all 'lone on dat island—no food, noding to make fire, not even knife—everyt'ing gone in dat canoe over dose rapids—how I goin' live, how I goin' get away, I ask myself—"

Craig's mind waited the denouement.

Again the priest would be saying: "Dat place w'ere I go next wik—no

house to sleep in, no place to say Mass—no white pipples' food to eat—noding, only Providence of God."

After a time the listener was moved to question and learn something of the meaning of this man's life. Craig professed no religion, nor religious prejudices, but the idea of a mission priest living almost entirely among the Indians appealed unconsciously to the imaginative side of his nature; moreover the social cravings of his heart whispered to the stubborn pride that held them in check, hinting that here was one who was also isolated by choice. When the storm was over and the priest set out again upon his way, Craig not only bade him a courteous farewell but invited him to come again.

Father Rollette had come again, not once but many times. He must see his friend often, see that he was well, and talk about books. Instinctively he had placed Craig as one who read much and theorized much, and in his own love of books he had sounded a note that Craig found impossible to resist. So had begun a friendship. Father Rollette demanding nothing from his host had won all—even the story of how one lifelong friend had betrayed another, winning away the girl of his dreams.

Craig's penthouse brows drew together over gray eyes that stared into the fire, seeing again the winsome face of the girl and the handsome one of Arthur Craddock.

"We were childhood friends, classmates through school and college. There was nothing I would not have done for him, no sacrifice that I would not have made. Had he come to me and told me of his love for Jean, I could have sacrificed my own feelings for his sake; but no, he played the part of traitor; seizing the time when I had gone to the old home where my father lay ill—seizing that time to win her from me."

So little by little Craig had talked

out the bitterness of his story. Father Rollette had offered no philosophy of consolation, listening in silent sympathy; only when their talk would veer to impersonal arguments would his bits of social philosophy be propounded for his surly friend.

One day the priest had come to him with a sober, troubled face. Craig, who had given up newspapers, heard from him the story of the outbreak of the war, and of old world lands laid waste.

"Maybe soon I go," the Canadian missionary told him, "maybe exile's go back, from all 'roun'—everyw'ere, when France is calling."

Craig, listening to the account, felt stirred; he felt too that the priest was hoping, half expecting, that he too would fight for the cause of the oppressed; and because something within him vibrated in response he clung stubbornly to his stand of living out his life alone.

So Father Rollette had gone from his work in the wilderness, back to the country of his birth; and the shadow of the forest fell with an added gloom over the path of the hermit, for there was now it seemed a haunting call in the wilderness voice, and in his heart an echo, that he would not hear.

Twilight fell on Jackfish Bay, the short winter twilight of the north; it deepened into the dusk of evening; a pale clouded moon struggled up into the sky only to be engulfed in the hurrying clouds; Craig still sat in the room lighted only by the fitful flames of the hearth. A wind came with the hurrying clouds, a keen whisper of wind that lifted the loosened snow into little waves, and stirred the pines to faint ominous moaning; it was the advance guard of the storm. Soon the whisper had risen to a veritable shriek and the branches threshed and lashed in the storm that broke over the wilderness.

The silent man sat unmoved; his cabin could defy the storm; he was safely sheltered.

Then above the shriek of the tempest came a cry that brought him stumbling to his feet; he paused a moment, listening; could he have been mistaken? Again—the long, high pitched call of a human voice—then the short snarling yelp. The story was told to the woodsman. Seizing the lantern and lighting it, he grabbed his rifle and bounded from the house, raising his voice in a far reaching halloo; the answering voice came from the deeper timber; Craig broke into a plunging run, keeping up his halloo, for the guiding answers. It was on the trail that Father Rollette had worn to his cabin; somehow Craig kept expecting to find that it was Father Rollette, in some mysterious way returned, who called for help on the old trail that friendship had worn. With this thought running half consciously in his mind he came upon a scene not unfamiliar in the wilds—a snarling pack of wolves encircling a tree in which their human quarry had taken refuge. Craig's rifle spoke as soon as he sighted them and the pack, few in number, broke and ran, their instinct cautioning discretion in the face of a man and a rifle.

The danger was over; the man slipped clumsily down from the tree staggering slightly as if benumbed by the cold.

"A close call—and but for you perhaps a last call—" he said, his voice shaking weakly.

At the sound of his voice Craig had started and turned piercing eyes upon the muffled figure. The man not noticing the silence rambled on in half coherent thanks and explanations about a wrong trail. Craig perceived that he was giddy with exhaustion and weak from nervous shock. With a terse word or two he grabbed the stumbling figure and half carried, half dragged him along the trail to the

hut.

All the time his mind kept up a constant fire of arguments and of bitter denunciation of the man he was rescuing—for it was indeed his false friend, Arthur Craddock. Why did Craddock cross his path again? Why must he be the one to help and save him? He had nothing but hatred for this man, he told himself, and his presence on the trail made dear by the mission Father seemed an irony of fate. Then they came to the door of the hut and were inside. Craddock collapsed completely, either sick or fainting; Craig got him upon the bed and applied what restoratives he had at hand; the eyes opened and looked upon his face unrecognizingly, while the man rambled into delirium.

So sickness had come upon Craddock in the house of the man whom he had wronged; and Craig, tending him, listening to his rambling talk, and studying his face, had gradually come to a new and saner estimate of the man whom he had once esteemed and afterward despised. Craddock even in his delirium must have recognized the face of his old friend, for always his talk turned upon their parting and the scathing denunciations that Craig had hurled at him in parting.

Sitting by the bedside, in the watches of the night Craig at last forced himself to overhaul completely his old ideas; then honestly sorting, casting out some and rearranging others he found he must admit to himself that Craddock had been only of ordinary caliber, neither the noble soul that he, Craig, had first imagined him, nor the base deceiver that he had later pictured him; he saw that he himself

had been in love with ideals only, whereas Craddock had loved Jean, and himself, too, it would seem from the talk of his delirium. Craddock had been weak—too weak to explain his shortcomings to his high principled friend; but now Craig began to see that that fault was slight compared to his own act of rushing off to the wilderness, refusing to make himself useful in the world; for the haunting call in the wilderness voice seemed now to be clearer to him.

When the sickness at last subsided and Craddock, clear in mind, looked humbly into his face to ask forgiveness for the old offence, Craig found almost to his own surprise that his anger had gone and he himself seemed to be the one who was trying to offer excuses for his conduct; in the genuine happiness that suffused the sick man's face he discovered that the old affection of his boyhood friend still lived, and his own long dormant affection stirred again.

Craddock told him of his position in a nearby settlement as a lumber scaler, necessitating trips through the wilderness, and how he had lost his way on a strange road the night that Craig had saved him. Craddock hesitated to speak of Jean, but Craig among other surprising discoveries had found that the thought of Jean brought him no pain whatever; she too had been merely an ideal.

So the two, friends once more, had once again set out upon the trail together; Craddock's way would lead to the home in the nearby town, where loved ones waited for him; Craig would follow the steps of the mission Father, whose words had found their way to his inmost heart.



ST. MARY'S INDIAN SCHOOL

By Sr. M. Mucaria, O. S. F.

(Concluded)

BACK once more to the painful question: "Must we leave the school?" Some said, "Why do you wish to stay here? If one of these children is lost you will never hear the end of it." We, however, were slow to abandon the school. Horses, cattle, and fowl could not be left to starve. Should the water enter the school, there was furniture to be moved to the second floor; in short, there were three "pros" to every "con" in favor of our remaining. It is hardly to be wondered at that this decision appeared foolhardy to those who said, "The wise man sees his danger, but the fool perishes therein," and as the water continued to rise, some of our friends thought we must "pull out," as they expressed it. "It is easy enough for you to do so," replied a Sister, "but we are leaving the fruit of twenty-six years of hard labor." Even after the flood was over, some blamed us for having remained. On hearing it, a Sister remarked, "I had such confidence that the school would be spared, that even had it been swept into the lake, I would still have expected that we should all land on a high dry spot."

As to the actual danger we were in at the time, the reader may judge for himself. That the volume of water which had poured into the town was greater even than that of Niagara is vouched for by men of accurate judgment and sober statements. This assertion may be confirmed by two other noteworthy facts: Two men in charge of a farm some distance from the town were surprised by the flood, and they and their dog had to seek safety in the tree-tops. There they remained two nights and a day, descending only far enough to dip up a little water in the palms of

their hands, which they were glad to drink despite the fact that it was full of sand; for the water had come in so suddenly that they had had no time to think of taking any food or drink with them. These men could see the water at some distance higher up than the trees in which they were stationed, and declare that it must have been fully sixty feet deep only a few miles distant, that is, at the falls in Bad River.

Again, at no great distance from Odanah, is a railroad fill, a mile in length and ninety feet high, and throughout the entire length of the fill, the water lacked only two feet of reaching the top. Think what it would have meant had that volume of water, a mile in width and eighty-eight feet in depth, reached Odanah! The old lumbermen say that even had all the water at the falls only, that is, ten miles up the river, reached Odanah, instead of spreading itself out over the intervening country, there is not the slightest doubt but that Odanah would have been literally washed from the face of the earth. That the water was twenty-two feet high, only a mile or two from the town is still evidenced by the fact that a log then floating upon the water is at present lodged, at that height, in the top of a tree.

Though we were not conscious of these facts at the time, we fully realized our danger, and the responsibility for the lives of about eighty children was a motive for departing that might not be overlooked; and though there was danger of losing one or the other child by taking them out in small launches, there was the possibility of losing all by remaining in the school. Hence, though our confidence that the school would be

spared never wavered, prudence demanded that we take the necessary precautions for the preservation of the lives of those committed to our care. On Thursday, therefore, we decided to take the children to Ashland, unless the water had fallen by a certain hour.

The fateful hour had almost arrived, and each child was given a small bundle of clothing to carry, in the hope that this would fix their attention and thus prevent restlessness which might result in the falling overboard of one or the other child. As we stood on the front porch, gazing sadly upon our surroundings, one of the older girls clung to the supports, and wept piteously, saying, "Sister, must we leave our dear old home? Why do you not hang a picture of the Madonna out on one of the trees? That beautiful Madonna (referring to an oil painting upstairs) will never permit us to leave St. Mary's." "Get it," said Sister. It was brought, the girls throwing out planks and rendering other assistance until the picture of our heavenly Mother was firmly fastened to a tree—the same tree on which, hardly a year before a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel was hung, when invoking her protection against the dreaded forest fires! Even while we were in the very act of hanging out the picture of the Madonna, the water was pouring into a crevice above the rainboard in the front part of the house, while in the back part, it was actually standing three feet deep in our furnace and engine rooms.

On discovering that the water was flowing in over the rainboard, we made an inspection tour of all the rooms on the first floor, but did not find the water entering any one of them. This is one of the strange facts connected with the occurrence, and, while it may be possible to explain it in a natural way we prefer to consider it a merciful dispensation of a loving

Providence. It had taken over a quarter of a century to render the interior of the house what it was—a model of neatness and a scene of beauty. Were all the labor required to do this overturned in a single night, we felt that it would require a greater miracle on the part of God to instil the necessary courage to begin this entire work anew, than it did to prevent the water from entering the school. Great and almost irreparable as was the loss of our entire hay crop and the destruction of our meadow, a great part of which was covered by sand to a depth of three feet, together with other outside losses amounting in all to several thousand dollars, we could forget it in time at least; but, had all the rooms on the first floor been destroyed, the ruin would confront us so incessantly that it would become almost unbearable. The sight of our back yard, at which we worked for weeks before it was even apparent that we were endeavoring to put things to right once more, was one of the trying features of the disastrous flood. And our meadow! It was estimated that 8000 loads of sand, carried in by the powerful current were removed for filling up gullies in what was once the main road of the village; yet, for years after, whenever we were in need of sand, we had only to drive into that meadow and load up. A clearer idea of the amount carried in may be gained from the following fact: Logs and other materials formed a sort of dam in the river near the school, and being allowed to remain, year after year, an enormous sand bar was finally formed there, so that the depth of the river at that particular point might be measured with an eight foot pole. This sand bar was swept out by the current into our field and, as a result, the depth of the river at that same point was increased fourfold, being now thirty-two feet deep, instead of eight.

But our thoughts have carried us in advance of the moment when it was decided to leave the school. In that moment of grief and anxiety, not only some of the girls wept, but even the Sisters broke down. Yet after we had hung out the beautiful oil painting of our Blessed Lady, all seemed more hopeful. Truly was Mary our "Star of the Sea," and we were convinced that the water had already begun to subside, but so imperceptibly, that it was doubted by some. Sometime, however, before the final hour fixed for our departure, it had fallen so visibly as to place the fact beyond all doubt, the marks on the trees and other objects bearing silent but effective witness to the fact. Of course, we did not leave the school, although several parties in Ashland offered rooms for the use of the children, and Sr. M. Anne, superior of the school for Indian children at Bayfield, even came over to Ashland to extend us an invitation through our Sisters there to partake of her hospitality; while our own dear Ashland Sisters only awaited the opportunity of extending to us a most cordial welcome.

The havoc wrought by the flood can not be described. Imagine a town swept by a tornado and shaken by an earthquake, and you have some idea of the scene Odanah presented when the water had subsided. Roads and streets were a thing of the past, immense gullies occupying their sites. Parts of the railroad track hung suspended over chasms thirty or forty feet in depth. When the tracks were finally repaired so as to allow light passenger trains to move very slowly over them, one shuddered as he gazed into the depths below. At the rear of our gymnasium, a gulley two hundred feet in length, thirty feet wide, and six feet deep was formed. The earth was washed out from under the building, leaving the concrete piers on which it rested exposed to a great

depth. Here again, the Providence of God was visibly manifested, for this was the only part of the school having a foundation able to resist the destructive torrent pouring in at that point. Had the same thing occurred at any other part of the building, it must necessarily have resulted seriously for us. We might ask, too, why the current which carried so much sand into our meadow, swept directly north, when the general course of the river near the school is east. We shall not attempt an answer; but one thing is almost certain: Had that current swept east instead of north, the school might have been here after the flood, but it would doubtless have resembled other buildings around us, a few of which were so dilapidated that no attempt was made to repair them.

Again, an idea of the destruction wrought by the flood may be gained from the fact that the railroad company had large crews of men working day and night for months, repairing the damage along the railroad track alone, while the people's loss in furniture only was so great that a single store in Ashland sold \$7,000 worth of furniture to the people here, in a single month. When it is remembered that the Indian people do most of their trading at the store connected with the Lumber Company here, and that, therefore, \$7,000 was only a small part of the amount which was expended, as a result of the flood for furniture alone, some idea of the total loss may be gained. Still, when three or four months later, the town was, in a certain sense, rebuilt; roads, bridges, and sidewalks, replaced; our school reopened with an attendance undiminished by the departure of former pupils, or the outbreak of any disease—a matter for special gratitude, since a general epidemic was feared, as a result of the flood—we gratefully exclaimed, "*Deus, Deus est meus! Bonus est Deus.*" Even immediately after the flood, there was one bright

spot, which in the midst of the ruin surrounding us, reminded one of the oasis of the desert—it was our school, practically unharmed by the catastrophe, resembling the ark of old, and what was more apparent to the people of the town—our front yard with its quaint grotto of our Lady of Lourdes, and both yard and grotto even more beautiful than before the flood, not a flower in the yard apparently injured, not a stone of our Lady's grotto loosened! When just one week from the day we stood on the front porch seriously considering our departure to Ashland, we again stood there, admiring the beauty and order that reigned about us, we were filled with admiration at the thought that this was the only spot in Odanah that did not speak of the terrible flood, for our barnyards and schoolyards told tales of destruction, and the premises of our many neighbors told more tales than we can ever transmit to paper. But our front yard spoke only of our Lady's protection, her shrine seemed brighter, and we fervently repeated Mary's sublime prayer: "My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

Great is the debt of thanks we owe to those who during those days offered prayers for our safety; deep our gratitude to those, who, forgetting themselves, spared no trouble to assist us; and among these we may mention our former good Bishop, Rt. Rev. A. F. Schinner who could hardly wait for a train to take him to Ashland, though he knew Odanah could be reached only by water, from the nearest station on either side. Joy prevailed over every other sentiment as he sailed up to our doors in a launch. We also recall with gratitude, the solicitude of the good priest Father Optatus Loeffler, O.F.M., now at Quincy, Ill., who remained with us during those trying days, though we expressly told him to consider his own safety, and even to remove the Blessed Sacrament, in order that he might not be obliged to

remain, as we were willing to stay even without our Blessed Lord's Sacramental Presence. The services of Mr. Schrank who brought us drinking water all the way from Ashland can not be overestimated. But what shall we say of the gratitude we owe to God who inspired all this solicitude in our behalf? What of the protection so visibly manifested, and which Mary's intercession had won for us? Realizing the immense debt of gratitude we owed to God and His Blessed Mother, the walls of our little chapel for many evenings after resounded with the inspired canticle of our Heavenly Queen, and though its sublime words have often been wafted heavenward by sweeter voices, never, perhaps, have the chanters had more reason to pour forth their grateful hearts in its sublime words than the Sisters of St. Mary's, for "He that is mighty has done great things for us," and His Mother has shown herself our own dear Mother, our Star of the Sea.

Our financial losses, we feel, were made good, through the intercession of Blessed Joan of Arc. Some months previous to the flood, we had been trying to raise funds for some special improvements and, as the process of the beatification of the Maid of Orleans, was at that time under consideration, we promised if any notable contribution was obtained, to publish the favor. Petitions to several wealthy persons were met by refusals, and as the weeks wore on, we forgot to expect anything exceptional, forgot, almost, the promise we had made to the servant of God; when from a most unexpected source, from one whom we had never met, and of whom we had never heard, we received \$3000. The donor felt he could contribute to no more worthy a cause than that of our Catholic Indian Schools, and good Bishop Schinner who knew most intimately our school's financial needs, heartily approved of the contribution.

ON THE PERFECTION OF LIFE

From the Latin of Saint Bonaventure

By Fr. Jasper, O.F.M.

Zeal in Prayer

FOR a spouse of Christ who desires to make progress in perfection it is very necessary to exercise her soul continually in zealous prayer and devotion, because an indevout and lukewarm religious who does not pray without ceasing, is, in very truth, not only wretched and worthless, but, what is more, he carries before God in a living body a dead soul. For, since the virtue of devotion is of such efficacy that it alone conquers the temptations and wiles of the wicked enemy who alone hinders the servant of God from rising on high to heaven, it is not to be wondered at that he who does not practice zealous and assiduous prayer, will often in his wretchedness succumb to temptations. Hence St. Isidore says, "The remedy for him who is excited by the allurements of vice is this: as often as he is attacked by any vice, let him have recourse to prayer, because frequent prayer puts a stop to the assaults of vice." And this is what the Lord says in the Gospel, *Watch ye, and pray that ye enter not into temptation* (Matth. 26, 41). Devout prayer is of such power that it avails for all things and at all times—in winter and in summer, in fair and rainy weather, by night and by day, on festive and on ordinary days, in sickness and in health, in youth and in old age, standing, sitting, and walking, in choir and out of choir. Yes, sometimes we gain more by one hour of prayer than all the world can afford; because by a short devout prayer man may obtain the kingdom of heaven. But that you may know how and in what manner you ought to pray, I will instruct you in so far as the Lord has given me grace to do so, although in this matter

I am more in need of instruction than you.

Know, then, worthy servant of God, that unto perfect prayer three things are necessary. The first thing you must do when you are at prayer and have raised body and soul to God and shut up all your senses, is to *think quietly and with a sorrowful and contrite heart over all your miseries, namely, present, past, and future.*—First, you must consider with care how great and how many the sins are that you have committed in all the days of your life; how many and how great the good deeds are that you have omitted both in the world and in the Order; how many and how great the graces of your Creator are that you have frequently lost.—You must also consider, how far from God you have gone through sin, who were at one time so near to Him; how unlike to God you have become, who were at one time so like to Him; how beautiful once was your soul, which is now very ugly and defiled.—You must consider whither you will go through sin, namely, to the gates of hell; what awaits you, namely, the dreadful day of judgment; what will be rendered to you for all this, namely, eternal death in the flames.—And immediately you must for all this strike your breast with the Publican, and with David the Prophet you must roar with the groaning of your heart (Ps. 37, 9), and with Mary Magdalen you must with tears wash the feet (Lk. 7, 38) of the Lord Jesus; and you must not observe any measure in your tears, because without measure you have offended your beloved Jesus. And this is what St. Isidore says, "When we are in prayer before God, we must sigh and weep, remembering how grievous are the sins which we

have committed, and how severe are the pains of hell which we fear." Such tearful meditations must be the beginning of your prayer.

The second thing that is necessary for a spouse of God when at prayer, is *an act of thanksgiving*; namely, that she render thanks to her Creator in all humility for the benefits she has received and will yet receive. This St. Paul, the Apostle, counsels in his Epistle to the Colossians, saying, *Be instant in prayer, watching in it with thanksgiving* (Col. 4, 2). For there is nothing which makes man so worthy of the gifts of God, as to thank God always for benefits received. Therefore St. Augustine writes to Aurelius, "What can be better to bear in mind, to pronounce with the mouth, and to write with the pen than *Deo gratias* (Thanks be to God)? Nothing shorter than this can be said, nothing more agreeable can be heard, nothing grander can be thought, nothing more useful can be done." When praying, therefore, you must consider with gratitude that God made you a human being; that He made you a Christian; that He forgave you innumerable sins; that you would have fallen into many sins if the Lord had not protected you; that He did not permit you to die in the world; that He called you to a most exalted and perfect religious state of life; and that without your labor He has nourished you and does so still; that for you He became man, was circumcised and baptized; that for you He became poor and naked, humble and despised; that on your account He fasted, hungered, thirsted, labored, and wearied; that on your account He wept and sweat blood and fed you with His most holy Body and gave you His most precious Blood to drink; that on your account He received blows, was spit upon and derided and scourged; that on your account He was crucified, wounded, and put to the most shameful and bitter death, and thus redeem-

ed you; that He was buried, rose again, ascended into heaven, and sent the Holy Ghost; and that to you and all his elect He has promised to give the kingdom of heaven. Such an act of thanksgiving is very useful for prayer, and without it prayer has no power. For "ingratitude," as St. Bernard observes, "is a scorching wind, which dries up the source of devotion, the dew of mercy, and the fountains of grace."

The third thing that is required for perfect prayer is, that your mind *think of nothing else in prayer*, but of what you pray. For it is very unbecoming to speak to God with the mouth and to think of something else in the heart; that one half of the heart be turned to heaven and the other half be kept on earth. Such a prayer is never heard by the Lord. Wherefore, an explanatory note on that text of the Psalm, *I cried with my whole heart, hear me, O Lord* (118, 145), says, "A divided heart obtains nothing." The servant of God should, therefore, during the time of prayer call back her heart from all exterior cares, from all worldly desires, from all sensual love, into her interior; and with her whole heart and her whole mind turn to Him to whom she directs her prayer. This counsel your Spouse Jesus gives to you in the Gospel, saying, *But thou when thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber, and having shut the door, pray to thy Father* (Matth. 6, 6). Then *have you entered into the chamber* when you have called back into the solitude of your heart all your thoughts, all your desires, all your affections; then *have you shut your door* when you watch over your heart so diligently that you can not be hindered in your devotion by any thoughts and imaginations. For "prayer," according to St. Augustine, "is the turning of the mind to God by pious and humble affection." Hear, O servant of Jesus Christ, *hear and incline thy ear to the words*

of my mouth (Ps. 44, 11 & 77, 1). Be not led astray, be not deceived, do not lose the great fruit of your prayer, do not forfeit that sweetness, be not deprived of that delight which you ought to draw from prayer. For prayer is a means by which the grace of the Holy Ghost is drawn from that fountain of overflowing sweetness which is the Most Blessed Trinity. This the devout Prophet David experienced, who said, *I opened my mouth*, explains St. Augustine, "by praying, asking, and knocking," and *I panted*, that is, "I drew," (i. e., the good spirit through which I could do what I was unable to do by my own strength). Have I not already told you what prayer is? Listen again. "Prayer is the turning of the mind to God." Do you wish to know how you must turn your mind to God? Attend. When you are at prayer, you must wholly recollect yourself and with your Beloved enter into the chamber of your heart and stay with Him alone, and forgetting all exterior things you must with your whole heart, mind, affection, desire, and devotion raise yourself above yourself. Nor must you relax your spirit from prayer, but rather ascend on high through ardent devotion until *you go over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the house of God* (Ps. 41, 5), and there having beheld in some way with the eye of your heart your Beloved and *having tasted, how sweet the Lord is* (Ps. 33, 9), and *how great the multitude of His sweetness is* (Ps. 30, 20), hasten to his embrace and kiss Him with ardent lips of heartfelt devotion, that thus carried wholly beyond yourself, wholly rapt into heaven, wholly transformed into Christ, you may no longer hold back your spirit, but exclaim with David, the Prophet and say, *My soul hath refused to be comforted; I remembered God, and was delighted*

(Ps. 76, 3 & 4).

But that your heart, dear mother, may be raised still higher by means of devout prayer and be inflamed with still greater love for God, observe carefully that in three ways we are led to ecstasy of mind; sometimes by the greatness of *devotion*, sometimes by the greatness of *admiration*, sometimes by the greatness of *exultation*.

Sometimes, I say, it happens by reason of the greatness of *devotion* "that the mind has no longer command over itself, and being raised above itself it passes into ecstasy, when we are so much inflamed with heavenly desires that all exterior things are turned into bitterness and loathing, and the flame of ardent love increases beyond human bounds, which makes the soul, melted like wax, lose sight of itself, and raises it on high like smoke of incense, and sends it heavenwards."¹ Then we are forced to exclaim with the Prophet and to say, *For Thee my flesh and my heart hath fainted away: Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion forever* (Ps. 72, 26).

Sometimes it also happens by reason of the greatness of *admiration*, that "the mind, illumined by divine light and spellbound by the admiration of the Supreme Beauty, is seized with so great astonishment that it is entirely carried away from its ordinary condition, and like a *flash of lightning*—the more profoundly it is cast down to its very nothingness by self-contempt when beholding the Unseen Beauty, the more highly and the more swiftly it is raised on high, being lifted and rapt above itself by the ardor of heavenly desires."² Then it is forced to exclaim with holy Esther, *I saw thee, my lord, as an angel of God, and my heart was troubled for fear of thy majesty. For thou, my lord, art very admirable, and thy face is full of graces* (Chap. 15, 16).

Sometimes it also happens by reason of the greatness of *exultation*, that "the mind, being drunk, yea, fully inebriated, with that most rare abundance of interior sweetness, wholly forgets what it is and has been, and is transformed into a certain supernatural condition, being rapt in a certain state of wonderful happiness."³ Then it is forced to exclaim and say with the Prophet, *How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God* (Ps. 83, 2-4).

Thus, then, must the servant of God exercise her soul in zealous and devout prayer, and learn by means of frequent prayer, by the eye of a cleansed and purified heart, by an indefatigable spirit of devotion, how she is made fit to contemplate divine things and to taste of the pleasantness of heavenly sweetness. For it does not behoove a soul that is signed with the image of God and adorned with the likeness of God and redeemed

by the blood of God and destined to possess God, to flutter about these temporal things, but she ought to *ascend upon the cherubim, and to fly upon the wings of the winds* (Ps. 17, 11), that is, the choirs of the Angels, to contemplate the Blessed Trinity and Christ's Humanity and to meditate on the glory and joy of the heavenly citizens, namely, the Angels and all the Saints.—But where are those nowadays who give themselves to such meditations, who seek out the joys of heaven, whose conversation is in heaven with heart and soul? They are rare. To some religious, therefore, may well be applied the words which St. Bernard spoke, "They whose endeavor it ought to be to penetrate the heavens by their devotion, to visit in spirit the celestial mansions, to salute the Apostles and the host of Prophets, and to admire the triumphs of the Martyrs, they—setting all this aside—give themselves to the disgraceful servitude of the body to obey the flesh and to satisfy their gluttonous belly."

SOME ASPECTS OF THE FIRST FRANCISCAN RULE

By Marian Nesbitt, Tertiary

WHEN we read the primitive Rule of our Seraphic Father, that which he wrote in the wonderful early years of his glorious apostolate, we are struck by its practical wisdom as much as by the idealism and fervor that run, like an undercurrent of joyous melody, through each separate passage. Brief though it is, because, as St. Bonaventure tells us, "He (i. e. Francis) wrote for himself and his brethren in simple words, . . . taking the observance of the Gospel as an inviolable foundation," yet it contains all that is "necessary for

a uniform mode of life." It cheers, moreover, that while the Little Poor One was, to quote Fr. Cuthbert's apt description, "from beginning to end an idealist and a poet," he was also a man of sound judgment and good sense. Nowhere, perhaps, is this more marked, than in the enactment concerning the exercise of the various gifts and talents of the different members of the fraternity. "The brethren," it says, "who know how to work, shall work, and exercise the same craft which they know, if it be not against their soul's salvation, and

they can honestly exercise it. . . . And let every man abide in the craft and office wherein he is called."

It was such rules as this, that made the friars so popular with all classes. Their utter detachment, and absolute renunciation of the world, and of all private property—even to the smallest personal possession—enabled them to bridge the almost impassible gulf which yawned between class and class; for even the poorest could not turn from those who, by profession, honored poverty—nay more, had taken her for their chosen bride. In this connection, it must be remembered that the Grey Brethren usually settled themselves in the poorest quarters of each town, where the rapid progress of population had far outstripped the sanitary regulations of the Middle Ages, and where, in the wretched hovels of the suburbs, fever and the more terrible scourge of leprosy rendered their work physical as well as moral.

The study of medicine, pursued by the friars in order that the cure of the soul might follow that of the body, brought them into close contact with suffering in every shape and form. Social outcast though he was, the leper found in them a friend and physician, and, what was more, a neighbor; for it was to such haunts as these, amidst the mean huts of mud and timber which formed the most crowded noisome streets, that Francis pointed his disciples. It was there they lived and studied, toiled and thought and wrought for the good of their fellow men; though "the whole temper of the age," says a modern historian, "was against scientific or philosophical studies." The older enthusiasm for knowledge was already dying down, and literature in its purer forms, almost extinct, yet it was Brother Agnellus of Pisa, the first provincial of the first English province, who realized with unerring judgment, that science and learning were

to be one of the chief means by which the Franciscans could best aid in bringing about that regeneration of society upon which their Seraphic Founder's hopes were set.

It was amongst the Grey Brethren that we find men like Friar Roger Bacon who, from his youth up, as he himself tells us, "labored at the sciences and tongues." "I have caused youths to be instructed in languages, geometry, arithmetic, the construction of tables and instruments, and many needful things besides," he writes, and this, despite the fact already alluded to, that the difficulties in the way of such studies were immense. In truth, it was in the ranks of the friars themselves that the intellectual progress of the universities found its highest representative; and "it is to the new clearness and precision which they gave to scientific inquiry," says W. Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, "as well as to the strong popular sympathies which their very constitution necessitated," that we must attribute their influence.

The insanitary condition of English towns in the thirteenth century has already been referred to. A good water supply was then a thing almost unknown, and it must never be forgotten how much we owe to the friars especially to the Franciscans, in this respect; for the conduits made at their suggestion, benefitted not their friaries only, but the whole surrounding neighborhood. At Bristol, where a spring of water had been given to King Edward I for their use, the conduit was arranged with such skill, that though it has been running for more than six centuries, it is still the source of the supply of the All Saints conduit.

Again, the Brethren seem to have been skilled in husbandry. At Hereford, they grew corn, and also hay, though true to their vocation of poverty, "they possessed no rents but

their gardens." At Llaufaes, they grew corn and kept sheep. They were, moreover, expected to cultivate the few acres on which, no matter how small the site, their friary stood; that the areas were very far from being extensive we see from a glance into old records. At Southampton, we are told, the Franciscans (Observants) "had only one acre and a washing yard;" but a few of the houses had a pasture and arable land; and Preston, besides a fair number of acres, had a water mill as well as a windmill.

Noted as the English Franciscan Province unquestionably was for its strict adherence to each article of their Seraphic Father's Rule, we are not surprised to learn that skilled religious were to be found amongst them, particularly at Greenwich; whilst chroniclers of the Order show that a friar painted the pulpit at Gloucester, and "Nicholas de Renham did smith's work for the chapel of St. Louis in the London convent." Agair, we read that "the organs of York cathedral were taken to the Grey Friars to be mended, in 1485."

But, above all, it was by their preaching that the Sons of St. Francis won the hearts of the people. Here the results of deep study were made manifest in that winning simplicity of style which is the reward of incessant labor and profound knowledge. "The mysteries of the life and death of our Lord were vividly portrayed," and

their sacred lessons brought home to the hearts and impressed on the minds of the listeners by some anecdote which gave them a practical connection with the trials and duties that form part of this earthly pilgrimage. It is interesting to note that the friary of Coventry was famous on account of the Mystery or Miracle-Plays enacted there during the octave of Corpus Christi. At a period when books were rare and reading, at least among the masses, comparatively unknown, these dramas, performed under the direction of the friars, played no small part in educating and elevating the minds of the multitude. "In this country (England)," says W. Morley, "the taste for miracle-plays was blended with the old desire to diffuse as far as possible, a knowledge of religious truth; and therefore the sets of miracle-plays, acted by our town guilds, placed in the streets as completely as might be, a living picture-Bible before the eyes of the people." (See a *Free Sketch of English Literature*.)

The fame of the Coventry plays spread far and wide; and many were the crowds of devout persons who resorted thither in order to be present at them. It may be mentioned in conclusion, that Edward the Black Prince granted the friars at Coventry a free access to his park through a private door, "for the benefit of the sick and infirm."



THE ANGELUS—MILLET'S CANVAS

A moment's pause in the daily strife,
 At the sound of the distant bell,
 With hearts uplifted, the reverent lips
 The age-old story tells;
 Tell it to Him, to their loving God,
 At morning, at noon, at night,
 And it warms God's heart to all His world,
 Ayè! it thrills Him with delight!

Know you the words of the beautiful prayer
 The reverent lips essay,
 Those rapturous words of thanksgiving for
 The dawn of the world's great day,
 When God's Archangel to Mary comes,
 Declaring that she shall be
 Transcendently blessed, God's shining link
 With fallen humanity?

The Word was made Flesh: Stupendous love
 By the Godhead shown, that we
 Of no deservings, because of sin,
 Might share His eternity,
 'Mid scenes whose splendor the finite mind
 Of man lacks power to conceive;
 The only price He exacts of us—
 That we see, we love, believe!

"For God so loved the world that He sent
 His only begotten Son,"
 To pay on the cross the fearful price,
 That His children, every one,
 Whether white or black, whether bond or free
 When endeth this earthly strife,
 In the spangled fields of paradise
 Might have everlasting life.

Our pair as pictured have ever sought
 That pearl of supremest price;
 Ah, well they appraise the boon to them
 Of the Savior's sacrifice!
 From lisping babyhood, each one
 Has pondered in inmost heart
 The joyous tidings, the Angel's words
 To the children of men impart.

Think you that they are downcast, sad?
 Instead they are filled with joy.
 The Holy Spirit, the Paraclete,—
 His gift—and without alloy.
 And that is why in that moment's pause,
 They the age-old story tell
 With uplifted hearts to their loving God,
 At the sound of the Angelus bell!

—James C. Nolan, Tertiary

INDULGENCES CONNECTED WITH THE DEVOTION TO ST. FRANCIS

By Fr. Honoratus, O.F.M.

AFTER the dutiful devotion to the Immaculate and ever blessed Virgin Mary, as the special Patroness of the Three Orders of St. Francis, the members of the Seraphic family must ever deem it their foremost duty to venerate their common and holy Father, because he is a sublime model for the imitation of Christ and their chief guide in the spiritual life, whom they follow as disciples and children. When we behold what admiration and veneration St. Francis enjoys with all the faithful, yes, with such as are outside the pale of the Church, should we, who style ourselves his children, not feel ashamed if we permitted others to outdo us in love and veneration for him? How much Holy Church desires the veneration of St. Francis of Assisi we can see from the indulgences she has attached to the devotions in his honor.

1. *A plenary indulgence for the feast of St. Francis and its octave.* Pope Leo XIII, who during his glorious pontificate repeatedly drew the attention of the whole Christian world to the Seraphic Patriarch of Assisi and recommended him for the veneration and imitation of the faithful, granted, by a special brief of June 11, 1883, to all the faithful, a plenary indulgence, provided they receive the sacraments on the feast of St. Francis or on one of the seven days following, devoutly visit any church, and there pray for the needs of the Church and the conversion of sinners. This indulgence was at first granted only for ten years, but after the lapse of the first ten years it was renewed for another ten years. Pius X approved this plenary indulgence, by a brief, dated February 29, 1904, under the same conditions, for all times, and, as he

emphasizes in this brief, with the intention that the feast of St. Francis be celebrated over the whole globe with greater spiritual benefit.

This plenary indulgence connected with the feast of St. Francis, has been granted not only for the members of the Seraphic family, but for all the faithful without distinction. Moreover, this indulgence can be gained, not only in Franciscan churches, as is the case with indulgences on the other feasts of the Order, but in all the churches and public chapels of the world. Next, to make it easier for those who are hindered by their calling to fulfill the conditions, this indulgence can be gained, not only on the feast itself, that is, on the 4th of October, but on any other convenient day within the octave; hence, till October 11, so that, for instance, the faithful may receive the sacraments on the Saturday or the Sunday following the feast. The conditions are those which are commonly required, namely, besides the reception of the sacraments, a devout visit to any church or public chapel and prayers for the intention of the Holy Father. No other special devotion is prescribed.

2. *A partial indulgence for the novena and the month in honor of St. Francis.* In the same brief of June 11, 1883, in which Pope Leo XIII, of blessed memory, granted a plenary indulgence for the feast of St. Francis, he likewise conceded an indulgence of 300 days to those who assist at a novena or any other devotion, held in honor of St. Francis, for a month in any church. Also, this indulgence Pope Pius X has, by the brief of February 29, 1904, ratified for all times to come. It is likewise granted not

only to the members of the three Orders of St. Francis, but to all Christians who assist at such a devotion. Moreover, this indulgence can be gained in any church or public chapel, even though it is not affiliated with any of the three Orders of St. Francis. But the novena, as well as the devotion, must be public, so that a person could not gain this indulgence by a private novena or a monthly devotion in honor of St. Francis.

With regard to the time of this two-fold devotion, the papal document makes no prescription; both the novena and the monthly devotion in honor of St. Francis may be held at any time of the year, provided it consists of nine consecutive days or a whole month respectively. True, it is becoming to make the novena just before the principal feast of St. Francis, from September 25 to October 3, and to have the monthly devotion in the month of October, or, if this is not practicable, on account of the Rosary devotion, in the month of September. Still, it is left to the discretion of the pastors of the churches, as well as to the superiors of religious communities, to fix the time and to prescribe what prayers shall be recited at this novena or monthly devotion in honor of St. Francis.

To gain the above mentioned indulgence, it is sufficient to be present at the devotion, without saying any additional prayer for the needs of the Church. Nor is it necessary that the single faithful be present every day of the novena or monthly devotion to gain the indulgence, but the faithful can gain this indulgence every time they assist at such a public devotion. Even though this indulgence, connect-

ed with the public novena or monthly devotion in honor of St. Francis, is not an extraordinary one, yet it serves the purpose of filling his numerous clients and spiritual children with renewed love for him, by regular and pious assistance at this devotion, recommended by the Church, and of maintaining and increasing in them a holy desire to follow their Seraphic Father.

3. *A Plenary Indulgence, for five Sundays, in honor of the Sacred Stigmata of St. Francis.* This privilege Pope Leo XIII granted, on November 21, 1885, to all the faithful, who on five successive Sundays meditate piously and say some vocal prayer or practice some work of Christian piety in honor of the glorious Stigmata of the Seraphic Saint, provided they comply with the ordinary conditions prescribed for the gaining of a plenary indulgence.

The devotion of the five Sundays in honor of the Stigmata of St. Francis was first enriched with a plenary indulgence only for the faithful of the Apostolic Vicariate of Northwestern Hupe, China, which Vicariate is entrusted to the Franciscans. But, yielding to the entreaties of the Order, Pope Leo XIII extended this privilege to all the faithful of the entire globe.

For the devotion in honor of the Stigmata one can choose either the five Sundays preceding the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis (September 17), or any other five successive Sundays during the year. Also, the devotion to be held is left to every individual. We are at liberty to recite a set form of prayer for this purpose, or to assist at a holy Mass, and so on.



THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Conducted for our Women Readers

By Grace Strong

DURING the last days of June, the Catholic Educational Association held its annual convention in St. Louis, and the delegates—Priests, Sisters, Brothers, with some of the laity—represented every section of the United States. It is doubtful if ever a more inspiring sight was witnessed in the splendid new Cathedral of St. Louis than that of the Pontifical Mass, with which the convention opened, and during which his Grace, Archbishop Glennon, delivered a notable sermon. Almost every teaching Order of women in the country sent its delegates, and they, with the local Sisterhoods, filled the pews in the main aisles of the Cathedral, while those in the side aisles were reserved for the clergymen and the Brothers.

"I have never seen anything like that!" observed a woman reporter, indicating the nuns. "Look at those hundreds of women in habit and veil! It's no wonder the Catholic Church is the power she is!"

When that vast audience filed out of the Cathedral for the convention hall, and one caught a glimpse of the faces above the Roman collar or under the veil,—serene, intellectual, with devotion to their exalted calling fairly radiating from their countenances, one realized that with such an auxiliary the Church ought to be by far a greater power than she is.

One reason why she is not, is because the work of those educators does not reach far enough. That it does not, is no fault of theirs, but of Catholic parents. The teachers are there, the schools are there, but the pupils are not. I am not alluding to those parents, who, despite their

known duty, do not patronize Catholic schools (they are the forces we must always reckon with), but that solid, practical body that builds the churches and schools and maintains them, besides meeting all the other calls of religion. That they so often neglect this so vital a part of their duty, the education of their children, is one of the paradoxes that life presents.

Until the law set the age limit at which children could go to work, the completion of the eighth grade annually threw an army of our boys and girls on the labor market; and the September day that should have found them on their way back to the school, saw them, instead, already breaking under their few weeks of toil.

What was the result? What is still the result?

The war gave us one eloquent answer. There were plenty of Catholic privates, but few Catholic officers, for officers must be men of education. It was equally true of women's organizations. There was no end of Catholic workers, but Catholic leaders were again in the minority. Now it will not do to raise the old cry of religious prejudice. There may be individual cases where its influence is operative, but given training, ability, and the will to employ it, that person simply can not be held out of his or her rightful place.

Let us rather admit the fact—we were not, as a body, equal to the occasion, because—I hate to say it, knowing so well their devotion—of the selfishness of Catholic parents.

I know the strain it was to keep Dick and Alice in the grades, and that five dollars a week would help so much toward the family expenses.

But Dick and Alice were exceptionally bright children. Given a high school education they would have had a substantial foundation for a business-career, with its better remuneration, instead of being what they now are—parts of the machinery they operate, discontented and unhappy as those always are, who know themselves fitted for better things, wider opportunities.

I know also the strain it was to send James and Ruth through high school and their sixty dollars a month as clerk or stenographer meant so much toward the upkeep of the home. But had James and Ruth been given the college career they were equal to, they would have won a place for themselves in the professional world, instead of being mere cogs in the wheel of some corporation. It required in both cases only a little further hard pulling on the part of the parents, a few more years of sacrifice; then they could have quit with the consoling knowledge that they had done their duty to the utmost, that their children would begin life further on the way than their parents had, and be better fitted to provide for their children.

I hear protesting voices against my charge of selfishness. The parents, I am told, were willing to make the further sacrifice, but the children would not take the high school course, would not go to college. There are, of course, the exceptions, but generally this is only another phase of parental selfishness. A sullen, rebellious boy or girl is a disturbing element, and so for peace sake—Or it grieves the parents to see their child unhappy, and so—. What is that but seeking to spare self? And how often in the after years has not that child cried to those parents in bitter upbraiding—"I was only a child, what did I know of the value of an education? You were older and wiser and it was your duty to exact obedience of me."

Besides this parental duty there is the civic and religious duty. You

want your child to be a good citizen, a good Catholic, and we know that one of the greatest helps toward this is education.

The time was when conscientious parents found it hard and costly to obtain a Catholic education for their children. But this is no longer the case, except in localities still in a pioneer condition. Catholic universities, Catholic colleges for both boys and girls, Catholic high schools dot the land, and their terms are within the reach of nearly all.

Now during these few remaining days of vacation make your resolve that your children are going to have the advantages of higher education. The new times upon which we are entering make a severe demand for efficient and special training. Old things are passing away, more truly move rapidly than ever before in the history of the race. The new era is before us, and the men and women who have the best mental equipment are the ones who will grasp its greater opportunities.

In that new era Catholics must come up to their rightful place, be no longer the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Our power will then be felt, and as long as the Catholic body remains true to the teachings of Christ, that power must always be rightly employed.

Turning Our Clouds Inside Out

"IT is a marvel to me how some persons hold their positions," complained a woman to her companion, as she turned away from a glove counter. "Now I really want a pair of driving gloves, in fact, must have them, and that girl had a sale waiting for her, if she only knew how to make it."

The woman went off, still complaining. As I had been an interested spectator I could not but echo her surprise as to how the girl held her place.

Her attitude toward her customer was this: You don't want these gloves, you have no intention of buying them and I am not going to take any interest in you, as I begrudge the time and effort lost in getting the other gloves out of the case.

There is no doubt that the work of a saleswoman is as nerve-racking as falls to the lot of a human—if you go at it from the wrong angle. From the right one, it could be made highly interesting. The proper study of mankind is man, the Poet tells us, and certainly mankind comes up for study before the counters of our big department stores.

There are two classes of buyers—those who know what they want and those who do not know what they want. To serve the latter is child's play, to satisfy the former is an undertaking. It calls for a gamble of wits, with the more nimble scoring the victory. If I were occupied in selling things where I had to meet the buyer face to face, I would make a study of practical psychology and apply my knowledge on every possible occasion; and I should get more satisfaction out of the victory of my mind than out of the figures to my credit on my sales' sheet. I should realize, furthermore, that my knowledge and method of applying it would be invisible, but not less powerful, cords drawing me up to higher positions.

But a wanton disregard for the public never gets anyone anywhere, and what is more, it takes all the pleasure out of work. If you happen to belong to the far-reaching line of salespeople or are in sympathy with that attitude, you will sneer at the idea of there being any happiness in the work behind the counter. But to one of vision it is a perpetual reel displaying humanity in phases calculated to make us laugh, or make us weep, but never to make us hard.

The poem hangs on every bush
When comes the poet's eye,
And all the world is masquerade,
When Shakespeare's passing by.

All we need is the eye to see the poem, the masquerade, and that is a matter of cultivation.

I knew a woman, who after ten years, which took her from the ribbon counter to one of the best departments, left regretfully when she was made a buyer for the establishment.

"After my first joy in getting a position had subsided," she said, "and I fell upon the dull monotony of my days behind the ribbon counter, I thought if I had to spend my life as a saleswoman, that life would not be a long one, I'd die of ennui. Then the chance remark of a woman about the effectiveness of my way of arranging my ribbons, gave me an inspiration. From my interest in my stock to my interest in the people passing and repassing, there was only a step. I threatened to leave, when they advanced me from the ribbons! But though I did not have the pretty colors in the glove department, I still had the same dear people and all the time I was finding new interest in my work, new delight in my customers. Now I am to be in a different position,—on the other side of the counter, so to speak—but still I am dealing with people."

The attitude we take toward our work, or any conditions of life, has a determining influence upon our happiness. And that attitude is a habit of mind. Determine to find the best in a situation, then hold fast to that best, and, no matter what the discouragement, before long you will find that best growing until it overflows the position, and you see yourself sailing out and on to a better place. Happiness has been defined as a joyful acceptance of life, and we can train the mind to accept life joyfully. M. T.

With our Correspondents

[Address all communications intended for this and The Christian Home department to Grace Strong, in care of *Franciscan Herald*, Teutopolis, Ill.]

Miss C. L., Peoria writes: "*Franciscan Herald* is a new comer to our home, and it bids fair to continue to be a welcome one. I have never been West, but like nearly everybody else, I feel its lure. Especially have I always found interesting the part played by the old Franciscan Padres in the settling of the Southwest. There was a story published in the last volume of the *Herald* called, "The Imprint of a Sandal," which had a priest-character, who was like one of those old Padres we read of in history. Has this author had any of his (or her) stories of the West published?"

Before taking up Miss C. L.'s question, we thank her for telling us she likes our *Herald*. Though we may have no doubt of the affection of our friends, it is gratifying once in a while to be told of that affection—and editors are just like other folk. "L. M. Wallace," the author of "The Imprint of a Sandal," is one of the promising young writers the *Herald* has been the means of discovering. As yet this author has not published any book, but unless all signs pointing to a successful literary career fail, a writer with a new, distinct note, with the knowledge and the gift to show the West in a light ignored by its other literary delineators, the light kindled by the old Franciscan Padres, and, never wholly extinguished, now being replenished by their successors and other zealous missionaries, a writer possessing this knowledge and gift appears in the few stories by "L. M. Wallace" which we have read. We feel safe in assuring our correspondent that other stories from this author's pen will continue to appear in the *Herald*.

Mrs. J. L., —, Ill., writes: "Several times my little boy's ball fell into my neighbor's yard and now she has built a spite-fence. It is very disfiguring—can I do anything?"

A boy and a ball, a dog and a bone, have done much in the course of neighborhoods' history to rouse the ire of folk who have lost their youthfulness of spirit—if they ever possessed that desirable quality. Just ignore the spite-fence and be glad the public sees that it is not on your side of the dividing line of your respective yards. Or you might follow the example of another

woman so afflicted, and happily find her reward. She planted morning-glories on her side of the fence—those great pink and purple ones your mother always had on the back porch. The morning-glories, not knowing anything of human spite, did not stop when they reached the top of the fence, but fell down on the other side, and every day their happy, laughing faces greeted the surly neighbor when she went out into her yard. They preached their gospel so thoroughly, that, when the first frost killed them off, the spite fence was torn down. Now there is a low wire fence between the two yards, and the two women plant morning-glories each spring on both sides of it, talking pleasantly the while. If you can't send morning-glories across the fence to your neighbor, try sending her kind thoughts. They have an effect, at any rate they will not harm you, while the opposite sort will.

Mrs. S.—It does not matter if you are "a woman with grand-children," you have a right to take care of your health, and we can not have health without proper mastication of food. For this, teeth are necessary, hence you should have your teeth filled, those that are missing, supplied. The fear that people will think you are trying to make yourself appear young, is unworthy a woman of good sense. Even if that were your motive what of it? There is nothing wrong in trying to improve one's personal appearance—on the contrary, it is a duty to ourselves and to others. A grandmother with a mouthful of good teeth, even if some (or all of them, for that matter) were supplied by the dentist, is assuredly a pleasanter sight than one without these. As for what people say, to all situations apply Davy Crockett's immortal advice: Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

Miss L. D.—What do I think of the profession of nursing for a young, healthy, Catholic girl? I think it one of the noblest callings and since you feel that you are fitted for it, I advise you to enter training as soon as possible. The field of nursing never offered better opportunities than at the present time. City Health Departments, Visiting Nurses' Associations, Red Cross, Social Service, and various other organizations need nurses, while in private practice the demand exceeds the supply. In choosing a training school be sure to select one with a recognized standing. It is a sorry thing after a girl has spent three years in training to find she can not register, because her school is not recognized.

APPAREL TALKS FOR TERTIARIES

By Agnes Modesta, Tertiary

MARGARET Randolph came breathlessly into my sun parlor after Mass the other morning, as I was lingering over my coffee and toast.

"Have you seen it?" she inquired without preamble.

"It?" I parried, trying to look surprised and succeeding rather badly.

"Yes, 'It'! Don't try to pretend, Agnes; your eyes look guilty."

"Oh, well," I conceded, with assumed carelessness, as her alert forefinger indicated the July number of the *Franciscan Herald* peeping out from beneath my coffee tray where I had hastily thrust it, as I fondly hoped out of sight, when I had heard Margaret's light footsteps approaching.

"Exactly," she triumphed. "You've read every word of it—that letter, I mean—and now you're waiting for me to rave and tear my hair out, and say I've left off being a Tertiary, and go down and buy six Georgette blouses!—Yes, you are, don't deny it!"

"Oh, no." I protested, politely, if somewhat feebly.

Margaret had been the first person who rose to my mind when I read the "Letter to a Tertiary, by a Franciscan Father," that morning in the magazine now peering from beneath the tray. The Father had laid down some very clear and definite suggestions on the subject of women's attire in the article, especially the attire of a member of the Third Order of Penance. I knew that while Margaret, the prettiest and most popular young woman in St. Elizabeth's parish, had never to my knowledge been what the world, as we now have it, would call immodest in dress, she was certainly wont to bob serenely along with the current of the day's fashions. The Randolphs had plenty of money; Mar-

garet was pretty as a picture; and it is probably little to be wondered at if the girl, even though a Tertiary almost ready for profession, should be, to say the least, nothing loath to appear in modish attire.

As I had read the article with the approval proper to my own blue serge and severe linen shirtwaist plainness of my affecting, a mental picture of the laughing eyes of Margaret Randolph had persisted in getting in my way. You see, I love my young friend, but I did not at the moment quite trust her acceptance of things that would probably not please her. I remembered that she had astonished me almost a year ago by suddenly announcing her intention of becoming a member of the Third Order, and that, from my superior position of a Tertiary of ten years standing, I had sought then to impress her with a realization of the full meaning of the step she was about to take. I had feared that she was lightly taking it, because of her fondness for me, rather than from any higher motive. Then I remembered that I had been a little puzzled by her answer to my warning.

"Agnes dear," she had said, her mouth set in a little straight line and her deep blue eyes unwontedly serious, "you know I am a free agent. Father John says that to be a good Tertiary requires no more than to be a good Catholic, and I hope I'm that. Besides," she had continued meditatively, "I've done all things I ought to have done in a social way. Since my coming-out party two years ago, I've lunched, teaed, dined, motored, theatred, and danced, all according to the most approved pagan program of our civilized Christian society. Now I am going to give God a chance to approve of me before I get old and

ugly and ready to stop anyway."

I had been silenced; but there had still remained that little lurking feeling that after all Margaret was taking it rather lightly. During the time since her admission as a novice, her actions had surely been faultless, so far as her attendance upon "dangerous stage plays and dances" was concerned. She had promptly refused all invitations to such, appearing only at strictly family festivals and similar innocent forms of entertainment. Her costuming, however, remained the same as before. Indeed, I had never thought to remonstrate with her; for she was by preference, aided by her years of convent training, conservative, as the world to-day would consider it, about her dress. She took the duties of a Tertiary joyously; and her friends, myself included, felt that it was a faddish pose on Margaret's part, this becoming a Tertiary—a pose that would probably be overturned at any moment. I was quite convinced that the "Letter to a Tertiary" with its radical "Four Points" was the instrument to be used in the overturning. I had visions of the old Margaret asserting herself, and I promised myself a somewhat stormy interview with my young friend. Now, plainly the time had come. I sighed, invited Margaret to join me in a cup of coffee, and then, while I poured it, I steeled myself to face the battle.

"Well, since you seem to know my thoughts so well—"

"Of course, I do, you blessed thing," she dimpled, "—and—and, I must say the Letter did startle me, just a little. You see, I've been thinking I was quite—oh, awfully modest about my clothes. I always wear a jacket to Mass in the mornings when I happen to have on a Georgette waist, but—"

"But now, Margaret, what do you think *now*?"

"Think? Why, Agnes Modesta. What could I possibly think?—He is

perfectly right, of course!

I subsided, very like unto a suddenly pierced toy balloon. For a fact, I was ashamed of myself. I had not given Margaret the credit that was due her. I meekly told myself that I had much—very much to learn about souls, in spite of my decade as a Tertiary.

"It's fortunate I happened to read that Letter before I started buying my new fall clothes. I was coming in this morning to ask you to help me pick out my outfit anyway," Margaret was saying, "but I'll wager you'd never have given me the same advice yesterday that you will to-day." She smiled teasingly as I felt my cheeks flush. She was right.

"Just a minute, Margaret," I said hesitatingly, "you must know that I'm likely to advise you very sternly—because, you see, I am going to try being fashion monitor for the *Herald*—the editor asked me—and so you see, I'm going to be severe with myself and you, because I must practice what I preach."

"Agnes, are you—really? Go ahead, dress me in sackcloth and ashes, and shear my head—I'll say never a word."

"Hush, you silly child, I'll begin to believe you didn't read the Father's whole letter. He said, you know, that he wanted Tertiaries to be 'neat and spruce, not from vanity, but to show that it is possible to dress with exquisite taste without the least prejudice to the strictest decorum.' It is really a wonderful project, Margaret, and I hope the women Tertiaries will take to the idea. You see, the *Herald* editor thinks that having laid down the Four Big Rules for modest dressing, it might be well to devote a bit of space to some hints—from a woman—upon how practically to follow those rules. And who knows, Margaret, from such a little beginning, great results may come. It is the individual, after all, who must take the plunge—

and if virtue is made attractive, will not others be happy to follow along?"

"Agnes," said Margaret solemnly, "I have a brilliant scheme. Why don't you follow the original plan of helping me reconstruct my wardrobe—goodness knows it needs it to make it conform to those 'Four Points'.—Fit me out as the model Tertiary, and then write about the things we get! Everybody likes to have some example to go by, and I might do a tiny bit of good in the world, even yet."

"Splendid!" I assented enthusiastically. "Shall we start this morning?"

"The sooner the better," she agreed, as she rose to leave, adding whimsically, "I can't say that I feel exactly comfortable in the things I've been wearing.—Still, we can make some of them over, maybe. This wardrobe must be inexpensive as well as Tertiariesquely simple."

"Margaret!" I protested her word-coming laughingly. "Run along now, dear, I'll meet you at ten o'clock for our first shopping tour."

Dear Sister Tertiaries:

Do you like the idea of a Fashion Department? And are you anxious to hear all about Margaret Randolph's wardrobe? There will be other types of transgressors spoken of later—the slovenly one, who considers simplicity in terms of untidiness,—Martha Cummings is one of these, and Margaret and I are going to try to reform her, and tell you about it. Then there is Belle Marie Smythe, who isn't a Tertiary at all, and only a moderately practical Catholic, whose apparel is wholly that which a Catholic's should *not* be. I think she will benefit from Margaret's new decision, for she secretly admires and strives to imitate

Miss Randolph—save that she goes to greater extremes. Margaret fears that she is partially responsible for Belle Marie's laxity, and is going to make it her special mission to try to repair damages to Miss Belle's sense of modesty.

We want to know how you like us, and what you think of our plans for revolutionizing modern fashions through the efforts of the women of the glorious Order of Penance. May our Seraphic Father and his hosts of sainted women followers help us in the good work.

Good-bye till next time,

AGNES MODESTA.

Remember that—

To be modest you need not ban the practical though diaphonous Georgetown crepe. Here is the secret. A double thickness of that material is warranted to conceal all that a heavy piece of woolen fabric will. Try it and see.

To be scrupulously neat about our persons, is to help along the work of God's Church. We must not feel that when we renounce the world the flesh and the devil, we should also renounce all claims to neatness. The exquisite neatness of members of our Sisterhoods, has become proverbial, and certainly well-groomed priests are the rule rather than the exception.

To find modest styles is not so difficult as one would suppose. Many of the models in the stores and fashion books could be adapted easily to the highest standard of propriety. The trouble with most of us is that we have a certain fondness for the other kind and prefer to think we must get such things, much as we regret the necessity.—Now isn't it that?

FIRESIDE TALKS AND TALES

For our Young Readers

By Elizabeth Rose

"I HATE SCHOOL"

READY for work, ready for work?
All in favor say "Aye!"
Well now, you're never going to shirk—
Let the "No-es" have the victory!

Don't you want to learn, don't you want to be
Wiser and brighter each day?
Would you rather sit like a bat in a tree,
While the world all around is gay?

He don't know enough to come out of the
dark,
So stupid and dull is he;
But *you*—come, take your task as a "lark,"
And all the happier be.

Are you going to poke about the land
With "I DON'T KNOW" on your forehead?
If you are, don't call yourself one of Our
Band—
We'll stand for no one so horrid!

A Fireside Chat

WHAT a beautiful Fireside it is this
month! All around it are gold-
en-rod and jewel-weed and masses of
rich, sober, field flowers, just stepping
into the places of the gorgeous sum-
mer blooms. Nature has had her holi-
day, like Our Young Folk, and is get-
ting back to work, making ready
again for her great Commencement
Day next year, when all her quiet, un-
obtrusive, every-day labor of fall and
winter and spring will get a grand re-
ward of flower and fruit. It is more
difficult for you to get back to work
than for her, I know. Some of you
may find it rather hard to say with St.
Francis:

So great the good I have in sight,
In every hardship I delight.

But good-will is a fine road-make;
and will make your path to Knowledge
smooth. So good luck and success to
all our Young Folk who are ready for
the race again, and good luck and suc-
cess also to those who don't feel so
eager, but are going to do their best

because they know it is the right
thing to do. Here is a little story for
you of a Pope who actually went and
studied a lesson that he didn't have
to!

The Pope's Music Lesson

DID any of you ever see some girl
or boy, fond of music, perhaps,
but impatient of the necessary work
and industry required for mastery of
the beautiful art, going unwillingly
to a hated music lesson? Well, re-
member the picture presented by
such a victim and then think of a man
—a Pope, at that—who was not only
eager for his music lesson, but even
tried to keep his teacher always at
hand, delighted to get what some
young folks of to-day "don't see the
use of!" This was in the early part
of the eleventh century. The Pope
was John XIX, and his teacher a
monk called Guido, from the little
town of Arezzo, in Italy. In his time,
music was considered a necessary
part of a learned person's education,
although a very hard one to acquire,
so that any one who became proficient
in it was held to be quite smart. No
wonder it was hard to learn! It was
taught without any rules, for one
thing; the scale, the very alphabet of
music, had never been heard of. How
did people ever learn, do you think,
or how did they make tunes? They
did the best they could, knowing all
the time that something was wrong;
as for tunes, they were rather
"croons." (If you have ever heard a
person who knows nothing of music
"crooning," you know how it sounds!)

Guido taught all that was known of
the art in the school attached to his
monastery, always trying to find a
way to make the study less difficult to
his pupils, who must have had consid-

erably more pluck than some modern students we all know, to plod on so bravely, with so little to show for result. One evening, tired out with the duties of the day, he sat in the cloister, listening to his brethren in the church near by as they sang the Vesper hymn of the feast. It was June 24, the feast of St. John the Baptist, our Lord's cousin, and this day was ever after to be held the birthday, as it were, of real music.

Ut queant laxis resonare fibris

Mira gestorum famuli tuorum,

Solve polluti labii reatum,

Sancte Joannes!

sang the monks. As Guido sat there listening to the monotonous chant, it struck him all at once that the changes which came every now and then, on the syllables *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*, and the name of the saint at the end, were very agreeable to the ear. An inspiration! Couldn't he make practical use of these changes? He sat up at this idea, you may be sure! The rest of the service was doubtless pretty long to even his pious mind, for he felt something was going to happen; and as soon as he was at liberty he hastened to try an experiment. Yes, there it was—the gamut, the music scale!

All you who study music know, of course, that these syllables noticed by Guido correspond to the sound of the seven letters of the scale, although their names, as kept by him, are no longer used, except in vocal instruction, in most countries. But doesn't it seem a pity to substitute A, B, C, D, E, F, G for those soft vowels that call up so vividly the vision of the monks singing their hymn to St. John in the beautiful summer dusk, and Guido listening eagerly in his quiet corner, the Scale standing right before him, just waiting to be discovered with a "Weil, I declare!"

A simple thing, truly, but the big things of this world are generally the simplest in the end, as you will one day find out for yourselves.

It took but a few months now to learn what had formerly taken years of unsatisfactory study; Guido and his pupils were in the seventh heaven, so to speak. But other music teachers were not so well satisfied. Jealousy and envy, those sharps and flats of life, soon made poor Guido's a torment to him, and he finally had to leave Arezzo and go to Rome, in obedience to the command of the Pope, to whom his enemies had made great complaint of him. The latter, however, received him very kindly, and questioned him all about the new system. Guido brought him a book to examine in which he had written down his method.

"Do you think you could teach me?" Pope John asked. "Give me a lesson now, that I may see for myself."

So Guido and the Pope sat down together, and Guido showed him all he knew himself. The Pope was fascinated; he loved music, but had found out that being a pope didn't make it a bit easier for him to learn things than other people.

"Let me try this hymn," he said, pointing to one in Guido's novel notation (he had likewise made the staff, to put his notes upon). Then he placed the notes of the scale above each word, as Guido instructed him, and found the tune came out beautifully.

"A prodigy!" he cried, and sent in haste for all the members of his household to come and try, too. There was great music-making that afternoon in Rome, you may be sure! Before Guido went away, the Pope made a promise to come back in the winter to give him and his Cardinals regular lessons in the new system—what we now would call a lecture course.

Our good monk was not carried away with his triumph. "I try to make known this new knowledge with which God has inspired me, to as many as I can," he wrote, "so that re-

membering with how much difficulty I and those who went before me learnt the chant, those who come after me, becoming musicians with so much more ease, may pray for me and my fellow laborers, that we may obtain eternal life."

Some improvements have been made in his scale since that memorable summer evening. *Do* was substituted for his harsh *Ut* (although this name is still used in France), and *Si* was fashioned out of the *E* and *I* (old *J*) of Sancte Joannes. Now we sweep them all out of the way with the letters of the alphabet; but the discovery is practically Guido's, and I think that in his heavenly crown the seven notes of the scale must be seven of its brightest jewels.

The Aviator Saint

PEOPLE haven't got done talking yet about R-34 and N-C 4, and the wonderful feat they accomplished a couple of months ago in conquering the air and crossing the ocean from one continent to another, for the very first time in the whole history of the world. I know if you boys were given the chance just now, you would rather be a birdman than a king any day. And don't forget there are bird-women, too! Every day at Mass the priest says at the Preface, *Sursum corda* (Lift up your hearts), and the acolyte answers *Habemus ad Dominum* (We have lifted them up to the Lord). Our birdmen haven't got up to heaven yet, but there was in the 17th century a Franciscan friar, Joseph of Cupertino, a town of Italy, who lifted up his heart so high to God that his body often actually left the earth with it, and right before people's eyes ascended towards heaven. He was so simple and unlearned that he was sent away from a monastery he wished to enter, because the monks were in despair of making anything of him. But his heart was not stupid, nor his beautiful holy soul. It grew

so light and joyous when he thought about God that it flew to Him and took the poor body, its earthly companion, with it. This of course was a great miracle; and yet every time that he cast below us any thought, word, or action that would drag down our souls, we are, just as he, really mounting, mounting, like true aviators, towards Heaven, though none but God and His angels see us. Don't you think St. Joseph of Cupertino is a fine saint for the birdmen, and for us, too? In fact, he has been called the "Aviator Saint." The comical part of it is how astonished he would be if he were on earth to-day and saw the big birds of air, with men inside, riding above the world. To him it would be as much of a miracle, as he, in his simplicity, is to us.

What The Bright People Tell Us

He who would lead must first himself be led.—Bayard Taylor.

Knowledge is proud that he knows so much;

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.—Cowper.

By ignorance is pride increased;
They most assume who know the least.—John Gay.

If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it from him.—Benjamin Franklin.

If Wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

Kindness is a language the deaf can hear and the dumb answer to.

The greatest of all mistakes is to do nothing because you can do only a little.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy, St. Antony's College:—The first part of July was a strenuous time for the students of the Franciscan international college in Rome, on account of the final examinations. On the feast of St. Bonaventure, the patron of all Franciscan students, a solemn High Mass and the Te Deum were sung in thanksgiving for the many blessings granted our college by a gracious Providence during the past year. The students will pass a portion of their vacation at St. Elias, a small country villa near Rome, while some of the professors who have been hindered during the past years from returning to their provinces, will spend their vacation days in the happy company of their confrères at home.

Early in July eight Franciscan preachers from various parts of Italy presented themselves for the examination, the successful passing of which would entitle them to preach not only in their respective provinces but throughout Italy. After being examined in sacred Scriptures, dogmatic and moral theology, each aspirant was required to deliver a homiletic discourse and a sermon on a subject given by the examiners. This examination lasted an entire week and the results were published in the presence of the whole community.

Very Rev. Fr. Benedict Schmidt, O.F.M., definitor general for the English-speaking provinces of the Order and an alumnus of the Province of the Sacred Heart (St. Louis, Mo.), has been compelled by poor health to leave Rome for some time. He hopes to recover his strength in the more congenial climate of central Europe, where he will be the guest of the German Franciscans.

Franciscan Missionaries of Egypt is the name of a religious congregation of Tertiary Sisters who are sacrificing themselves for the cause of the faith in the extensive missions of the Order of Friars Minor in the Orient, and especially in Egypt. After the general chapter of the Sisterhood which was recently celebrated in Rome under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Philip Gustini, Protector of the Order of Friars Minor, the Sisters were received in audience by the Holy Father, who gave them a cordial welcome and congratulated them on the splendid achievements of their Institute during the sixty years of its existence.—

The Holy Father has announced that the ceremonies attending the solemn canonization of the Franciscan Tertiary, Bl. Joan of Arc, will take place as soon as peace is

definitely established. The functions promise to be of unusual solemnity, befitting the great love which the French people feel toward their heroine.

Tsinanfu, China:—Rev. Fr. Ildephonse, Franciscan missionary in Tsinanfu, China, recently wrote a letter to one of his confrères in this country in which he gives a sad picture of present day conditions of the Church in China. Many of the German missionaries have been compelled to leave their beloved missions, and there are none or only a few to take their place. The German Franciscans were fortunate in being permitted to remain unmolested. Owing to the fact that for the past five years no new Franciscan missionaries from Europe have arrived in China, the work is becoming too burdensome for the few that are there. There is, moreover, little hope of securing a large native clergy. Every two years, the Fathers select some twenty boys, who seem to be apt candidates for the holy priesthood, but of the many only about three or four ever reach this sublime goal. Some discontinue their studies because of lack of talent, others, because of sickness caused by the mental and bodily strain incident to life in the college and the seminary. The Chinese are not as hardy as Europeans, and when they exert themselves a little more than ordinarily, they usually succumb to some sickness. The missionaries have strenuous work educating the Chinese students, as the boys have had no home-training at all to speak of. In fact, the boys are generally left to do much as they please and the many beautiful things which are written about the devotion and obedience of Chinese children toward their parents rest mostly on outward appearances. Still, in spite of all the drawbacks, the Faith is gradually making headway, and now that the war is over, the outlook for the Church in China is becoming brighter.

Poitiers, France:—The newly installed Bishop of Poitiers, Msgr. de Durfort, is a zealous and enthusiastic member of the Third Order of St. Francis. He has just given another proof of his love for the Order by officiating at the pontifical high Mass and delivering the sermon on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the fraternity in Poitiers.

Kampala, British East Africa:—*Franciscan Herald* is in receipt of the following interesting letter from Ven. Mother M. Paul, O.S.F., superior of the Franciscan mis-

sionary Sisters in Uganda. She writes:

Reverend dear Father:—Desiring to have some helpful Franciscan reading, I asked my sister, Mrs. J. J. White, N. Y. C. to subscribe for *Franciscan Herald* and we now receive it regularly and read its every word right along to the back cover. And there, on the March issue, I find the enclosed and am writing to beg you to induce some one less given to Holy Poverty than we are, to purchase three copies that we may have one in each of our little convents here in the heart of Africa. We need such helps to encourage us and to bring home the happy privilege of our being members of the great Franciscan family. We are only twelve in number here, and are in three convents nearly one hundred miles apart with no trains, nor cars, connecting us. Don't you realize what pleasure such a picture as "*Gloria Franciscana*" would give us each time we looked at it? Don't refuse!

We are working among the Basanda and Basoga tribes who are like early Christians, as the very earliest trace of Christianity in this land dates from 1879! God be praised for his wonderful gift of Faith to so many hundreds of thousands who have come to know, love, and serve him since the advent of the first missionary Fathers. The White Fathers of Africa and the Mill Hill Missionaries are here. We Sisters belong to the Motherhouse St. Mary's Abbey, Mill Hill, London. Grass huts and wattle and daub buildings are everywhere in evidence here and ideal Franciscan simplicity abounds. Every woman from the Queen to the lowliest peasant works with her short-handled hoe and cultivates in her field all that is required to supply the family. Bananas, beans, maize, and sweet potatoes are the only necessities.

Trusting to hear from you, believe me,

Your servant in Christ,

Mother M. Paul O. S. F.

(We do not doubt that among the thousands of our readers there will be some charitable soul who will generously send us the price of \$2.25 to pay for the pictures.—Ed.)

Perpignan, France.—For extraordinary services rendered to the sick and wounded while serving in the French army, Fr. Felix Guisset, O.F.M., has been awarded by the Government with a medal of honor. The military officials are one in raising the zeal and self-denial with which the friar cared for those placed under his charge.

From the *Revista Franciscana* we learn that at present, according to a recent report of the Very Rev. Postulator of the Order of Friars Minor, the names of 276 Tertiaries of St. Francis are on the official list for eventual beatification. Among them are the

500 Franciscan Tertiaries who suffered martyrdom for the faith during the Boxer rising in China, nineteen years ago.

Philippine Islands.—An organ made entirely of bamboo and fitted with over eight hundred bamboo pipes is a musical curiosity treasured by a Catholic community away in the Philippines. It was built over a hundred years ago by a Franciscan Friar.—*The Franciscan Review*.

Bordeaux, France.—The Franciscan Sisters of Mary Immaculate, have set a most beautiful example of patriotism and self-denial by their astonishing devotion to the wounded soldiers of the late war. Their zeal knew no rest; day and night they sacrificed themselves in a manner both prudent and beneficial. Very frequently it happened that those who had come under their care shed tears when the time came for them to leave the hospital. This was the first and touching mark of recognition for the Sisters. Less heartfelt is the vote of gratitude that the military authorities are giving them.

Sidney, Australia.—According to the latest statistics there are at present 13 Franciscans of the Irish Province active in Sidney and its suburbs. They have one convent and three residences and have charge of four churches and four stations. The friars are thinking of establishing there a novitiate and a college for candidates of the Order.

Holy Land.—The May, 1919, issue of *Acta Minorum* informs us that between the years 1915 and 1918, the Franciscan Custody of the Holy Land lost seventy-eight of its members through death. Of these, nine friars served the Holy Places for thirty years, and four over forty years. One, Fr. Joseph Peñado, a Spanish lay brother, had labored in these missions forty-nine years.

Sigolsheim, Alsace.—The novitiate of the Capuchin friars at Sigolsheim, Alsace, which had been closed during the war, is going to be reopened. In the course of the past few months, ten young men have applied for admission into the Order, eager to exchange the military uniform for the lowly garb of St. Francis. With them a number of lay brothers have been received.

Madrid, Spain.—The Franciscans of Madrid, Spain, are publishing a new periodical entitled *Vida Franciscana*. It is a monthly and is devoted to the interests of the Third Order Secular. The first number appeared last January. From one of its latest issues *Revista Franciscana* gleaned the interesting news item that at present the sons of St. Francis the world over are publishing more than 150 different periodicals. While many are of a scientific nature, the majority have the spread of the Third Order of St. Francis as their principal aim.

New York, N. Y.—On Saturday evening August 9, at 7 o'clock, the Most Rev. Seraphino Cimino, Minister General of the Order of Friars Minor, accompanied by his private secretary Rev. Fr. John Lantari, O.F.M., landed in New York. He was welcomed at the pier by a number of Franciscan Fathers from the various American provinces. He repaired at once to the Franciscan friary on Sullivan Street, where he was tendered a fitting reception. Fr. General will first hold the canonical visitation of the Italian province in this country. Thereupon, he intends to visit the other Franciscan provinces of the United States, Canada, Cuba, Central and South America, and if possible Mexico. He proposes also to go to the Philippine Islands, Japan, and China.

Fruitvale, Cal.—The triennial chapter of the Franciscan Province of Santa Barbara, was held at St. Elizabeth's friary, in Fruitvale, on Wednesday, July 23. Rev. Fr. Roger Middendorf, O.F.M., of Cleveland, O., presided over the deliberations as visitor general and delegate of our Most Rev. Fr. General. The result of the elections was as follows: Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus Storff, who was installed as first superior of the new province on January 19, 1916, was re-elected; Rev. Fr. Theodore Arentz was chosen custos or vice-provincial, while the following Fathers were elected definitors or counselors of the province: Rev. Fr. Turibius Deaver, Rev. Fr. Peter Wallischeck, Rev. Fr. Alban Schwarze, and Rev. Fr. Justin Deutsch.

On Wednesday, July 16, three young men, who had successfully completed their classical studies at St. Antony's Seminary, Santa Barbara, Cal., received the habit of the First Order of St. Francis at Fruitvale and entered on their year of probation. They were George Bucher, now Fr. Victor; Joseph Morath, now Fr. Athanasius; James Smith, now Fr. Raymond. On the same occasion, the Tertiary Brothers Theodosius and Didacus also received the habit of the First Order. After the ceremonies of investment, the following novices were admitted to the simple vows in the First Order: Fr. Mark Bucher, Fr. Patrick McCarthy; Fr. Paschal Ruiz, and Fr. Luke Powelson. To all these youthful followers of St. Francis, *Franciscan Herald* extends heartiest felicitations.

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.—As this is the golden jubilee year of our two Third Order conferences, we have determined to make it a banner year in point of new members. That our hopes will be fully realized is evident from the large number of novices invested so far. Thus again at the last meeting of the English-speaking

branch 12 new members were received and 11 at the meeting of the German-speaking conference. Every professed member is striving to secure at least one recruit before the grand jubilee celebration in December. In his address at the last meeting, our Rev. Director emphasized the duty of Tertiaries to spread good literature. He urged them to secure from the bookrack the little pamphlets *The Tertiary and the Press*, published by the *Herald*, which will give them many practical hints for carrying on this noble and necessary apostolate.

Tuesday, July 8, was marked by a double celebration at St. Francis monastery, this city. The first was the solemn profession of three Capuchin clerics, Fr. Dominic Meyer, Fr. William Peters, and Fr. James Fleischmann. The other was the first of a series of celebrations intended to solemnize the golden jubilee year of the St. Francis monastery and parish. Fifty years ago, on July 7, ground was broken for the monastery and the work of excavation begun. This event was commemorated by a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving, during which the clerics' choir sang for the last time. A few weeks later they repaired to their new house of studies in Marathon, Wisconsin, where no doubt their singing will be as much enjoyed as it was these many years in Milwaukee.

Our venerable Brother Joachim, who for eleven years was engaged in the Capuchin missions on the Islands of Jap, Guam, Rota, and Saipan, and who had come to Milwaukee in 1916, after being expelled together with his brethren by the Japanese, was called to his heavenly reward on the morning of July 17. He was preparing to accompany the clerics to their new home at Marathon, when the Master, whom he had served so many years, called him instead to his true home above. Held in the greatest esteem by all for his sterling virtues, Bro. Joachim received a funeral such as he in his humility had never dreamed of. The Right Rev. Salvator Walleser, O.M. Cap., Prefect Apostolic of the Capuchin missions in the Caroline Islands, graced the occasion with his presence, while the solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Fr. Placidus, O.M. Cap., assisted by Rev. Fr. Basil and Otto, O.M. Cap., the two former being fellow exiles from the missions of the saintly departed Brother. Among the few notes found in his cell, was the following,—the keynote of his whole life: "Practice humility in all things and never let thyself be made sorrowful except by thy sins." May God lead many more such humble souls into the thinning ranks of our religious lay brothers.

St. Paul, Minn., Sacred Heart Church.—

The officers and members of the St. Paul Tertiary Indian Mission Sewing Circle are justly proud of the success of their little association. Although organized only four months ago, the Circle numbers already about eighty contributing members, of whom about thirty take active part in the sewing meetings. Several boxes containing aprons and other garments were sent to St. John's Mission, Arizona, for the Indian girls, while a large number of altar linens (purificators, corporals, finger towels, cinctures, altar cloths) have already been sent to the Franciscan Fathers in the Arizona missions or are now in the making. A genuine Franciscan spirit of charity and good will prevails at the biweekly meetings. This is especially true of the last meeting before the summer vacation, at which our Rev. Director, Fr. Francis Solano, O.F.M., and Mr. J. C. Nolan were present and encouraged the members to remain zealous in this noble work of Christian and Franciscan charity. The Circle is also serving as an apostolate for the Third Order, since a number of persons who attended the sewing meetings have thus been won over to the Order. Mention must also be made of the fact that a number of men, although non-Tertiaries—one even being a non-Catholic lover of St. Francis—have generously contributed to the funds of the Circle.

New Orleans, La., St. Clare's Monastery.—The feast of their holy foundress, St. Clare of Assisi, was appropriately celebrated by the Poor Clares of this city on August 12. His Grace, the most Rev. John W. Shaw, Archbishop of New Orleans, testified to his devotion to St. Clare and her spiritual daughters by honoring the occasion with his presence. He was attended by Rev. Leander Roth and Rev. Oscar Woset, S.J. Rev. Fr. Philip Marke, O.F.M., Rector of St. Joseph's Seminary, Teutopolis, Ill., officiated at the solemn High Mass, assisted by the

two Rev. Dominican Fathers J. P. Malone and Casimir Municha. The festive sermon was delivered by Rev. Fr. Mark, O.F.M., of St. Louis, Mo., who also imparted Sacramental Benediction at the close of the festivities and distributed to the faithful the little loaves of bread blessed in honor of St. Clare.

Manitowoc, Wis., Holy Family Convent.—The Franciscan Sisters of Charity of Alverno, Manitowoc, Wisconsin, celebrated in a befitting manner on August 12, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of their community. This flourishing congregation owes its origin to the piety and determination of five young ladies, who in the early pioneer days of Wisconsin heroically devoted themselves to the education of youth in this uncultivated portion of the Master's vineyard. They were Sr. M. Colette Phoeing, Sr. M. Hyacinth Graff, Sr. M. Seraphica Fessler, Sr. M. Odelia Wahl, and Sr. M. Gabriel Gramlich. The little family of Tertiary Sisters began to increase rapidly and at present the Sisters are in charge of over fifty parish schools, two hospitals, and one home for the aged. An interesting sketch of the founding and growth of the community, profusely illustrated, has been published as a fitting souvenir of the golden jubilee. *Franciscan Herald* gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a copy of this book and regrets that lack of space prevents us from quoting at length from its pages.

Evansville, Ind., Poor Clare Monastery.—Rev. Fr. Linus, O.F.M., Guardian of the novitiate convent at Teutopolis, Ill., conducted the annual retreat for the Poor Clares of Evansville, Ind., from August 4-12. The exercises were brought to a solemn close on the feast of St. Clare, when Sr. M. Dolores, an extern, and Sr. M. Bernard, a cloistered nun, received the holy habit. On the same occasion Sr. M. Mathilda, Sr. M. Dominic, and Sr. M. Benedict, cloistered sisters, were admitted to their simple vows.

OBITUARY

Teutopolis, Ill., Novitiate Convent:—Rel. Bro. Meinrad Schmid, O.F.M.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Margaret (Anony) O'Rourke; Margaret (Agnes) Lundigan.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Jane (Elizabeth) Leonard; Catherine (Mary Frances) Finnelly; Augus (Antony) Taillon.

Pittston, Pa.:—Mrs. Ellen Judge.

Seranton, Pa.:—Nellie Sheardian.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church:—Agnes (Salomea) Marquart.

San Francisco, St. Boniface Church:—Margaret Hanifin; Mary J. Gallant; Augusta Dunisch.

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

A Great Social Reformer

THE social question, which during the war seemed to have lost some of its acuteness, has again become the question of the day. The strained relations between capital and labor, the open hostility of the poor to the rich, the evident lack of understanding between producer and consumer, the grim determination of the masses to dispossess the classes of their privileges and possessions—all these are indications that not all's well with the world. Serious-minded men everywhere are earnestly seeking a solution of the perplexing problems confronting society. But every new attempt at a settlement seems only to make the confusion worse confounded. Covetousness, disaffection, class-hatred are becoming more and more universal and pronounced, and socialism is sweeping over the world. This condition of affairs, sad though it may be, is not unique in the history of the world. Students of sociology have often pointed to the marked similarity between present and medieval times. We leave it to our readers to pursue the parallel at their leisure; we must content ourselves with a few observations on the activity of a man who more than any other in the Church has gained renown as a great social reformer.

When in the Middle Ages society

was sick unto death, God raised up St. Francis of Assisi to infuse new life and vigor into its depleted system. Francis was a dreamer, an idealist; yet, far from being a mere doctrinaire or theorist, he was also a practical man of affairs. Hence he recognized in the social question primarily an economic question. He knew that abject poverty is not conducive to the growth of piety, any more than social injustice is favorable to the spread of Christian charity. He and his disciples, therefore, set themselves against the most crying abuses, especially those connected with usury and serfdom. They gained the affection of the poor by becoming like them and defending their rights against the capitalists of those days. Yet he did not preach hatred of the rich. On the contrary, he taught the common people respect and love for the rich by reminding them that all men are brethren. Thus it happened that the rich instead of opposing his efforts at reform, rather seconded them and placed themselves at his disposal as his willing tools and disciples.

St. Francis knew that the social question of his day was also a political question. He saw there was no hope of national prosperity so long as bitter and bloody civic feuds divided the cities and communities of Italy into so many hostile camps. Accordingly,

he sent out his disciples to preach peace and conciliation to the warring factions. "May the Lord give thee peace"—with this greeting on their lips they found admission to friend and foe alike; and many a time their gentle counsels put an end to strife and bloodshed. While exhorting the people to keep the peace, St. Francis did not stifle their craving for liberty and democracy. On the contrary, he gave them the ideals of true liberty and democracy in his own person and Order. It was St. Francis that gave the death blow to feudalism.

But he was well aware that in its last analysis the social question is a moral and religious question. The working man may secure shorter hours and higher wages, compensation in sickness and a pension in old age; he may improve his working and living conditions a hundredfold. All this will benefit him little socially unless he has within his heart the fear of God and His law. St. Francis labored for the economic and political welfare of the people. But he took care to foster within them the religious spirit and to give to their lives a spiritual turn. He taught them respect for law and authority, gentleness of manners, simplicity of life, and joy of the spirit. In a word, he educated them to self-control and self-denial, without which all reform is impossible. More than that, he instilled into them the social sense, and united all classes into one great brotherhood, the so-called Third Franciscan Order, in which the peasant became the peer of the king, the serf was the equal of his lord, the rich joined hands with the poor, the knight associated with the merchant, the artisan communed with the scholar, the humblest Christian ranked high as the Pope. Thus with St. Francis the brotherhood of man was not an empty phrase but a vital religious idea which in time re-organized and transformed medieval

society.

More Christianity, especially in the working out of the social question—that is the prime requisite if the existing social evils are to be remedied. Christianity teaches the just value of things spiritual and temporal. When Christianity and social activity join hands, there is found that victorious power by which Christ and later his faithful follower St. Francis conquered the world.



A Good Samaritan

IF there is one thing which more than any other will make the pontificate of his Holiness Pope Benedict XV forever memorable in the annal of the Church, it is his unwearied and disinterested activity on behalf of world peace. Ever since the day when he was elevated to the See of Peter there was never a time when, as viceroy on earth of the Prince of Peace, he did not live up to his title and duty of common Father of Christendom; when he did not use his best endeavor to bring about a cessation or at least a mitigation of the horror of the great war; when he did not make use of an opportunity to relieve human misery, no matter in what shape it presented itself; when, in short, he did not appear in the rôle of good Samaritan to human society bleeding at every pore from the attacks of the wild passions, let loose by the criminal folly of man. It is no surprising, therefore, that, even after the conclusion of peace, he should continue his gentle ministrations of pouring oil and wine into the wounds still gushing the life-blood of the world.

The latest proof of his all-embracing charity is the communication which, through his Secretary of State he has addressed to the members of the German Roman Catholic Central Society and all American Catholics of German descent. In this document

every sentence of which breathes the sweet spirit of charity and benevolence and conciliation, the Holy Father pays a deserved tribute of praise to all the Americans of German extraction for their correct conduct during the war. "While keeping alive the love they bore for the land of their fathers," says the letter, "yet this has not hindered them from doing their full duty towards their adopted country, and nobly indeed have they responded to the different calls, pouring out for it lavishly their money, their service, and their lives."

There is no class of American citizens that during the war were so persistently branded with every kind of reproach, so ruthlessly wounded in their most sacred feelings, so rashly suspected of the most heinous crimes, so little rewarded for their heroic sacrifices, as the Americans of German descent. It must be a matter of keen delight for them, therefore, to have their loyalty and patriotism thus publicly vindicated by so exalted a personage as the Sovereign Pontiff. Possibly it was his own doleful experience since the beginning of his reign that prompted him to give expression to his feelings of paternal affection and sympathy for his much abused children. Be that as it may, the Holy Father has given to the world another proof that he is immeasurably bigger in heart and mind than our German-hating, Hun-baiting editors—even of some Catholic publications.

Nay more, so thoroughly convinced is his Holiness of the "remarkable qualities which the German-Americans have given proof of on every occasion, and particularly during the recent war," that he makes a direct appeal to "their beneficent zeal" to take a leading part in the reconciliation of the nations, and he implores them "most fervently" to lend "every assistance, material as well as moral" to the German people, whom he calls his

"brethren." He feels certain that his invitation to cooperate in this noble mission will be heeded, not only by the German Catholics of the United States, but that "mindful of the great services their fellow citizens of German birth and descent have rendered their country during the war," all the children of our generous land will gladly respond. We are ready to vouch for it that our Catholic fellow citizens of German extraction will not turn a deaf ear to the Holy Father's appeal. For they have always proved themselves as loyal to the Pope in spiritual matters as to their country in temporal affairs. As for the rest of the American people, we know that, when not misled by rabid and ranting preachers of hate, they are altogether too sane and generous and fair-minded not to be willing to do their part in effecting a speedy and lasting conciliation between our country and Germany. That it is incumbent on them to cooperate if they wish to escape the horrors of another world war, is evident to every thinking man. For, to quote the Holy Father again: "It is alas only too true that this cruel war which had so completely divided the human race into two opposite camps, has left behind it a trail of hate among the nations. And yet the world can not possibly enjoy the blessed fruits of peace for any length of time unless that hatred be entirely blotted out and all the nations be brought together again in the sweet bonds of Christian brotherhood."

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"Fiat justitia"

THE great battle for the freedom of small nations has been fought and won. It would be rash to suppose, however, that, in consequence of the victory which they helped to achieve, the small nations have actually obtained their independence. The fact of the matter is, that the majority of

them, though passionately longing for self-determination, have had to content themselves with the merest shadow thereof. For economically, if not politically, the smaller nations are even now held more severely than ever in the iron gripe of their big brothers. This is especially true of Ireland.

Much has been said and written of Ireland's right to independence. It is not our purpose to repeat any of the arguments advanced in proof of the justice of her claims. We wish merely to go record as favoring her cause and as being in hearty sympathy with her national aspirations. We do so, not merely because we are convinced that no nation has a legally juster title to self-determination, but because Catholic Ireland, oppressed by her powerful Protestant neighbor, is a spectacle that has always roused our sympathy and kindled our indignation. No country has suffered more for the faith than the Isle of Saints. Ever since the dawn of the Protestant Reformation up to quite recent times, Ireland's soil has been drenched with the blood of Catholic martyrs. But through all the bloody centuries of social, economic, political, and religious persecution, Ireland has kept her faith and honor inviolate.

If there is anything that should convince the world that this small nation is capable of self-government, it is the patience and restraint it has displayed during centuries of British misrule. The chief results of this misrule have been enumerated by Eamon De Valera, President of the Republic of Ireland: "Depopulation,

and the destruction of industry and commerce; overtaxation; diversion of rents, savings, and surplus incomes from Ireland to England; destruction of economic development and social improvement; exploitation for the benefit of English capital; fomenting of religious animosities; repression of national culture; keeping Ireland under the microscope by a monstrous system of police rule; perversion of justice; subservience as the price of admission to the judiciary; corruption of the jury system; organized espionage, perjury, and provoked crime; and military government." If a nation can suffer all this and still retain its national religion and culture and identity and above all its self-control it is proof irrefragable that it is greater than its oppressors, and that it deserves to take its place among the nations of the world.

Why then is Ireland not permitted to do so? Because England, to retain her supremacy of the sea, deems it a practical necessity to dominate Ireland. To us it does not seem at all necessary for the peace of the world that England retain domination of the sea or of Ireland or of the United States or of the rest of the globe. But we do think that it is absolutely necessary for the preservation of peace that ancient wrongs be righted; that the just demands of millions of Irishmen the world over be not slighted; that the solemn pledges of statesmen be faithfully fulfilled; that oppression be banished from the face of the earth; that, in fine, right triumph over might.

Life and Legends of St. Francis of Assisi

By Fr. Candide Chalippe, O.F.M.

The abundance of incidents in this popular Life of The Great Social Reformer of the Middle Ages makes this volume eminently interesting, while the reflections and applications, which the author ingeniously interweaves now and then with the narrative, are so replete with practical hints on the spiritual life that they will undoubtedly produce the best spiritual results in the reader. We heartily recommend this book to all lovers of St. Francis of Assisi.

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THE GREATEST OF THESE

By Fr. Silas, O.F.M.

Mary of Jesus.—This servant of God was born at Oran, in Africa. She was remarkable for her spirit of self-denial and for her unbounded charity. In her tender compassion for the poor and the unfortunate, she distributed among them the earnings of her labor and gladly suffered privations and hardships to assist them in their wants. She passed to her heavenly reward on September 8, 1641.

Mary Teresa, Queen of France.—She was the daughter of Ferdinand III, of Austria, and wife of Louis XIV, of France. Like so many members of the royal house of Austria, she was distinguished for her liberality toward the poor and the suffering. She provided dowries for poor girls and assisted those who wished to embrace the religious life. She founded several hospitals, and she deemed it a pleasure and a privilege to visit the sick and to wait on them. She was often told that her services to the sick might injure her health, but she always replied, "I can not make a better use of my health than to place it at the service of our Savior, suffering in his members." The servant of God also bestowed many favors on the various branches of the Order of St. Francis, in particular on the fraternity of the Third Order, of which she was the prefect. She peacefully expired at Versailles, on July 30, 1683.

St. Margaret of Cortona.—This heroic penitent of the Third Order rose from a life of sin to a very high degree of the love of God and of her neighbor. She was full of compassion for the poor. At her conversion, she used the money which was left to her to build a house for them. Here she sheltered the needy and homeless and waited on them with tender care and affection. To aid them, she gladly deprived herself of even food and

clothing, doubly happy to suffer if thereby she could relieve the distressed. God called her to himself on February 22, 1297.

Margaret of Lorraine.—Margaret was the wife of René, Duke of Alençon, and related to St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whom she strove to imitate in her works of charity. She assisted the needy by abundant alms, and visited and nursed the sick, even if afflicted with the most loathsome diseases. Normandy and Maine owe to her generosity the founding of hospitals, asylums, and convents. Some time after the death of her husband she exchanged the habit of the Third Order for that of the daughters of St. Clare. She died in the odor of sanctity in the convent at Argentan, on November 2, 1521.

Bl. Nevolo of Faenza.—Nevolo, a native of Faenza, in Italy, followed the trade of a shoemaker. For a time he led a sinful life, until a severe illness caused him to realize the dangerous condition of his soul, and he resolved to atone for his sins by a life of prayer and penance. Mindful of the words of Holy Scripture, "Alms delivereth from death and the same is that which purgeth away sins, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting" (Tob. xii, 9), "he gave the greater part of his earnings to the poor and the sick, reserving for himself and his family only enough to supply his daily needs. His wife, solicitous for the temporal well-being of the family, was at first greatly displeased with his liberalities, but when she saw the blessing of God resting upon them, she gladly joined him in his good works. Nevolo passed to his heavenly reward in 1280. Pope Pius VII approved the veneration shown him from time immemorial.

Olalia Gomez.—This pious Tertiary

was born of a noble family of Spain. Though she desired to consecrate herself to God in the religious state, she yielded to the wishes of her family and gave her hand in marriage to a rich nobleman, with whom she vied in the practice of every virtue. Her house was the refuge of the poor and the afflicted, and none left her without having received aid and consolation. She died in 1580.

Pasqualina of Foligno.—Pasqualina at an early age entered the Third Order of St. Francis and joined Bl. Angela of Foligno, whose heroic virtues she strove in every way to imitate. With this saintly friend she visited the hospital of her native city to console the sick and to render the lowliest services. It was her delight to assist the needy; on one occasion she gave her veil and some of her garments to a poor person who appealed to her for aid. Her holy death occurred at Foligno, on February 4, 1313.

Bl. Paula Gambarà.—Bl. Paula was born at Brescia, in northern Italy. Married to the Count of Benasco, she was inclined to give herself up to a life of ease and pleasure, but she was recalled to the practices of piety and virtue by her confessor, Bl. Angelo of Chivasso. At his advice she entered the Third Order and thenceforth distinguished herself by her fervor in prayer, her humility, and mortification. Her love for the poor and the sick was so great that she restricted her own needs, and even deprived herself of food, to assist them in their want. She died at Benasco on January 24, 1505. She was beatified by Pope Gregory XVI.

St. Roch of Montpellier.—St. Roch was born of a noble family at Montpellier, in southern France, about the year 1295. During his whole life he strove to carry out the in-

junction of his dying father: "Before all things devote yourself to the service of God. Be the stay of the widow and the orphan, and of those in misfortune. Be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; be the father of the poor, and know that in making use of the property which I leave you in works of mercy, you will be blessed of God and men." Roch, accordingly, gave up his principality of Montpellier to his uncle, sold his possessions and distributed the proceeds among the poor. He then put on the humble garb of a pilgrim and journeyed to Rome to visit the tomb of the Apostles. It was on this occasion, probably, that he received the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis. While returning from Rome, he devoted himself with heroic charity to the service of persons struck down by a plague which was ravaging Italy. As a reward for his charity, God granted him the gift of miracles. The Saint traced the sign of the cross on the forehead of the sick, and large numbers were immediately cured. On his return to Montpellier, he found the country disturbed by a war, and not being recognized by the people, he was arrested as a spy and cast into a dungeon. In his love for humiliations and sufferings, he did not make known his identity, but patiently bore the horrors of the prison for five years. He was called to his heavenly reward on August 16, 1327. By his side was found a tablet on which an angel had written these words, "I announce to all who, being attacked by the plague, even of the most virulent kind, shall have recourse to the protection of Roch, that they shall be delivered from it." Since that time St. Roch has been venerated throughout the world as a powerful patron against the plague and all contagious diseases.

VENERABLE MARTIN WOODCOCK, O. F. M.

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

(Concluded)

ABOUT two years after his profession, Fr. Martin was ordained priest, although he had not yet finished the usual course of studies. His health was very much impaired, and it was probably this circumstance together with his age,—he was now past thirty—that induced the Provincial to have him receive ordination. Apparently, for the next three years, till 1637, he continued to study theology. Whereupon he was empowered to hear confessions and to preach and was approved for the mission in England. His first appointment was to Nieuport as confessor and spiritual adviser of the Franciscan Sisters residing in that place.¹ In 1640, the provincial chapter, which was held in London on April 19, appointed him chaplain and confessor to a certain Mr. Sheldon at Arras. But he lived with this gentleman only a short time, when his health broke down completely, owing to the austere life he had been leading and to the disinterested zeal with which he had discharged his priestly duties. The physicians declared his ailment very serious; wherefore, the superiors recalled him to Douai. Resigning himself entirely to the will of God, the saintly priest returned to St. Bonaventure's and, despite his physical debility, again took part in all the penitential exercises of the community.

Since his elevation to the priesthood, and especially since the renewal of anti-Catholic hostility in England, Fr. Martin had hoped and prayed for the day when he should be allowed to join his brethren on the missions. But his health had grown from bad to worse, so that he finally despaired of

ever obtaining the necessary permission. Mingled feelings of joy and sorrow prevailed in the community at Douai when in the spring of 1643 the friars were informed that Venerable Paul Heath had won the martyr's crown. On Trinity Sunday, they held a solemn service of thanksgiving. No one was more impressed by the sermon which a Capuchin preached on the occasion than Fr. Martin. To lay down his life for Christ again became the ever recurring burden of his thoughts and prayers. Several times he wrote to the Provincial in England, Fr. George Perrot, asking leave to come to the missions. But for some reason or other his letters remained unanswered.

Meanwhile, the state of his health had become so alarming that the superiors ordered him to take the waters at Spa. It was here that he met Fr. Peter Marchant, the Belgian Commissary General. With childlike confidence he told him how, ever since the glorious death of Fr. Heath, he had been yearning to join the missions. The Commissary in turn bade him apply to his immediate superior, promising at the same time to use his influence in securing the necessary permission. Accordingly, the servant of God addressed the following letter² to Fr. Angelus Mason, the Provincial Commissary:

Reverend Father:

Since Trinity Sunday, which I doubt not your Reverence remembers, as also previously, I have written three consecutive letters to our Reverend Father Provincial in England, asking for permission to return thither, etc. Recently, I also wrote to the Commissary General. But now after speaking to him personally, confiding in your

1. Hope: *Franciscan Martyrs in England* (London, 1878), p. 223; Stone: *Faithful Unto Death* (London, 1892), p. 218.

2. For a copy of this letter see Mason: *Certamen Seraphicum* (Quaracchi, 1885), p. 201.

wanted kindness, I have obtained in writing his free consent to my desire, provided it meets your approval, as he pointed out to me. He affixed his seal to it and returned it to me open, that I might read and sign it when I saw fit. This I did on my arrival here yesterday evening. After due consideration, however, I refrain from sending it to you, for fear it may be lost on the way, which would necessitate my beginning the whole matter anew. Trusting you will take me at my word, especially in an affair of this kind, in which I could not lie, I judged it better to inform you of it by these simple lines and to request your consent with return mail. By the tender love of the most sweet Jesus, I entreat you not to delay sending it. Indeed, I might propose to your Reverence the same urgent reasons which I have twice already laid before the above-mentioned superiors, though perhaps in a style little adequate to the subject. But I hope that this will not be necessary. Your Reverence knows me better than they do; nor have I less confidence in you than in them. Still, rather than fail in my cherished purpose, I assure you that, if it be your wish to try me, I am willing to rehearse the same reasons to your Reverence which I unfolded to them, though I by no means entreated them with importunity, but with modesty and with unpersuasive reasoning. Reverend Father, the season admits of no delay; winter is at the door and my health in consequence of this and other greater anxieties is not as robust as your Reverence and I myself might expect. Therefore, for the love of God, kneeling now in my room, I pray you to say Amen, and to send me your approval as soon as possible. What I have for its security I will send to you whenever and wherever you desire. Meanwhile, offering you my humble, submissive, and unfeigned love and service, I remain with confidence in you, ever yours,
 Friar Martin of St. Felix.

Great was the joy of the holy man when some time later the Commissary General notified him that Fr. Angelus Mason had given his consent. The happy news seemed to restore the health of his body as it soothed the anguish of his soul. Without delay, he returned to St. Bonaventure's. On arriving there he learned that a short time before another of his confrères, Venerable Francis Bel, had suffered martyrdom for the faith. Now nothing could longer detain him. He hastened his preparation and before the

end of the year departed for England, fortified with the blessing of the guardian. After a perilous voyage, he landed at Newcastle-on-Tyne and immediately set out for Lancashire, hoping to find his relatives and to convert them to the true faith. But God had decreed otherwise. On the very night of his arrival, he was arrested on the suspicion of being a priest and brought before the magistrate, who without much ado had him thrown into the city jail.

Owing to the Civil War, which was then at its height, the circuit judges were prevented from holding regular sessions. Hence, for more than two years, Fr. Martin was left to languish in prison. During this time, he endured untold hardships. The prison was rampant with filth and disease. The rations that the gaoler or some Catholic friend brought to him, were coarse and hardly sufficient to sustain him. Many of his fellow prisoners were criminals of the lowest type; and the shameless and wicked conversation they carried on only added to the misery and distress of the saintly friar. But he bore all with heroic patience and divided his time between prayer and works of charity. From time to time, Catholics would venture into the prison to be instructed by him or to receive the sacraments at his hands. They were greatly edified and encouraged by the self-forgetting zeal with which he ministered to their spiritual needs. Even the Protestants were at a loss to explain how a man of his physical debility could survive and even be happy amid such privations. What sustained the servant of God, however, was the assurance that his cause was righteous, and that in the end God would reward him with the crown of martyrdom. How earnestly he yearned for this singular grace we learn from a letter of Fr. William Anderton, the same through whose intervention he had been admitted into the Franciscan Order. Fr.

William was then engaged on the missions and succeeded in visiting his imprisoned confrère. "During the entire period of his confinement," he wrote, "he manifested a great desire for martyrdom, and always declared that, drawn especially by this hope, he had crossed over to England."

At length, the long looked-for moment arrived. The crushing defeat which Cromwell's Ironsides inflicted on the King's forces at Naseby had decided the war in favor of the parliamentarians. Hence, the Puritans had free scope to satisfy their vengeance on the Catholics. The judges soon after resumed their regular circuits and early in August, 1646, came to Lancaster. Among the first to be summoned before them was Fr. Martin. On being asked whether he was a priest, the friar fearlessly replied in the affirmative and also admitted that he was a Franciscan. More was not needed, and without further questioning the judges condemned him to suffer the death of a traitor. On hearing his sentence, Fr. Martin raised his eyes to heaven and with a loud voice exclaimed, "Praise be to God! Thanks be to God!" Meanwhile the guards approached and conducted him back to prison.

Owing probably to the fact that the prisons were overcrowded, the execution of Fr. Martin and the two secular priests who had been condemned with him, was fixed for the following morning. At daybreak, therefore, on August 7, the three priests were taken from their dungeon and led out into the streets. Here they were fastened

to hurdles and amid the taunts and jeers of a blood-thirsty rabble hurried off to the place of execution. The humility and patience with which the friar bore these insults elicited the secret sympathy of many, so that even Protestants were heard to remark, "If ever there was a true martyr in the Roman Church, this is one."

The first to mount the ladder that rested against the scaffold was Fr. Martin. When the executioner had placed the rope around his neck, the martyr addressed the people. Having told them that he was about to suffer death solely for being a Roman Catholic priest, he began to discourse on the only true and saving faith. Suddenly, however, at a signal from the sheriff, the executioner overturned the ladder. It is related that the rope broke and that the martyr fell unconscious to the ground. But he soon came to and rose to his feet. At the command of the sheriff he reascended the ladder, and patiently suffered the executioner to readjust the rope. Then with a sudden jerk the ladder was again thrust aside, and the friar hung suspended between heaven and earth. Immediately he was cut down and the bloody work began.³ When the executioner seized his heart, the martyr was heard to invoke the name of Jesus. "He praised God in life," Mason concludes, "he called upon God in death, and after death he enjoys God in everlasting happiness."⁴ His name is now on the list of those whose cause of beatification has been introduced.

3. The head of the martyr, we learn from Hope, l. c., p. 228, was preserved in the Franciscan friary at Douai till the French Revolution, when the friars were compelled to seek refuge in England. The Franciscan Sisters at Taunton possess one of his arm-bones.

4. Mason, l. c., p. 208.

THE UNAFRAID

By Anna C. Minogue

CHAPTER V

Synopsis of preceding chapters:—Ben Anderson employed in a newspaper office is suddenly confronted with a crisis. While undergoing a physical examination preparatory to his admission to a benevolent society, he is told to "Go West!" to avoid the ravages of consumption. Unnerved at first, he takes courage at the thought of the Girl Reporter, whose wretched copy he alone had been able to decipher, and who has gone West bravely determined to sell her life as dearly as possible to the same pitiless enemy that threatens his. With the hearty Godspeed of the "Old Man," the editor, Ben joins the ranks of *The Unafraid* and goes West in search of a new lease on life. Five years as a lumberman in Arizona make a new man of him and he learns to love his adopted home. One day, while cutting timber with his men in the mountains, Ben receives a mysterious note directing him to follow the bearer. He obeys, accompanied by his friend Swanee, for he scents a trap has been set for him and his men by the H. W. W's. The Girl Reporter, Mary Ranard, in the meantime has passed her years of exile in Arizona teaching in the mission schools for the Franciscan Fathers, but she longs to return to the East, as her health has been quite restored. The missionary's need of teachers and an unaccountable "something" defers her departure. While at Pretty Valley, Big Dick, the storekeeper, falls in love with her, much to her disgust, which deepens when she learns that he is plotting mischief with the revolutionary Mexicans. While shopping at the store, Mary overhears particulars of the plot and sends a word of warning to the lumber camp. Ben sets out for Pretty Valley in answer to her request, wondering the while what it might mean.

AS the trail mounted up from the Pass, Anderson found himself again in the gloom of the trees. Occasionally he would stop his horse to listen for the hoofbeats of the one ahead, the only means he had of knowing he was still on the track of his quarry. So they rode until the shoulder of the mountain was passed and the trail began to dip on its way to the level lands. Here the trees were less numerous, and at times he caught a glimpse of the horseman ahead. The trail continued its tortuous way. He passed the Hollis' ranch,—the house

dark and silent,—and again plunged into a grove of pines. He had no doubt now that the man was bound for Pretty Valley, and he questioned, for the first time, if it could be Big Dick himself? He had heard of him and while discounting much of the gossip, he realized he might not be a wholly safe person.

As Miss Ranard had calculated, her friendliness had absorbed Big Dick's thoughts, and as he rode he lived over and over again that hour with her in the moonlight. Her visit to the store in the afternoon, with the children, had been an excuse; and he laughed in his heart at the simplicity of women. She was a shrewd piece, for all her innocent looks! She gauged that he was succeeding, that the money, he admitted was his goal, he would win. And she had thought she might prefer some of those ranchers, looking to their beans and potatoes for a living! He had made his plans carefully, and when he should suddenly appear to deliver her from her Mexican captors, gratitude would add to her favor of him. He might even have her love unpurchased! He would rather that she loved him. He was nearly home. Perhaps when the trail led to the open, he would see her sitting on the veranda.

The happiness that surged over him at the thought that he might see her, hear her voice, made the need of a cigarette imperative. He stopped his horse to light it; then fell on his ears the click of a horse's hoofs against the cinders, and the match dropped from his fingers. Who was coming down the trail behind him? How long had he been followed? With all his shrewdness, he had forgotten that the Boss of the logging camp might also possess that quality; and he cursed

himself for a fool that a woman's pretty face and glib tongue had made him negligent.

Beyond was a high knob, which turned the trail to the left; to the right a cow-path led down to an arroyo, where occasional pools of water were still to be found. He would take the path. If the man were not following him, he would continue on the trail. So it happened that when Ben Anderson reached the knob, which abruptly turned the trail he heard the feet of the other horse on the stony bed of the dry arroyo, and followed him. It proved a rough way and his horse had to pick his steps. It made several twists, but still Anderson could hear the horse ahead of him. But he knew he was falling behind. When it made another turn around a ledge on which a juniper bush grew. Anderson, again stopping his horse, could hear no sound.

"What the Sam Hill's become of him?" he said aloud. Then he was struck a blow on the back of the head, another blow fell on the horse's rump. The subconscious mind, leaping to command, made him jerk his feet out of the stirrups. So he was thrown, but not dragged from the ledge as the frightened horse leaped forward. Big Dick threw his flashlight on the fallen man. Anderson was lying on his side. The light showed his face white and still, but wearing the grin that had made him famous.

"The Boss himself!" muttered Big Dick. "Well, they can't prove anything on me. It's just as well! Dead men tell no tales!"

He scrambled back to where his horse stood, hidden by the juniper tree, and riding across the mesa soon reached the trail.

"It means we may have to act a day sooner," he thought, as he went to bed in the dark; for no one must know that he was up late that night.

Thus it happened that he did not sit at the window and smoke many

cigarettes, and did not see the dark figure leave the teacher's cottage and hurry down the trail until the dead pine was reached, when it turned and headed straight for the arroyo. Where a young juniper grew on a ledge, the path started up the mountain to the look-out house. Once that point was gained, fear of getting lost was over, for the path was well worn and aided by her flashlight, Mary would have no difficulty in following it. Her right hand was in her pocket, clasping the revolver; and what ventured to attack her, brute or human, would meet cold lead.

Then she discried an object in the distance. It was too large for any of the wild beasts she might expect, and no cow or range horse would be there alone. She stopped, her heart thumping. Then she heard a low neigh, and went forward. The horse did not gallop off, as she expected, on her approach. Coming closer, the moonlight revealed the saddle and bridle. But the rein was on his neck, instead of on the ground, a fact she could not account for. But she swiftly realized that she was safer on his back than on her feet, when plainly the rider must be near; so she climbed to the saddle. If only she could get to the mountain top before the man, wherever he was, should discover his loss! She slapped the horse with the rein and he started forward, but nearing the ledge stopped. She was a good horsewoman and realized there was a cause for his balking. Peering forward, she saw the man lying on the stones. At her urging, the horse approached to within a few feet of his master, and she perceived the figure was motionless. It might, of course, be a ruse. With her pistol in her right hand, she threw the rays of her flashlight on him, and saw, with a shock, a face already wearing the set look of death. Hastily dismounting, the light gave her a clearer view, and the smile, showing on the white lips,

caught her like the grip of a strong hand. She knew it was the Boss of the logging camp—knew he had received her note, done her bidding, and, discovered by Big Dick, had met his death! But she had heard no shot! She was down on her knees, her ear to his chest, but she detected no heart-beat, nor could her finger find a pulse. She searched for a wound but no blood stained her hand.

He was dead—and she had brought him to his end! Her brain reeled. God in heaven! What had she done! Again she bent her ear. Oh! surely, that was a beat!

"O God!" she prayed, "spare this life! Take mine, but spare his!"

And while she prayed, her fingers feeling over his head, found moisture in his hair. The light revealed a tiny trickle of blood. He was hit from behind and by one who knew death would instantly follow the blow, but who—God be forever thanked!—had missed the spot by half an inch! Help she must have, but where should she turn for it? To ride back to the hamlet and rouse the Mexicans, was to precipitate the peril she was trying to avoid. The man in the look-out house could bring help and a doctor with his telephone. She pulled off her jacket and made a pillow for his head, then mounting, sent the reluctant horse up the path.

Her knock on the door brought a surprised, "Who's there?" from the forest watcher.

"Miss Ranard, the teacher! Hurry and let me in!"

In a short time the hastily dressed man opened the door.

"What on earth has happened, Miss Ranard?" he cried, seeing her white face. She staggered to a chair and related the whole story.

"Not Ben Anderson?" he cried, springing to his feet.

"Is that his name?" she asked, and it appeared to strike a responsive chord in her memory. Where had

she heard some one saying, "Boy, hurry down with this to Ben Anderson?"

"So I thought it best to come up to you," she went on. "You can telephone to the camp and for a doctor and to some of the ranchers—if you think best."

"If the ranchers get hold of this, they will string Big Dick up to the first tree and maybe start out against the Mexicans."

"I have been afraid of just that trouble beginning," she admitted.

"We'd better keep this quiet, Miss Ranard, until we can see the Ranger," he advised. "Those men ought to be arrested. If we start anything they will get out pronto."

She sprang up.

"Here we sit talking and that man dying!" she cried. "Telephone and then let us go to him!"

"I'll telephone the camp for some of the men to come and tell them to start a machine out for Dr. Brown; but I can't leave here, Miss Ranard."

"Oh, surely," she pleaded, "you will come down and help me with that poor fellow?"

"I can not leave my post," he answered. "They may start the fire tonight. Big Dick may suspect something."

It was her own fear spoken and she was silent. He filled the canteen with water, gathered up some towels and a blanket.

"You can do something for him until the boys come—I wish I could go with you—"

"I understand," she hastened to say.

"But if anyone should come and you need me, fire your pistol once and I'll go. And flash your light occasionally to let me know all is well with you."

As he was speaking, they were moving to the door.

"Gosh! but you are a brave girl!" he cried, admiringly as she mounted. "Keep up your courage. Everything

will come out all right. Oh, I say," as she was about to start, "hadn't you better have them take Anderson to your house? It will be better for him than for them to try to make their way back over the rough trail to the camp, and besides there will be no danger for you, then."

"That is a good plan," she rejoined.

On reaching the arroyo, she flashed back her light to the watching young man, and then gave her attention to Anderson. He had not stirred, and his unconsciousness worried her. She tried to force some of the water between his lips, but they were set in a rigor like death's. She bathed his face, dressed the wound, then wrapping the blanket around him, continued her efforts at restoration. After a long time she was finally rewarded by a slight movement. Flashing the light, she saw his eyelids quiver and open. As he met the dark eyes, looking down at him, he was back again at his linotype machine and the Girl Reporter was asking him if he could read her writing. "Why, it is not—as bad—as the—Old—Man's," he murmured, and then the awful blackness again enfolded him. The girl's finger fell from the spring on the flashlight, and the face, with its strange familiarity, was lost in the gloom. What did he know of the Old Man? She turned the light on him again, but the bronze, lean face, hardened by the elements was unknown to her. Then again she sought to revive him, but it was unavailing. Exhausted, her hands dropped to her lap. Crouching beside him she could only pray. The moon had long since set—still no one came. Several times she had been brought to her feet by stealthy sounds, but she set them down to a prowling animal. Once the horse started from his dozing, and then alarm rushed upon her. But presently he dropped his head again and she knew whatever danger had threatened had been averted. Again the horse started, but now he neighed.

The men were coming! Soon she heard the thud of their horses' feet, and she held up her light to guide them. Swaunee led the band, and he was on the ground before his horse had stopped.

"G'd evenin', Miss! How is he?" he said in one breath.

"He is still unconscious," she replied. "He came to once—but I don't think he knew anything. How about the doctor?"

"One of the men's gone for him in the car. O boys! ain't this awful!"—as the others crowded around.

"I suppose the forester's man told you we are to keep still about this till he can get the Ranger?" she cautioned.

"He talked that way, Miss," said Swaunee. "But if anything happens to the Boss—why then it's our business, not the Ranger's."

"Nothing will happen to him," she said. "Now you must get him down to my house—the little one near the school. I will go on ahead and get things ready. I'll ride his horse."

The gloom was deep. No fear now of being seen, as she guided the horse across the mesa. But she drew down the blind on the window opening toward the store, before lighting the lamp, and as she made her preparations, she decided that it should be immediately made known the man had been discovered and had been brought to her house. As they laid the still unconscious man on the bed, she took Swaunee into her confidence.

"We will beat them at their own game," she said. "Go over to the store and wake up Big Dick. Tell him that your Boss was given a letter, and after ordering the men to keep a watch on the machinery and to look out for fires, he had followed the man who had brought the letter. When he did not return, you started after him, and his horse's neighing led you to where he was. That you saw a light in my window—he knows I

usually keep a light burning all night—and you brought him here. Then telephone for your doctor. You'll about reach him before he starts. Say it appears that his horse stumbled, and as he fell hit his head on the rock. Now don't give it away, and we'll catch them in their own trap, and there won't be any trouble! Remember it is not just us and these Mexicans led by Big Dick, but the United States and Mexico also. Be careful!"

"Reck'n you're right, Miss!" he admitted. "But, it's a ha'd thing yoh're askin' of us!"

He clapped on his hat and started across to the store. But when he came back there was a grin on his honest face.

"He sho' did fall foh it, Miss!" he cried. "Ain't a bad man easily fooled?"

"They do seem to think they have a corner on shrewdness," she said, looking up from where she was kneeling by the bed. "They have started a fire in the kitchen. Go out and get warm."

"I'm not cold!" he said, dropping into a chair, his eyes fixed on the white face on the pillow. "No bettah, is he?"

"But no worse!" she said, hopefully. Silence fell. Occasionally the men would tip-toe in from the kitchen, but the still figure, the thought of their own helplessness, made them glad to retreat. Then they heard the chug of the automobile, and with a prayer of thanks, Mary saw the doctor enter the door.

The physician found his skill unavailing, and only faint heartbeats told that Ben Anderson still lived. Day broke, and while watching it coming in the glory of crimson and gold, Mary felt her heart swoon. Was it to be his last day—the man, who had ridden out at her bidding? He was no ordinary logging camp boss. The broken conversation with Swaunee, the loyalty and affection he and the other

men evinced for him, told her this. She stood watching the pageantry of the day's birth—then she remembered her attire. Big Dick might appear at any moment, and she knew he would be quick to note her riding skirt and wonder at it. She went to a tiny room where her clothes hung and put on a house dress, arranged her hair, and tying on an apron, started for the kitchen. Two men had accompanied Swaunee. They were in the kitchen, and rose on her entrance.

"Don't go!" she said, but they edged out of the little apartment and went to the room where the Boss lay, leaving Swaunee and Mary alone.

"Miss," he said, as she began to prepare breakfast for her unexpected guests, "yoh think the Boss is pretty bad, don't yoh? Please tell me, foh yoh see I onct made the Boss a promise, and if it's time to keep it, I ought'er know. Yoh see, he's a Cath'lic—"

"Oh!" she interrupted. "So am I!"

"I thought mebbe yoh was, seem' that cross hangin' on the wall. As I was sayin', I promised Ben onct that if evah he got bad sick, and I war aroun', I'd send foh a priest foh him. So if it's time to keep my word, I want to know?"

"I don't think he is going to die, if that is what you mean," she answered. "But we Catholics want the priest when we are in any danger. So we must send for Father Paul at once. It is a long trip for him, of course, but we can take no chance. So you had better go to the store and telephone for him."

Obediently Swaunee set forth. He found the store open and Big Dick at the telephone. But on his entrance, the storekeeper hung up the receiver, and turned a scowling face to the intruder. Stiffing an inclination to knock him down, Swaunee strode to the telephone, and was put into connection with the little parsonage at Mission. The answer came back that Father Paul was away, but that he

was expected home on the night train, when he would start immediately for Pretty Valley. Swaunee turned dejectedly from the telephone, but catching the foxy eyes of Big Dick fastened on him, he carelessly lighted a cigarette.

"How's your Boss now?" he inquired.

"He's comin' 'round," said Swaunee, turning on his heel and leaving the store. When assured the man was out of hearing, Big Dick went to the telephone and when he got his connection, he said, in Spanish:

"The Gringo is still alive. They have telephoned for that Catholic priest at—mission. You see to it, he doesn't get here!"

Then he went back to his place by the window, which gave him a good view of the cottage. How did it happen the blow had not done its work? It had never missed before. Was his back turning? He flung off the thought, with a curse. Things could not always fall out exactly as planned. There was nothing so terribly amiss. He would either die to-day or get better, and in either case he would be removed from the teacher's house. This was only the second of July. The men and the doctor believed that Anderson's injury was due to a fall from his horse. Even if he recovered, while he could set them right on that point, he could not say who had struck him. There was no need for him to worry. It might, of course, complicate things if the priest were to come—but the priest would not come. He could trust the Captain for that! It surely was fortunate that his was the only telephone around.

But while thus his thoughts ran on, underneath them fermented the knowledge that the doctor and those men from the logging camp were in the house with the teacher, that she was nursing the man who had brought this unfortunate turn to his affairs. There is no fury like jealousy, and for

hours it had been lashing him. Suppose Anderson's present condition were to last, or fever were to set in, and they could not remove him? With all those men about, there was no hope for the to him most important part of the plan to be carried out. The thing for him to do plainly was to get Anderson out of the cottage. Why should they have gone to the teacher's at all, when his hotel was hard by? He was adjusting his tie, even before he had made up his mind and was on his way to the cottage, while his purpose was only half fixed.

Mary saw him coming and went to the kitchen door. She felt that the men were exercising great restraint, and that to see him might bring it to the breaking point. Big Dick veered from his way to the front door, seeing her. His brow grew blacker as he took in her attire.

"Dolling up for them!" he thought, and he could have struck the face that looked so delicately fair under the morning light.

"What do those fellows mean by bringing that man to your house?" he demanded. "Isn't the hotel over there?"

"I don't suppose they thought of that," she said, guardedly, for she knew what was driving him. "They saw my light and it directed them."

"Well, now that they know their mistake, they have got to take him out of here!" he announced.

"Oh, he can not be moved!" she answered.

"Then you must go," he announced. "It is an outrage, coming in the dead of night on you, a lone woman! Why didn't you send them to the hotel? It's mighty funny—that's what it is! You keep men you know at arm's length, and fling open your door in the dead of night to a crowd of loggers—drunk probably—with one of their crew half dead. Knocked out, like enough, in some brawl."

Mary Ranard's wrath was leaping

like an enraged dog at the end of a chain, but she held it in control.

"That's not a bit nice of you to think I'm such a heartless wretch, who wouldn't let in a poor dying man, even if he and his friends were drunk! But indeed they weren't. And do you know they seem about scared to death of me," and she gave a low little laugh. "When I come where they are, they scatter like chipmunks. They are counting the minutes until the doctor says they can start back with the Boss. When he comes around he will be all right, and that will be soon. I have sent for Carlos' wife to stay in the house, for of course I must go to the school."

He made no move toward leaving, but continued to glare at her.

"I had better see that doctor and ask him if they can't move him over to my place," he then said.

"I didn't know you wanted to make money that bad," she said smiling up at him.

"You know that is not my reason!" he said, in a low voice.

"I know I will be late for school!" she retorted. "I also know all those Mexican women I see waiting at the

(To be concluded)

store are blessing you for delaying them in getting the frijoles into the pot!" and still smiling at him, she backed into the kitchen and left him alone.

He walked slowly away, his feelings in a turmoil. He was a fool! The idea of a girl like that giving a thought to a logger! Of course, she could not permit him to suggest that the man should be removed while he was in that condition. That would be acting like a prude, and would put her in bad with the people, who held hospitality in such high regard. He did not doubt they were as anxious to get away as he was to have them gone; but unless a customer demanded services, he kept watch on the cottage throughout the day.

At noon he saw the Ranger ride up and go to the school house. What did that mean? Half an hour—for he timed them—he remained there; then teacher and Ranger came out together and crossed over to the cottage. It was another half hour before he left, and he rode off in the direction of the dry arroyo. And for the first time, the face of Fear looked in upon the soul of Big Dick. Why was the Ranger mixing up in the matter?

ON THE PERFECTION OF LIFE

From the Latin of Saint Bonaventure

By Fr. Jasper, O.F.M.

Remembrance of Christ's Passion

SINCE the fervor of devotion is nourished and preserved in man by the frequent remembrance of Christ's passion, therefore it is necessary that he who wishes this devotion not to be extinguished in him, frequently, yes always look with the mind's eye upon Christ as dying on the Cross. For this reason the Lord

says in the book of Leviticus, *The fire on my altar shall always burn, and the priest shall feed it putting wood on it every day.* (Chap. 6, 12.) Listen, devout soul: *The altar of God is your heart; on this altar must always burn the fire of fervent devotion, which you must feed every day with wood from the Cross of Christ and the remembrance of His passion. This is what Isaias the Prophet says, You*

shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains (Chap. 12, 3); that is to say, whosoever desires from God the waters of grace, the waters of devotion, the waters of tears, let him draw from the fountains of the Savior, the five wounds of Jesus Christ.

Approach, then, O handmaid, on the feet of your affections to Jesus, who is wounded, to Jesus, crowned with thorns, to Jesus, nailed to the gibbet of the Cross, and with blessed Thomas the Apostle do not only see in His hands the print of the nails, do not only put your finger into the place of the nails, do not only put your hand into His side (John, 20, 25 and 27); but enter wholly through the door of His side into the very heart of Jesus, and there being transformed by a most ardent love of the Crucified into Christ, and nailed down with the nail of the fear of God, and pierced with the lance of tender love, and wounded with the sword of sincere compassion, do not seek anything else, do not desire anything else, let nothing else be your consolation, than that you may be able to die with Christ on the Cross. Then you may exclaim and say with St. Paul, *With Christ I am nailed to the Cross. And I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me* (Gal. 2, 19 and 20).

Now you must bear in mind the Passion of Christ in such a way that you consider how His Passion was the most shameful, the most painful, the most universal, and the longest in duration.

First, then, consider, O worthy handmaid of God, how the death of Jesus Christ, your Spouse, was the most shameful. For He was crucified like a thief and robber. In the Old Law, only the most wicked criminals, the thieves and robbers were punished with such a death. But behold a greater shame for Christ. He was crucified in the most infamous and

vilest place, that is on Mount Calvary, where many bones and corpses were lying about. This place was allotted to those condemned to death, and no others but the most wicked men were beheaded or hanged there. But behold even a greater shame for Christ, because like a robber He was suspended between robbers and in the midst as if He were the chief of robbers. Therefore Isaias says, *He was reckoned with the wicked* (Chap. 53, 12). Yet behold a still greater shame for your Spouse; because He was given to the air, hanging between heaven and earth, as if He deserved not to live or die on the earth. O incomparable injustice! To the Lord of the universe is denied the whole earth, nothing is thought viler in the world than the Lord of the world! Thus then was the death of the Son of God the most shameful on account of the kind of death, because He was suspended on the cross; on account of the associates of his death, because *He was reckoned with the wicked* (Luke 22, 37) and condemned; on account of the place of death, because He was crucified on the most infamous Mount of Calvary.

O Good Jesus, O Kind Savior, who art not once but many times con-founded! In how many more places one is covered with shame, so much more contemptible he becomes to the world; but behold, Thou O Lord Jesus, art bound in the garden, struck in the house of Annas, spit upon in the court of Caiphas, made a mock of in the palace of Herod; Thou carriest the cross on the way, and art crucified on Golgotha. Ah, woe is me, behold the liberty of the captives is captured, the glory of the Angels is sneered at, the life of mankind is put to death! O wretched Jews, well have you fulfilled what you promised! For you said, *To a most shameful death we shall condemn Him* (Wisdom 2, 20). For this reason St. Bernard says, "He

emptied Himself taking the form of a servant (Phil. 2, 7); He was the Son and became the servant, and He did not only take the form of a servant that He might be subject, but also that of a bad servant, that He might be beaten and pay the penalty, although He had no guilt." He was not only the servant of the servants of God, as the Pope, but He became also the servant of the servants of the devil, since as a servant He cleansed the sinners from their worst sins. Nor was this sufficient for Him. He chose a death more shameful than any other, that you might not dread to suffer similar things. *He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross* (Phil. 2, 8), "which," according to St. Augustine, "is the most shameful."

In the second place, consider attentively, O virgin dedicated to God, how the passion of Christ was the most painful. For the cross did not permit those blessed members which were stretched out upon it to contract in the pain of death, which is, a certain relief and consolation to hearts in anguish, nor did that adorable divine head have where to rest upon at the parting of the soul. Consider even more how painful the death of Christ has been. The more tender on is, the more pain he suffers; but there has never been a body so tender as that of our Savior. The body of a woman is more tender than that of a man; but the body of Christ was wholly virginal, because it had been conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin. Therefore the passion of Christ was the most painful of all, because He was more tender than all virgins. And if at the mere thought of death *His soul became so sorrowful* (Matth. 26, 38), on account of the tenderness of His body, that *the sweat became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground* (Luke 22, 44); how great was then His pain,

how great the punishment inflicted, when He really tasted of the most bitter passion. Wherefore St. Bernard says, "O Lord Jesus Christ, that sweat of blood which during the time of prayer trickled down upon the earth from Thy most holy body, most certainly indicated the anguish of Thy heart. What didst Thou do, sweetest Jesus, to be thus treated? What hast Thou committed, O dearest Lord, that such judgment was passed upon Thee? Behold I am the cause of Thy pain; the cause of Thy death."

But consider with still more diligence, how painful the death of Christ was. The more innocent one is, the harder it is to bear the punishment. For if Christ, on account of His own sins would have had to suffer this pain, it could somewhat have been endured, but *He did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth* (1 Pet. 2, 22). To this Pilate himself testifies, saying, *I find no cause of death in Him* (John 18, 38). For He is *the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness, as is said in the Book of Wisdom* (7, 26).

Consider even at greater length how painful the death of your beloved Spouse Jesus Christ has been. The more general the suffering is, the more painful it is; but Christ, your Spouse, suffered in every part of His body, so that there was no member, not even the smallest, which had not a special pain; there was not a place, however small, which was not filled with bitterness. For *from the sole of the foot unto the top of the head, there was no soundness therein* (Is. 1, 6). Wherefore He cried aloud in His extreme pain, saying, *O all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to My sorrow* (Lam. 1, 12). Truly, O Lord Jesus Christ, there has never been a sorrow like unto Thy sorrow. For so great was the shedding of Thy blood that

Thy whole body was sprinkled with it. O Good Jesus, O Sweetest Lord! since not a *drop*, but a *stream* of blood flowed so abundantly through five parts of Thy body, from the hands and feet at the crucifixion, from the head at the crowning, from the whole body at the scourging, from the very heart at the opening of the side, it seems wonderful how any blood at all remained in Thee. Tell me, my dear Lord, tell me why Thou didst permit so much blood to flow from Thy body, since one drop of Thy most holy blood would have sufficed to redeem the whole world? I know, O Lord, I know for certain that Thou didst do it for no other reason but to show with how great affection Thou didst love me.

What, then, shall I render to the Lord, for all the things that He hath rendered to me (Ps. 115, 12)? Forsooth, O Lord, as long as I live, I shall be mindful of the labors which Thou didst sustain in preaching, of Thy fatigues in going about, of Thy vigils in praying, of Thy tears of compassion, of Thy sorrows, the insults, the spittle, the stripes, the mockery, the nails, and the wounds; otherwise *they will require of me the blood of the just, that hath been shed upon the earth* (Matth. 23, 35). *Who, therefore, will give water to my head, and a fountain of tears to my eyes* (Jer. 9, 1), that I may weep day and night for the death of my Lord Jesus, which He suffered not for His, but for my sins. *He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins*, as the Prophet Isaias (53, 5) says.

Lastly consider attentively and diligently, how the death and passion of Christ was *the longest in duration*. For, from the first day of His nativity until the day of His death, He was always in suffering and pain, as He declares by the mouth of the Prophet, saying, *I am poor and in labors from my youth* (Ps. 87, 16); and in another

place He says, *I have been scourged all the day* (Ps. 72, 14), that is the whole time of my life. Consider further how the passion of Christ was the longest in duration. For He was nailed to the cross for this very reason that the punishment might last longer, that the pain might not be quickly ended, that death might be protracted, and that thus He might be tortured the longer and afflicted the more.

From all that I have said, O virgin of Christ, O handmaid of God, you can gather how *shameful*, how *painful*, how *universal*, how *long in duration* was the death and passion of your most beloved Spouse Jesus Christ. And all this He suffered to kindle in you love for Him, that for all this you might love Him with your whole heart, with your whole soul, with your whole mind. For what is kinder than that the Lord, for the salvation of the servant, take the form of a servant? What would be more conducive to the salvation of man than the example of suffering death for the sake of justice and of obedience toward God? What incites man more to love God than the loving kindness in virtue of which the Son of the Most High God laid down His life (John 10, 15) for us without any merits, nay rather with many demerits on our part? This is proof of such loving kindness that nothing more tender, nothing more generous, nothing more lovable can be thought of. And this loving kindness appears so much the greater, the more painful and ignominious the things are which He suffered or wished to suffer for us. For *God, that spared not even His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how hath He not also, with Him, given us all things* (Rom. 8, 32)? By this we are invited to love Him and to imitate the Beloved.

Woe, therefore, to those who are ungrateful for such benefits of loving

kindness, and upon whose souls the death of Christ makes no impression! "Behold," says St. Bernard, "the head of Christ inclined to kiss you, His arms extended to embrace you, His hands pierced through to give to you abundantly, His side opened to love you, His whole body stretched out to sacrifice Himself for you whole and entire." Woe a second time to those who by their sins *again crucify Christ in themselves* (Hebr. 6, 6), and *add to the grief of His wounds* (Ps. 68, 27). But woe a third time to those whose hearts can not be softened to sorrow, nor moved to good will, nor inflamed to performance of good works by so great pouring forth of such blood and by the prodigious greatness of such a price! Certainly such *enemies of the cross of Christ* (Phil. 3, 18) blaspheme Christ, sitting now at the right hand of God the Father in heaven, more than the Jews of old when He was hanging on the cross. To such and of such our Lord, according to St. Bernard, **speaks complainingly**, saying: "Behold, O man, what I suffer for thee; see, if there be any sorrow like unto the one by which I am tortured; to thee I cry who die for thee; see the pains which I suffer; see the nails with which I am pierced. And since the exterior pain is already so great, the interior pain is still greater when I find thee so ungrateful."

Beware, then, beware lest you be ungrateful for so great a benefit and unmindful of so great a price paid for you, but put Jesus Christ crucified *as a seal upon thy heart* (Cant. 8, 6), that like a seal on soft wax you may impress Jesus, your Spouse, upon your heart and say with the Prophet, *My heart is become like wax melting* (Ps. 21, 15). Put Him also *as a seal upon thy arm* (Cant. 8, 6), that you may never cease from doing good, and never grow weary of laboring for the name of our Lord Jesus, and when

you have done all things, then first begin, as if you had done nothing. Should, however, at any time sadness, affliction, loathing, bitterness befall you, or at times even disgust for what is good, immediately have recourse to Jesus Crucified, hanging on the cross; and there behold the crown of thorns, the iron nails, the lance which pierced His side; there contemplate the wounds of the feet and the wounds of the hands, the wounds of the head, the wound of the side, the wounds of the whole body, and consider how much He has loved you who has thus suffered for you and has borne such things for your sake. Believe me, at such a sight you will find everything sad, joyful, everything hard, light; everything tedious, lovely; everything bitter, sweet and delicious, so that also you begin to exclaim with holy Job and say, *The things which before my soul would not touch, now through anguish—of the passion of Christ—are my meats* (Chap. 6, 7). That is to say: The good things which before were insipid to my soul have now, on account of the anguish of the passion of Christ which I behold, become sweet and delicious to me. Thus we read that a certain man, after entering religion, became very impatient on account of the austerity of the food and the other exercises of penance in the Order. Being therefore very much distressed at heart, he prostrated himself before the image of the Crucified, and with many tears began to complain about the unbearable privations and labors of the Order and the insipidness of food and drink. Suddenly blood began to flow from the side of the image, and when he, though weeping bitterly, continued his complaints, the image of Christ answering said that as often as he felt any insipidness in food or drink, he should dip it in the brine of the blood of Christ. (Cf. *Analecta Franciscana*, tom. III.)

FATHER CHEBUL—INDIAN MISSIONARY

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

WHEN Bishop Baraga, in 1832, began his missionary labors among the Chippewas of the Lake Superior region, there was born in Velesovo, Austria, on September 13, a child that was destined by Providence to gather much fruit in this same portion of the Lord's vineyard. It was John Chebul. Already in early youth he showed unmistakable signs of a vocation to the holy priesthood. Accordingly, he was sent to the seminary at Laibach. Here he met Bishop Baraga, who had gone to his native land to recruit young men for the missions among the aborigines of North America.

As he listened to the zealous Bishop telling of his apostolic labors among the Lake Superior Chippewas, young Chebul's heart was inflamed with love for the Indians; and he at once conceived the desire to hasten overseas and assist the saintly Baraga in his noble work. After being ordained priest on November 3, 1855, he labored for some time in his native country. Four years later, on October 13, 1859, he landed at Sault Sainte Marie to begin his missionary career in the great Northwest. After remaining for a year at Minerota Mine, now Rockland, Michigan, to perfect himself in English and French, Father Chebul accompanied Baraga, in August, 1861, to La Pointe, where the Bishop intended to locate him. But the people of Bayfield, where most of the Catholics lived, begged so earnestly to keep the zealous young priest in their midst, that the Bishop consented. There was then no church nor rectory at Bayfield; but within a year Father Chebul had built both. The church still stands as a monument to his memory, although it now serves the purpose of a parish hall.

For about ten years he was the only priest in this neighborhood. As there were no railroads, and the missions were many and far apart, he was forced to trudge from place to place, after the manner of the Apostles. In the course of time, he became very skillful in the use of snow-shoes. Sixty to seventy miles on foot in one day is said to have been an ordinary feat for him in those days. Often he would go from Bayfield to St. Paul, making the entire trip of 165 miles over the old military wagon road in a surprisingly short space of time. Indeed, as a pedestrian and a snow-show tramp, he has probably never been surpassed.

In the summer of 1872, Father Chebul decided to pay a visit to his native land and the scenes of his childhood. Before leaving for Europe, however, urgent business in the interests of the Menominee Indians called him to Keshena, Wisconsin. He had been informed that proselytizing was being carried on in that reservation by several successive Indian Agents, by subordinate employees, by the Government trader, and by a Presbyterian preacher from the neighboring town of Shawano. He determined to find out the real state of affairs and was shocked to discover the sad plight of the Catholic Indians of that locality. On this tour of investigation, he administered forty-one Baptisms; and after strengthening his neophytes in the Faith, he left, promising to visit them again on his return from Europe. He kept his word. Returning to the United States, he first made a flying visit to his own missions among the Chippewas and then unexpectedly the "traveling missionary" appeared again at Keshena.

During the priest's absence in Europe, the Indian agent and his worthy

friends had been busy sowing cockle among the wheat; and Father Chebul was not slow to notice it. Immediately he fell to rooting out the obnoxious weeds sown during his absence. The Indians listened to his warning voice and kept aloof from the hirelings ever after. Father Chebul had done his work well. Naturally, the Government Agent felt peeved over the turn in affairs, and he reported in his annual account of 1873 as follows: "The only purely religious work among the Menominees has been done by the 'Romanists,' who now have a priest at Keshena." Indeed, they had a priest at Keshena and a good priest he was, whose only endeavor it was to save souls for Christ.

Father Chebul's labors during the year 1874 can best be summarized by citing the annual report of the same official, who writes: "The efforts of the Catholic priest among the Menominees have been remarkably successful. He, however, thwarted the attempts of the Agent and employees to supplement his labors by holding temperance meetings at the Council-House and school house on Sundays." The spiritual guardian of the simple-minded natives understood very well the real meaning of these "temperance meetings"; and the fact that the Agent himself was dismissed on account of drunkenness gives sufficient evidence of the real aim he and his associates had in view in attempting to draw the Indians to their meetings. "Next to God," writes a missionary, "it is owing to the vigilance and fiery zeal of Father Chebul that the bigoted proselytizers were baffled and the Faith of the Menominees was preserved."

While Father Chebul was strenuously fighting for the Faith of his adopted children, the Menominees, his own children, the Chippewas, were bitterly mourning his absence. They gave vent to their sadness in the fol-

lowing touching letter:

Our Father Blackrobe John Chebul!

We hope you have not entirely forgotten your children on Lake Superior. Anxiously do we desire to see you, again among us, whom you favored so many years with your paternal care and love and spiritual instructions. More than ever we feel now how much we have lost in you, and we acknowledge with sorrow that we have not sufficiently appreciated all the labor and trouble you had with us. But have mercy on us and forgive us, dear Father. We promise you to be good and faithful children in the future. We entreat you with all our heart to come back again to your old mission, where you labored with so much success nearly all the years of your priestly life. This we hope and desire the more, since our present pastor, Rev. Father Pfaller, is to leave us within a few days to go to Bad River, where he will remain.

Father Chebul was deeply impressed by this loving appeal of his Chippewa children and he would have undoubtedly acceded to their request if his eyesight had not begun to fail seriously. Besides, he deemed it imperative to keep constant watch over the Menominees, lest they fall a prey to the wiles of the proselytizers. He therefore decided to accept the parish at Marinette near by, which had been without a pastor for some time. The fact that a number of Chippewas and Menominees lived in the vicinity of this place was another inducement for him to locate there. With his customary energy, he at once completed the church begun by Rev. Father Permin, and he succeeded in securing the Sisters of Notre Dame for his parochial school. His stay in this place, so auspiciously begun, might have lasted for many years had it not been for the following incident.

The Catholic Temperance Society of Philadelphia wrote to Father Maschelein, Father Chebul's successor at Keshena, to bring a delegation of the Catholic Menominee Temperance Society to Philadelphia to take part in some festivities they were planning. Father Maschelein willingly entered

on the plan, but the Agent refused point-blank. Father Chebul's services were then enlisted, but he, too, met with an absolute refusal. Thinking that the Agent was, no doubt, trying to pay off an old score, Father Chebul went to Michigan and, selecting twenty-five Chippewas, who were non-reservation Indians, started off for Philadelphia. When he arrived at Chicago with his red-skin delegation, he was arrested on the charge of "taking Indians to Philadelphia without federal permission." At the trial he argued his case with all the vigor of his fiery nature, declaring that, since both he and his Indians were citizens of the United States, they enjoyed the inviolable right to go wheresoever they pleased. Notwithstanding all the obstacles placed in his way, Father Chebul succeeded in fully carrying out his plan, to the great satisfaction of his friends.

Bishop Baraga had frequently expressed the fear that Father Chebul's great austerities and excessive energy would sooner or later break down his health. He was right; for soon acute eye trouble again set in as a result of living in smoky Indian wigwams and Father Chebul decided to seek out a milder climate.

He went to Europe, then to India, and finally, in 1878, to France; where he accepted a parish in the diocese of Versailles. His engaging manners and great learning gained him the hearts of his parishioners, who could never admire enough the pious and zealous Indian missionary from the wilds of North America. During his four years in this parish, he made as many friends in Paris as in Versailles; and even after his return to Michigan, in 1882, he kept up a lively correspondence with his French friends, who often entreated him to come back to them. True to his missionary vocation, however, he preferred the uncouth American Indian to the genteel

Parisian. Bishop Vertin received him most kindly on his return from France and from that time until August 3, 1898, the day of his death, Father Chebul labored faithfully in the diocese of Marquette. His remains were laid to rest at St. Ignace, Michigan, which he loved above all other missions and where he was twice pastor.

Father Chebul was undoubtedly a great man and a puzzle. His personality and his unusual attainments gained him a host of friends and admirers. He was a good musician and loved to sing to his own accompaniment on the piano or organ. He excelled as a story-teller, and his travels to almost all parts of the world afforded him material galore, always new, always interesting. As a linguist he was unsurpassed in the diocese at a time when good linguists were rather the rule than the exception. He spoke fluently English, French, German, several Indian dialects, five Slavic languages and Arabian, besides Latin and Greek. In the latter language he was so proficient that he wrote verses in it. With how many more languages and dialects he was acquainted, it would be hard to guess. Indeed, his talents were phenomenal; but viewed in the light of his achievements they must be said to have been squandered—not indeed maliciously, for he knew no malice!—but because he himself did not realize that his gifted soul was anything out of the ordinary. As simple and guileless as a child, he sought no ecclesiastical honors and preferments, although he did at times jocosely boast of the fact that he had been twice elected justice of the peace in one of his small missions. The Indians clung to him as to a father, and affectionately called him Jigagawanjins or Little Onion, which translated into Slavic is Chebul. His memory is held in benediction by both the Chippewas and the Menominees.

DOS TECOLOTES

By L. M. Wallace

MISS Ruth Whitacre was eighteen and felt keenly her womanhood. She wore a gray felt toque and a mannish gray jacket; but a tiny red curl,—a saucy one, unhair-pin-conquered,—had stolen out of her coil and lay against her collar with a roguishness which made her face grow doubly childish by reason of her stern attire. Ruth was not conscious of this effect. In fact she had forgotten her desire to appear an experienced business woman. She was wholly absorbed in her surroundings.

It is somewhat of an adventure to change cars by oneself at a junction in the heart of the wild and wicked West. But to ride alone on a train in the dead of night, to know that after this she must cross a stretch of desert in a stage during the ghostly hours between one and three A. M.,—this was adventure; and, to tell the truth, for all the straight shoulders and firm lips of Miss Ruth Whitacre, it was more pleasant to be regarded from afar than actually to be lived in the present.

But Jebediah Whitacre had fought with Ethan Allen, and Lemuel Whitacre had faced the roar of Antietam; should Ruth Whitacre flinch?—Not till the last drop of fire had oozed from her hair.

The train gave a shriek as if to waken the dead fields of the desert from their eternal sleep. Ruth lifted up her suitcase and walked out of the car. The tiny station was up somewhere near the engine. Ruth stood on the cinder platform and collected her wits. Already the train was moving. The loneliness of the place and the hour gripped her throat.

Between the girl and the open waste of gray earth that stretched into the unknown, stood the stage—a loose

hung rattling spring wagon with six seats. On the front seat, gripping the reins of four shying broncos, sat a lean black-visaged Syrian. Behind him was a young Mexican. His face, as the moon shone on it, seemed soft and beautiful; a touch of the mystic, a touch of the effeminate, showing there. But the third occupant held Ruth's attention. He was a Mexican also, more than ordinarily intelligent looking, with a cast of features fascinating rather than handsome. The smile on his lips would have made her like him had not a sudden light gleamed in his eyes as he noted the slim girl standing alone in the moonlight. It was as if behind his half closed lids there crouched a demon.

A foot crunched the cinders at Ruth's side. "Miss Whitacre, I believe?" said a voice.

The girl turned. Fear had all but unnerved her. Now a smile came. No one could doubt the clear kindly eyes of the man who stood cap in hand before her.

"I am Paul Jarvis, electrical engineer at the mine," he explained. "Mr. Deniker asked me to tell you that he is sorry not to be able to come for you himself, but hopes you won't find me too bad a substitute. This is your grip?—Yes—Now, Miss Whitacre, if you will give me your check, Mose will bring up your trunk on the stage." He took the check and handed it to the driver. Then his eyes fell on the man in the last seat and he said something curt in Spanish. The Mexican glowered a moment, laughed, and, springing out of the stage, walked away; but, when at a safe distance, he called back over his shoulder.

"I am afraid that man is angry with you. Mr. Jarvis," said Ruth apprehensively.

The big engineer laughed. "I would slightly wonder if he wasn't. I told him to get out of that stage before I kicked him out."

"But—" began Ruth and paused realizing that she was showing much interest in a stranger.

A smile lit the face of the engineer. The girl's evident concern pleased, while it amused him. "There is nothing to fear Miss Whitacre," he said, "That sort of *hombre* doesn't tackle a man when he's hunting a fight. He is a two-legged coyote, and that's what I called him."

Mr. Jarvis picked up the suitcase and offered Ruth his arm. They walked back to the station. Beyond the platform stood a one seated, mountain-climbing Ford. Ruth smiled a moment when she saw the familiar brass front of the machine. Jarvis noted the expression and laughed. You didn't expect so much civilization, did you? Just wait till you see Dos Tecolotes—best mine in Arizona!"

He swung open the door, and a moment later Mose with his shying broncos was a part of the shadows of the night.

Time sped swiftly at Dos Tecolotes. Eight hours a day, Ruth Whitacre clicked a Remington at J. J. Deniker's elbow. The manager was gray, curt, and courteous. Every evening on which there was no dance, there were callers, horseback rides, or daring climbs up heights and into depths. Ruth realized clearly the pleasurable side of being the one and only English speaking unmarried woman in Dos Tecolotes.

Somewhere in each pleasure party Ruth saw Paul Jarvis, and each time her respect for him grew. The engineer was one of those young men who mark the present period in the history of the state—an Arizonian by birth, breeding, and education. Yet, if Jarvis was always in the party, he

had not as yet signalized himself as a suitor—that is not until one day.

J. J. Deniker had been called out of his office. The tumbled pile of papers on Ruth's right had become twenty-odd sealed envelopes on her left, and she was free to indulge a little curiosity that teased her.

Beyond the gulch where the hill rose to a level with the office windows, stood a tumble-down adobe house and before it a dilapidated baby carriage that had stood there ever since Ruth sat in the office. In the beginning she had thought it only a bit of odd rubbish until she noticed that the woman who lived in the house came out every time the sun traveled to it and moved it into the shadow.

Now Ruth glanced about an instant half amused at her own sense of guilt, and raising the manager's binoculars she decided to find out what might be in that baby carriage. Into the circle of her vision came the ragged inside of the gocart framing a pinched and patient little face. A clawlike hand played idly with a tortilla rolled about some beans, and the head turned wearily driving off the flies. "Poor little girly!" whispered Ruth. Then a step sounded in the hall. She slid the binoculars into their case and the Remington clicked once more.

As Ruth came home from work, she stopped in at the Company Store. When she came out she had a bag of good things and a little bright red parasol. It was a rough walk through Mexican town and up the gulch to the tumble-down adobe, but Ruth Whitacre was not one to be troubled by difficulties; and the joy of the poor little cripple that she found in the baby carriage paid her a thousand times for the small inconvenience.

The mother of the child came out of her door before Ruth could make good her escape and poured forth voluble Spanish thanks. Then suddenly the señora put her hand to her mouth

and called. A laborer, one of a dozen plodding home from the mine, quickened his steps.

As the young man raised his hat, Ruth recognized the lad whom she had seen on the night of her arrival. She noted the lines of weariness about his lips, and in his dreamy eyes there seemed an excitement foreign to his gentle nature. But when he saw what the American lady had done for his little sister, his face lit with gratitude; and he spoke in broken English, telling Miss Whitacre of the little sufferer, crippled from birth and doomed to wait the slow coming of the death angel, resting in the off-cast baby carriage.

Perhaps drawn by the sympathy in Ruth's face, he began to speak of other sorrows. His eyes glowed. Hot and swift his words pulsed from his lips. Ruth did not comprehend one half of all he said; but she gleaned that the lad was Venturo Sanches, aged seventeen, the sole support of the family, and that he earned one dollar a day.

The boy's misery touched her. She pitied him and did not wonder at the bitterness in his tone; yet the little Mexican mother seemed apprehensive and shook her head many times while he talked. With a heart filled with the sorrows of others, Ruth walked down the gulch from the little adobe. A figure slunk out of a shadow. She started. It was the man whom Jarvis had called the two-legged coyote. The fellow was not looking at her, but seemed dodging something that he saw farther down the road.

A moment later that something came in view. It was the athletic form of the engineer. The "Coyote" dodged back, ducked like a kicked cur, and ran off along the crooked path between the adobes of Mexican town. While Ruth smiled at this by-play, Paul Jarvis was before her with his ringing "Good afternoon, Miss Whit-

acre."

Surely a common salutation, but Ruth's breath came with a sharpness akin to pain. There was more in his voice than mere greeting, and in his eyes there was praise—had he seen her little charity?—but there was more there than praise.

Strange, what a weight of meaning common words can carry. Ruth walked on over the tin cans and broken glass of Mexican town; but her soul trod other lands—dream-filled, potent with joy and pain.

At supper the landlord smiled wisely at his lady across the table and teased Ruth; but her mind seemed too deeply busied for banter. Suddenly she startled both good people and perhaps herself as well by saying in a tone of eternal decision, "I am going to start a settlement house next Sunday!"

"A what?" burst out the landlady—she was not city bred.

"A settlement house—" began Ruth slowly. She had need to speak warily, for her idea was yet a confused mass in her mind. In fact, the train of her thought had run:—memory of Paul's praise-filled eyes—half-conscious wish to please him still more—memory of a lecture on settlement houses—resolve to go and do likewise for all the poor crippled Anitas and sad lived Venturos of Mexican town. But Ruth's idea was not yet hatched—merely in the picking-through-the-shell period—so she answered her landlady slowly, "You see, Mrs. Saunders, in my home city of Lynn we have settlement houses. They are for the Italians and Syrians and Jews—oh, you know how it is—and I thought—"

"Wow!" roared Saunders, doubling with laughter. "Are you going to start a soap distributing station for unwashed humanity?"

Ruth's brow grew lined. The corners of her mouth spoke of all the

Whitacres past, present, and to come. "Mr. Saunders, you have no realization of the suffering which I have seen. Now, there is poor Ventura Sanches striving to support a widowed mother and crippled sister on one dollar a day. Wages like that are a crying shame! That poor boy is no more than a slave!"

Mr. Saunders grew suddenly grave. "You are speaking a trifle strong, aren't you, Miss Whitacre? What you said is not very complimentary to the Company."

"Well, it is true!—and I don't care!" blurted Ruth.

"But J. J. Deniker might care. As for Ventura Sanches, if that kid don't quit his I. W. W. talk, he'll quit Dos Tecolotes."

Saunders's retort made the girl feel how minute a cog she was in the great mining machine. The thought nettled her; but the landlord continued in a tone of paternal advice, "Business is business, Miss Whitacre. When a man has worked as long as I have bossing *hombres*, some facts are bound to be hammered in. First point—unskilled labor can't expect high wages. Second point—an *hombre* can scabble along on one dollar a day. Give him more—will he fix up his house and put shoes on his kids?—nix!—give a peon two dollars a day, and he will loaf half the month. I've bossed the *hombres* for ten years and I know." With this ultimatum, Saunders sought the depths of his last "Examiner."

Opposition was tonic to Ruth Whitacre. As a last shot at the head behind the newspaper she remarked to Mrs. Saunders, "Of course, I must make a modest beginning. I can not expect fully developed settlement work even in a year; but I shall gather the poor neglected children of Mexican town next Sunday—"

"Oh-o-o-oh!—you mean a Sunday school for the Mexicans!" Mrs.

Saunders had all this time been pondering the term "settlement house." "But, Miss Whitacre, you don't understand how things are out here! The Mexicans are Catholics! They wouldn't come with you to our church, and the Padre would never let you teach in his church!"

"The Padre!" In Ruth's voice sounded all the disgust for friars that had been bred in Whitacre minds since Jonadab Whitacre drew sword with Cromwell.

At a half after two on the following Sunday, Ruth walked out on her errand for the uplifting of humanity. Six little Mexican girls were in waiting where the trail to the gulch hit the trail to the mine. Poor Anita, dull of mind as warped of body, was there rolled along by the little maids; and much to Ruth's surprise, Ventura Sanches brought up the rear.

The lad was in gala day attire—brand-new blue overalls, a striped shirt, and a wide red tie. Indeed, he was a handsome boy, and Ruth immediately chose him as her mainstay and ally in this work for the benefit of his race.

Very little of Ruth's talk did Ventura comprehend, but he felt flattered because the pretty Americana had smiled on him and he became her willing slave that instant; yet he did not fancy the idea of using the schoolhouse as a meeting place, and he suggested the church, as the door was open and the old organ could be called upon for music.

Ruth Whitacre prided herself on her broad-minded creedlessness, and thought it best to draw the children first and to lead them afterwards; so she played on the rickety organ while Ventura turned the leaves of a battered hymn book, and the little girls sang *O Maria, Madre mia*, with the abandoned sweetness of woodland songsters.

The music reached other ears, and

little black heads swarmed through the door. The church was filled with children when at last, finding the young throats song-weary, Ruth stopped playing. Then rose a difficulty. She knew scarcely two dozen words in Spanish. But Venturo sprang to her aid and produced a rather dog-eared pamphlet. He ushered the pretty Americana to the front of the room, and she looked over the rows of upturned faces. They were poor. The adobe church was poor, and the thought crossed Ruth's mind that blessed are the poor.

Finding that she was expected to read from the little book, she did so—much prompted by Venturo. Some of the smaller folk seemed prone to giggle at her errors; but the wrathful glances of her ally brought immediate order, and in response to each sentence read came a concert of voices answering in unison.

Two or three pages were covered, when suddenly the frame of the engineer blocked the doorway. Ruth paused embarrassed. Paul's eyes seemed burning. There was surprise in them, deep and startled; but out of their depths a keen-edged joy was shining.

On the steps of the adobe church, Paul greeted Ruth, and the girl noted the swift dark look that shot across Venturo's face. It amused her. Was the silly boy jealous? But the thought was quickly swallowed by her own emotions. As on the evening in the gulch, the engineer said nothing beyond the common civilities. But her woman's instinct told her that at the door of the little church Paul Jarvis had passed his Rubicon. He was determined to win Ruth Whitacre as his wife.

Timidity and joy fought in her heart. Ever since childhood she had dreamed of this hour. Now that it was dawning, she felt a strange fear

—hoping that he would not speak; yet, hoping he would give her time to make sure in her own heart whether or not she loved him.

Paul did. All week Ruth did not see him. But on the following Sunday afternoon when she closed the church door behind her sweet-voiced, dark-eyed charges, the engineer was standing holding two saddle ponies.

He raised his hat. "Would you like to take a little ride, Miss Whitacre?" he asked. The phrase was formal, but his tone was low and determined.

Ruth's voice choked. "It's such a pretty day; why—yes," she answered and wondered what he had set his mind to say.

The scraggly mining camp fitted by them. The wind of the desert blew up keen and clear. The horses were stall-weary and oat-fed. Beneath their feet sped long rises and dips of dun and yellow earth under a tent of amber sky. Out of the gray ahead rose a darker gray. Slowly the mass detached itself from its surroundings cutting a jagged patch out of the sky. A mile fled by on wings. It was near now,—just a ridge of scored and ragged boulders, the crack end of some old lava flow. The day was drifting toward sundown and the rocks sent a blue shadow across the sand. They drew rein to rest both themselves and their horses.

Paul spread his coat to make a seat for Ruth upon the stone. "I come here often," he said, "I like to watch the mountains walk out on the desert at sunset."

They were silent looking out over the tawny leopard's hide of sand, and watched the sunset shadows draw out a peak from the misty multitude and then let it slip back again. Something moved at Ruth's feet and drew their wandering eyes. It was only a trapdoor spider that had flung open the cover of its nest and scuttled out.

The girl stooped to examine the tiny silk-lined pocket from which it came and lifted the cunning lid.

"What a pretty little home!" she cried, then drew her breath. She felt Paul's eyes, and would not raise her own.

"I can make a prettier home than that," he said, "and Ruth—"

Paul had never called her by that name before. Had the moment come? She was not ready with her answer, though it had been her only thought the whole week long. She raised her eyes filled half with joy and half with trouble.

"I beg you to pardon me, Miss Whitacre," he said. "I have no right

to call you by your baptismal name. My emotions broke my guard. I had not meant to say what I did, but I had to let you understand that no other woman could make a home for me. It is you or no one for me; but I do not mean to ask you for your answer. It is not fair to you. It is barely nine months since we met. I know my own mind but—"

Ruth looked straight into his eyes and answered, "And when I know mine, I shall tell you, Mr. Jarvis."

"Good!" Paul cried gleefully. "You are the girl I thought you were!"

Then they mounted their ponies and rode through the long desert twilight back to Dos Tecolotes.

(To be concluded)

SAINT MARY MAGDALEN

O Magdalen, earth's garish joys
 In vain shall beckon thee,
 Since thou hast looked upon His Face,—
 The Man of Galilee.

Hast met the tender, pleading eyes
 Of God's beloved Son;
 Hast learned the might of love at last,
 Since Christ thy heart hath won.

Thy gleaming hair, a golden cloud
 About thy shoulders fell,
 When prostrate, weeping at His Feet,
 Thy woe and love to tell.

"She hath loved much." the guests amaze,
 Their haughty looks bestow;

O happy Mary Magdalen,
 Thy soul is white as snow.
 —Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

CHAPTER XI

Juan de Onate Chosen to Head Another Expedition—Franciscans Selected—Disappointments—Fr. Diego Marquez—On the Way at Last—New Band of Franciscans—Holy Thursday Celebrated—Pathetic Scene—Onate's Lofty Conception of His Errand—In the Waterless Desert—First Solemn High Mass near El Paso—Mystery Play—Onate Takes Formal Possession—The Ceremonies and Record—Noble Prayer

CHRISTIANITY had thus far failed to secure a foothold in New Mexico; but as "the Franciscans had purchased the right to evangelize the territory by the life-blood of five of their Order"¹ they would not cease their efforts until they had succeeded in gaining spiritual possession. The opportunity presented itself when, in 1595, Viceroy Don Luis de Velasco accepted the offer of Don Juan de Oñate who proposed to raise, at his own expense, a military force and a body of colonists, provided that certain honors, lands, and privileges were granted him. Oñate was accordingly named governor and captain-general of New Mexico. In order to help him bear the cost of the enterprise, he was allowed \$4000, besides a loan of \$6000, from the royal treasury. The contract was signed on September 30, 1595.² Velasco³ then requested the Franciscan Commissary General, Fr. Pedro de Pila, to select a number of friars who should accompany the expedition as chaplains to the soldiers and colonists and as missionaries to the Indians.

The Commissary General appointed Fr. Rodrigo Durán commissary⁴ or superior of seven Franciscans, who fondly hoped to reach the territory where three of their brethren had died the death of martyrs for the Faith only fifteen years before. Among these friars were Fr. Diego Marqués, Fr. Baltasar, and Fr. Christobal de Salasár. The names of the other three are unknown.⁵ In the following year, 1596, they joined the troops at the camp of El Caxco,⁶ about two hundred leagues from the Capital. Don Vicente de Zaldívar, a nephew of Oñate, had been named captain and was authorized to enlist the soldiers and colonists requisite for the conquest and settlement of New Mexico.⁷

Don Juan de Oñate probably owed the appointment of governor as much to his prestige and wealth as to his ability. He was a rich and prominent resident of Zacatécas, the son of the popular conqueror Don Christobal de Oñate⁸ and of Doña Isabel de Tolosa, granddaughter of Fernando Cortés and great-granddaughter of the un-

1. Dr. Gilmery Shea, *History of the Catholic Church*, vol. i, 186-187.

2. "A treinta de Septiembre," Torquemada, tomo i, col. 1, 1670. Villagrà, *Canto Sexto*, followed by Read, p. 197, has August 24. Bancroft, *New Mexico*, p. 116, says "in October."

3. Torquemada, p. 671, and Vetancurt, *Cronica*, p. 95, no. 20, erroneously contend that it was the new viceroy who approved Oñate and asked for friars.

4. Vetancurt, *loco citato*, styles him "presidente."

5. Villagrà, *Canto Septimo*, folio 34.

6. Shea, p. 187, has "Nombre de Dios," which is in southeastern Durango.

7. Mendieta, p. 402; Torquemada and Vetancurt, ut supra; Bancroft, 110-117; Read, 196-198; Shea, ut supra; Bolton, *Spanish Explorations*, 201-202.

8. See Tello, *Cronica Miscelanea* and Mota Padilla, *Conquista*.

fortunate Montezuma.⁹

From the king's decree, and the new viceroy's orders to Captain Ulloa,¹⁰ it is clear that, owing to the importunities of jealous rivals, Viceroy Gaspár de Zuñiga y Acebedo, Conde de Monterey, under date of December 20, 1595, advised the Spanish sovereign not to confirm Oñate's appointment, but to authorize an investigation of the many complaints raised against him. The king, thereupon, May 8, 1596, ordered the "suspension of the execution of what had been capitulated with the said Don Juan de Oñate." Viceroy de Monterey, on August 12, 1596, communicated the royal decision to Oñate through Don Lope de Ulloa, captain of the viceregal guards.

Several *visitas* or inspections were held in succession with the result that, although they redounded to Oñate's honor, the seemingly endless delays caused many of the men to desert. The Franciscans, too, not pleased with idle camp-life, returned to their monasteries, leaving behind only Fr. Diego Marqués to look after the spiritual needs of the colonists and their families.¹¹ "This religious had been captured at sea and taken before Queen Elizabeth, who ordered him to be tortured in order to extort information regarding the Spanish provinces in America. That he yielded probably made him unpopular, and the feeling was so strong that when the expedition at last set out, he was compelled to return to Mexico soon after they reached the Rio Conchos."¹²

The last inspection of Oñate's

forces was concluded by Don Juan Frias Salazar on January 20, 1598. On January 26, the expedition started out from Santa Barbara or from San Bartolomé, and on the 30th reached the Rio Conchos. The whole caravan consisted of four hundred men, one hundred and thirty of whom went as colonists accompanied by their families and escorted by soldiers, the remainder being Indian servants, muleteers, etc., in charge of a train composed of eighty-three wagons or carts and seven thousand head of cattle.¹³

On February 7, the expedition left the Conchos and slowly made its way to the Rio de San Pedro, where on March 3, a new band of Franciscans reached the camp. These friars, "men of great zeal and learning," as Fr. Sálmeron remarks, were escorted by Captain Marcos Farfán, who had accompanied Fr. Marqués south. The names are given by Villagrà and Sálmeron as follows: Fr. Alonso Martínez, the commissary, Fr. Francisco de Zamora, Fr. Juan Rosas, Fr. Alonso Lugo, Fr. Francisco de San Miguel, Fr. Andrés Corchado, Fr. Christobal Salazar, a cousin of Oñate, Fr. Juan Claros, Brothers Pedro Vérgara and Juan de San Buenaventura, besides the Tertiary Brothers Martin, Francisco, and Juan de Dios. The arrival of these friars was celebrated by a banquet, the tables for the officers and the friars being placed in a spacious arbor.¹⁴

A week later, March 11, the expedition set out from the camp on the Rio San Pedro, eleven leagues north of the Conchos, in 28 degrees and 45 minutes,¹⁵ and the next day, after hav-

9. Arlégui, *Cronica de Zacatecas*, p. 52; Bancroft, 116; Read, 196-197; *Spanish Explorations*, 201. Bolton mentions Doña Isabel as the wife of Don Juan de Oñate, whereas Arlégui describes her as his mother. "Juan de Oñate, hijo de Don Christobal de Oñate y de Doña Isabel Cortés Montezuma."

10. Villagrà, folios 36-38, translated in full by Read, 198-201. See also Bancroft, 116; Shea, 1, 187.

11. Torquemada and Vetancurt, *locis citatis*. and Villagrà, folio 44. The Fathers were more likely recalled, as Bolton states, p. 202.

12. Shea, vol. 1, 187. Villagrà speaks in glowing terms of Fr. Marqués, the persecution against whom he calls an "invenzion diabolica secreta," fol. 55.

13. Bancroft, 124; Read, 202, Sálmeron, No. 33.

14. Villagrà, *Canto Onze*; Read, 209, 210, 212; Sálmeron, No. 34; Bancroft, 124.

ing marched northward eight leagues, arrived at the Rio de Nombre de Dios. By March 19, a water, not particularly specified, was reached and named Sacramento by the Franciscans, because it happened to be Holy Thursday. The institution of the Holy Eucharist was celebrated here in a way that demonstrated that Oñate and his people had taken a most lofty view of their task, and that they all regarded themselves as the pioneers of a sacred undertaking which could not be accomplished save through aid from above. The poet-historian of the expedition, Captain Gaspár de Villagrà, describes the pathetic scenes in beautiful verses which, it is a pity, we can not reproduce in English for lack of the poetical vein. Suffice it to relate that the commander, Don Juan de Oñate, had a large chapel erected of timbers and suitably decorated. After the solemn function of the morning, a tomb was constructed in the center of the primitive edifice, to which an image of the Crucified Savior was borne in solemn procession, the friars, officers, and soldiers all taking part. All through the following night, the friars leading, the whole company of men remained awake to send up prayers to Heaven for the success of their common mission. At times, regular scourgings took place, whilst the cry for mercy and protection would ascend to the God of Might. Oñate himself in a private arbor had bared his shoulders and beat himself until the blood flowed, whilst tears streamed from his eyes, as Villagrà affirms.¹⁵ The burden of the entreaties of the people as well as of the friars was that the

Lord, who had led the Israelites out of Egypt, through the Red Sea, and out of the deserts, would deign to guide them out of the surrounding waterless wastes into the territory of New Mexico, so that they might bring the light of the true Faith to its people who dwelt in spiritual darkness and the shadow of death. Next morning, Good Friday, the ceremonies were completed and the march was resumed. After wandering three leagues, camp was pitched at a place which for the Mystery of the day received the name Santa Cruz.¹⁷

Travel grew more difficult as the sand dunes south of Juárez were reached, the lack of water being especially felt. Man and beast suffered intensely. On one stretch the expedition passed four days without tasting water. At last, April 26 saw all united on the Rio Bravo del Norte, as the Rio Grande¹⁸ was called thus far, and the distress of the despairing marchers terminated. Oñate led his men and the colonists up the west bank of the river till April 30, when a longer stop was made about fifteen miles from what is now Juárez. Here in a pleasant grove, writes Villagrà, the governor ordered a chapel to be constructed of boughs. It was spacious enough to enclose all the members of the expedition. In this shelter, it being the feast of the Ascension of our Lord, an unnamed Franciscan Father celebrated a solemn High Mass, the first in that region, and the Fr. Commissary, Fr. Alonso Martínez, preached an appropriate sermon. After the religious functions of the day, a religious play was presented in

15. Bancroft, p. 126, note; Villagrà *Can'to Onze*, fol. 56, where he claims that the "San Pedro es un río de cristalinas aguas y pescado," having water and fishes. For all that, it is not on the maps.

16. Villagrà, *Canto Onze*, fol. 58-59. The passage on Oñate reads: "Y el Genéen un lugar secreto—Que quiso que solo le supiese—Hincado de rodillas fue vertiendo—Dos fuentes de sus ojos, y tras dellas—Rasgando sus espaldas derrama—Un mar de roja sangre surlicando, etc.

17. Bancroft, p. 126, note.

18. The Rio Grande was first so named by Gaspár Castaño de Soña on January 12, 1591. (Bandelier, *Final Report*, Part II, pp. 135-136.)

the style of the old mystery "comedias," so common during the Middle Ages. It had been composed for the occasion by Captain Marcos Farfán de los Godos. The "argumento" or plan represented New Mexico joyously welcoming the Church, and on her knees with deep reverence supplicating the Spouse of Christ to wash away her sins in the water of Baptism, and to admit her to the fold.¹⁹

Thereupon Don Juan de Oñate took formal possession of the territory of New Mexico and its adjoining provinces in accordance with the ceremonies prescribed by Spanish law or custom. The event was then reported in a verbose document which its great length (it would fill ten pages of the *Franciscan Herald*) prevents us from reproducing here entirely, although it is a noble profession of the same Faith which Catholics in New Mexico, as the world over, in every particular hold dear to this very day. Note especially the beginning:

"In the Name of the Most Holy Trinity and Undivided Eternal Unity, Deity, and Majesty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Three Persons in One Sole Divine Essence, One and Only True God, Who with His Eternal Will, Almighty Power and Infinite Wisdom, directs, governs, and disposes potently and sweetly from sea to sea, from end to end, as the Beginning and End of all things. . . to His honor and glory; in honor of His Most Sacred and Blessed Mother, the Holy Virgin Mary, our Lady, Gate of heaven, Ark of the covenant. . . ; and in honor of the Seraphic Father, St. Francis, image of Christ in body and soul, His royal ensign, patriarch of the poor; . . . by virtue of my appointment and of the titles which his majesty granted; . . . I now come in demand of the dominions and provinces of New Mexico; . . . and I want to take possession of the land to-day, the feast of the Ascension of our

Lord, April 30, 1598; . . . in the name of the Most Christian King Philip, the Second, . . . and for the Crown of Castile. . . The first and not the least consideration (in justification) for the present case is the death of the preachers of the holy Gospel, true sons of St. Francis, Fr. Juan de Santa Maria, Fr. Francisco Lopez, and Brother Augustin,²⁰ first discoverers of this land, after the great Father Marcos de Niza; for all gave their lives and blood as the first fruits of the holy Gospel in this land. These martyrs suffered a martyrdom of death which they did not deserve; for being once well received by these Indians and admitted into their pueblos and homes, . . . and having on all occasions done good to these natives, . . . these Indians, against the natural law, returned evil for good, and inflicted death on men who were innocent, who did them no harm, and who gave them what they could, and who tried to give them the life by means of the law of grace, this being sufficient cause and reason, if there should be no other, to justify my claims. Besides this are the correction and punishment due the Indians for their sins against nature, and for the inhumanity that exists among these bestial tribes which it behooves my king and prince to correct and restrain.²¹ . . .

Therefore, resting on the solid basis aforesaid, I take the aforesaid possession in the presence of the Most Rev. Fr. Alonso Martínez of the Order of St. Francis, who is Apostolic Commissary, *cum plenitudine potestatis*, of this New Mexico and its provinces; and of the Rev. Fathers, his companions" (here follow the names already given near the beginning) "and of my aide-camp, Captain Juan de Zaldívar Oñate, and of the other officers of my staff; . . . I say that in the name of the Most Christian King, Don Felipe, our lord, the defender and the protector of our holy Mother the Church, for the Crown of Castile, I take and apprehend once, twice, and three times all that I can and must take by right of the royal actual possession, civil and military, in this Rio del Norte without exempting anything. . . This possession I take in the name, too, of the other lands, pueblos, cities, and villas in the said provinces of New Mexico,

19. Villagrà, *Canto Catorze*. See also Shea, I, 187-188; Bancroft, 127.

20. Oñate overlooked the martyrs of 1542, for whom see *Franciscan Herald*, May, 1919.

21. Oñate does not exaggerate. The situation was in many respects not unlike that prevailing in Chanaan at the time of Josue. Says Bandelier, *Final Report*, p. 41, "Idolatry is not even an adequate term for it; it is a Fetishism of the grosser kind." Again p. 35, "Many crimes committed are kept secret, but contribute slowly and surely to depopulate the village. Certain pueblos, like Nambé, Santa Clara, and Cia, owe their decline to the constant inter-killing going on for supposed evil practices of witchcraft."—"There was the utmost liberty, even license, toward girls. Intercourse was almost promiscuous with the members of the tribe,"—p. 142.

and those that are contiguous to it, with the mountains, rivers, waters, pastures, meadows, passes, and all its native Indians. . .

And I, Juan Pérez de Donis, clerk of his Majesty and secretary of this expedition, do certify and give testimony that the said Governor and Captain-General of the said kingdom (of New Mexico), as a sign of true and peaceful possession, and, continuing the acts thereof, placed and nailed, with his own hands, on a certain tree, which was prepared for that purpose, the holy Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and turning to it, with his knees on the ground, said: *Holy Cross, divine gate of heaven, altar of the only and essential sacrifice of the Body and Blood of the Son of God, road of the Saints, and possession of their glory; open the gate of heaven to these unbelievers; found the Church and Altars where the Body and Blood of the Son of God may be offered; open to us the way of safety and peace for their conversion, and to me in his royal name, peaceful possession of these dominions and provinces for his holy glory. Amen.*

"And immediately he fixed and set up in the same royal manner with his own hands the royal standard and the coat-of-arms of the Most Christian King, Don Felipe. His Lordship ordered this act of taking possession to be signed and sealed with the seal of his office."

The document was accordingly signed by all the Franciscan Fathers and the two Franciscan Brothers named before, by Captain Juan de Zaldivar Oñate, the officers of the staff and all other officers and the soldiers, by the governor himself, and by his son, Don Cristobal de Oñate, a youth of eighteen years.²² Next day, May 1, the march northward was resumed in search of a suitable ford for crossing to the other side of the Rio Grande.

22. Villagrà, *Cantò Catorze*, fol. 77-81. For a translation in full, see Read, *Illustrated History of New Mexico*, 203-212. Names of all the officers and soldiers *ibid.* pp. 211-212; also in Bancroft, 125-126.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

SAINT Francis, would that thou wert here again,

The world hath need of souls like thee to-day,
 To-day when pride and power and fleeting joys,
 The souls and hearts of men in thralldom hold.
 Loud is the voice of discord all around,
 Raised in revolt against the Lord on high;
 Ah! but to hear thee, troubadour of God,
 Lifting thy voice as in the days of old,
 When wandering o'er thy lovely Umbrian hills,
 Thou didst invite the birds to sing with thee
 Thy canticles of praise. Still men are prone
 About our wondrous age proudly to boast,
 The wisdom and the greatness to extol
 Of those we name the mighty ones of earth.
 Saint Francis of Assisi, be our guide,
 Teach us true greatness found by those alone,
 Who day by day the paths of virtue tread;
 Teach us true wisdom, thou who smilingly
 The baubles of the worldly cast aside,
 To plight thy troth to Holy Poverty.
 Breathe forth a blessing on the world again,
 Such as was wafted from Alverna's mount;
 Give us thy peace, guide thou our steps aright,
 Thou champion of the Cross, thou stalwart seraph-knight.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Conducted for our Women Readers

By Grace Strong

"I don't know why she should feel so grateful to me; all I ever did was to give her a word of encouragement when I felt she needed it."

Thus a friend, replying to an' observation of mine regarding a mutual acquaintance's praise of his helpfulness.

"A word of encouragement when she needed it." That seems a very good word to say of oneself in one's relationship with another. For if we look back over our day, we too often see that when the opportunity came to us to give the word of cheer to a needy brother, we passed it by. Some of us do so on purpose. "Nobody concerned himself about me, why should I concern myself about this person?" You have that excuse advanced, and you feel sorrier for the speaker than for the person in need of help, since selfishness is sapping all the springs of his being, and the final state of that man is fearful to contemplate. Moreover, he speaks untruthfully. No man lives to himself alone, we are told, and it is scarcely conceivable that one should have passed through life, without having experienced some fellowship and good will from his kind.

Then there are others who seem to hold a fear of giving encouragement. If the person fails, the harder it will be the higher he has hoped; and he may ultimately blame those who buoyed that hope. Better let him try it out by himself.—I often wonder, hearing that argument, how many a one, instead of trying it out, has let it go, because of this fearfulness of his friends.

But, in the majority of cases, we miss our opportunity through indif-

ference, carelessness. We live alongside of people and scarcely give them more than a passing thought. Perhaps their problems are brought to our notice, and we intend some day to stop long enough and see if we can not help some; but that day does not come, and when the Good Samaritan passes, and lifts the needy brother and sets him on his way, healed and strengthened, we realize our opportunity is lost to us forever. We had it in our power to be God's agents to a fellow creature, and we dallied with our high commission, until it was withdrawn from us and conferred on one more faithful.

Look over your own life and see what you owe to the encouragement given you by others. It began back there in childhood, when living voices encouraged you in your young efforts. It followed you through youth, and when you entered on your life's work, it was the words of encouragement you received which helped you over those first seemingly insurmountable obstacles. You are going on to-day largely on the encouragement you receive from others.

This being true, we should never shrink from paying our indebtedness, in giving the encouraging word to the one in need of it. If it costs us something in time and effort, that makes it the more valuable. Perhaps one of the tenderest examples set us by the Little Poor Man of Assisi is the great pains he took to encourage his brothers and sisters not only on the path of perfection, but in the common ways. Sometimes reading the lives of the saints and of other great people, yes, even of the Great Example Himself, we do not know at which to marvel

more: their patience with the problems of others, or the simpleness some of the problems which those friends and disciples offered. But those problems were anything but simple to those whom they confronted, and the patience with which they were received, the gentleness with which the solution was given by the Master and His noblest imitators, should afford us an example in our dealings with others.

Because the task another is doing would be so easy of accomplishment to you is no reason for you to conclude it is likewise for him and that he, therefore, stands in no need of encouragement. It may be testing him to the very limit, and your word of cheer may be his salvation.

Give the word of encouragement everywhere. Give it to the horse straining under his load, to the dog doing your bidding, to the child in its baby task, to the youth in his awkward efforts, to the man and woman in their strength-testing struggles, to the aged in their last feeble attempts. But do not give it perfunctorily or spasmodically, but every day and from the heart. In the final summing up it may prove to be your best gift.

Parents Who Hold Back

SISTER Jean's brow had a troubled look that morning at the last of September.

"What's wrong, Sister?" asked the school nurse, stopping on her way to the consulting room.

"Billy Smith again—or rather Billy Smith's parents," answered the teacher.

"I admit it is rather discouraging to see all your work in the school brought to nothing in the home," said the nurse sympathetically. "I feel like giving up in despair myself at times. Take Mary Brown in Sister

Claire's room, as one instance. Mary is not a backward child. She could have kept up with her class and passed if I could have gotten that father of hers to consent to having those adenoids removed and her eyes treated. But what has Billy's parents been doing now?" she asked, seeing the recital of her own grievances did not comfort the little Sister.

"I don't suppose they really mean it that way," began Sister Jean charitably, "but it appears as if they deliberately oppose every effort the school makes for Billy's improvement; and as Billy is inclined to 'speak out in meetin,' the reported stand of his parents against our methods and discipline is eagerly heard by the other children, carried home, and starts other unthinking parents on the way of the critic and fault-finder. One morning we are told his father does not believe in night study, or that his mother says our way of teaching spelling is not as good as the way she was taught, etc. But they capped the climax when they sent me a note this morning, politely intimating that my telling the children to say grace before and after meals is a reflection on the parents of those children who do not follow that custom, believing, as they—the Smiths—that the truest piety is that which makes no outward show, as Christ bids us to go into the closet when we say our prayers. Billy is a good child,—he wants to do what is right; but how is he to know the right when he finds his parents and his teachers taking opposite sides on almost everything?"

"Sister Jean," cried the nurse, "I could sit down and weep with you over a common woe. In my work in four schools, I have had to contend with parents beside whom Billy Smith's are paragons of virtue. There are children of mine who will be crippled all their lives, who will lose their sight, who will die early because of

the selfishness or indifference of their parents. And one is powerless to do anything. I have run my feet nearly off, talked till my throat was hoarse—and all to no avail.”

“Well, what’s the pow-wow about?” asked the physician entering the hall.

“Sister Jean and I are holding an experience meeting regarding the lack of cooperation between parents and the school and Health Department,” said the nurse.

“My dear ladies,” said the Doctor, “if we had that cooperation, we could work wonderful changes physically, mentally, and spiritually in even one generation. But that is to expect the golden age. The most we can do is to train a majority of the children to take a proper viewpoint, so that when they are parents they will give the instructors of their children that cooperation which their parents withheld from us.”

“The little leaven that will leaven the whole measure,” said Sister Jean, with cleared brow.

An Everyday Story

By a correspondent

HERE is an everyday story picked out of everyday life. It is, of course, intended to “point a moral,” but that does not alter the facts of the case.

They were a young couple, a very young couple, set to the double task of tenant and caretaker of a furnished country house and a stock farm. To add to their labors, a baby came in due time, and demanded more care than house or farm. Perhaps received it, you would think if you were to come upon the pair sitting on the kitchen floor, feeding the baby orange juice, and laughing like a pair of children at its evident enjoyment of the novel change in diet.

For the life of me, I could not see how any mature person looking at

the childish pair, could expect them to measure up to hard requirements of their undertaking. If I had put that young couple into my country place—supposing I had one—I would have known what to expect, if I could not be there to direct them, help them, train them. Instead, they were thrown on their own resources, with results that were rather disastrous for all concerned.

The owners spent their week-ends at the place, and, in time, to escape the visitations, the pair fell into the habit of hurrying up the absolutely necessary work, and betaking themselves to the homes of friends and relatives. The man’s method of farming did not suit, neither did the wife’s method of keeping the house; but instead of all getting together and finding a way out, there was discussion and criticism without end. The crops were an almost total failure, the stock suffered considerably, and there was little of cleanliness and less of order in the well equipped house. Of the two parties, the loss was severest for the tenants, as they had nothing but their share of the crops and stock to depend on.

Once it had been a pleasure to join the parties going out to that old place, but it had ceased to be such for the peace-seeking, and the one who believes the other fellow has a grievance, too. When things are going at sixes-and-sevens even a blind person can perceive it, and we do not need to have it pointed out to us in minutest detail; even when the critics are your friends you tire of their one-sided view and you wish you “had the nerve” to show how you would manage the situation. But I felt sorry for that boy and girl, with their little baby, even if he didn’t know how to run a farm, and she was almost as ignorant in her domain.

And then two friends of the owners, a professional and a business

woman, came to spend a week's vacation at the farm house. Both had been well trained in domestic science before it was elevated to that high place. Their callings had also trained them to meet difficult situations diplomatically. As the tenants could not abandon the place for an entire week, they viewed the guests with hostility.

The meals were cooked separately in the one kitchen, and that kitchen did not present an appearance calculated to awaken admiration; but never noticing that anything was amiss, the two friends prepared their first meal. Assuming that everything was agreeable, they made approaches to the girl-wife, and she, sensing that they were not sitting in judgment upon her, thawed out, and the husband looked his surprise when he found the three chatting amicably.

When the two guests had eaten, they approached the cleaning-up process with some trepidation. Except for their own dishes and utensils and the sweeping of the floor, they passed the rest unseeingly; but somehow when they were through, the kitchen had a look about it that was like a cry for a general cleaning-up.

The next morning, they found the breakfast dishes piled up on the kitchen table, and it was a sad sight, whether viewed from the point of do-

mestic science or business; but the wife was helping with the milking, so they had their opportunity. When she came in, the kitchen had a bright and cheery look, and no unwashed dishes stared her in the face.

"We had a big pan of hot water, so we got after your dishes, too, Mrs.—, while we were doing our own," explained the business woman, and she got a sincere "thank you" for her work and her tact.

In such a way they went after the girl-wife, and one morning, they almost cried out in joy when coming down they found the dishes washed, the floor swept, even such a small thing as the disposing of the dish-rag imitated. Before they left, if there had been any failure on her part, the girl-wife gave an explanation for it. And the change was wrought without a single word, without any act that could appear as a reflection on her method of getting her work done. She even imitated them in personal neatness; and when they left she parted from them with sincere regret.

You remember the old story of the wager made between the wind and the sun as to which could make the man remove his coat? There is wisdom in it. Gentleness, kindness, tact,—hard indeed is the difficulty which they can not overcome.

APPAREL TALKS FOR TERTIARIES

By Agnes Modesta, Tertiary

"I feel revolutionary," laughed Margaret, as we sat in the sewing room of the Randolph home, two weeks after our now historical shopping trip.

Hanging in a neat row, in all its refreshing simplicity, was Margaret's autumn wardrobe: a vastly different outfit from that usually viewed by the four walls of that room. The seam-

stress, a quiet little widow, a member of the Third Order in St. Elizabeth's parish, had gone off undisguisedly wondering at the vagaries of the once butterfly-like Miss Randolph. For together, Margaret and I had planned a truly Franciscan wardrobe—Franciscan in its charm and good taste, as well as in its modesty and simplicity. Looking at it, I wondered that some

of our younger Tertiaries of the gentle sex, feel it necessary to follow the freaks of fashion in order to be attractive.

"The best of it all is, that the very expenditures which might have been considered a bit unnecessary, gave us an opportunity of exercising charity," continued Margaret, her eyes glowing with happiness. "Take little Mrs. Lyon, for instance; she hardly would believe me when I asked her to come prepared to make all my new fall clothes—and look at them! Madame Grayce, herself, could not improve upon those things in simplicity of line, which she used to assure us was the test of style."

"Yes," I returned, "all that hem-stitching, too, that makes such neat and durable trimming, came as a veritable godsend to the two Gardner girls who are working so hard to earn an honest living in their little shop around the corner."

The first noticeable feature of the garments was their color—all brown, save those that were white. Margaret had held out for brown as a "real Franciscan color," and, in view of the fact that she could have worn nothing more becoming, I had agreed to her selection. The main intention was that whatever color scheme was chosen, should be carried out through the entire wardrobe. Such a plan would do away with the real or apparent necessity for as many pairs of shoes, stockings, and gloves as one has dresses and suits. A distinctive style can be achieved at far less cost in thought and money, by that means. One other point upon which we had decided, was that in every case we should choose the best of materials. Such "economy" as the purchase of inferior grades of materials, hats, shoes, gloves, etc., is justified only when there is a real lack of funds requisite for the buying of good qualities. Far better have one gown of a

good grade of material, than one dozen cheap flimsy ones. A limited wardrobe is not such a calamity as might be judged; in fact, Margaret and I have come to the conclusion that most persons have too many clothes—even those who declare that they have "absolutely nothing."

"Better fifty years of gingham, than a cycle of Georgette," chuckled Margaret wickedly on one occasion during our famous shopping tour, as we threaded our way along the counter in one of our city's large department stores, and observed many showily garbed girls and young women madly buying a distinctly inferior grade of that latter much favored fabric.

"Surely," I had answered, "although gingham itself is no longer what one might judge a poor woman's commodity. Then there is this to be said in favor of the silks, crepes, and allied materials: a person in moderate circumstances can continue to look neater in a quiet dark-colored silk gown, than she can in a gingham dress which depends for its attractiveness upon its crisp freshness. The silk can be pressed, possible spots be sponged out, and the gown emerges as "good as new," while in the gingham, constant laundering is imperative. Even in the light-colored dresses, a girl who is employed during the day can wash out her crepe de chine or georgette frocks and blouses in her own bath room, hang them to dry over night and iron them in the morning or the next evening, as they require no starch. Then behold, the little shop or office girl comes out looking fresh as a flower in her clean garment—a thing she could hardly do in the case of the seemingly sensible gingham dress or linen waist."

"I'm glad you spoke of that," Margaret had replied thoughtfully. "At that, I suppose silk is not so un-Franciscan like as we've been brought up

to think."

"I really think not, at the present day. The only danger, it seems to me, is the temptation to go about insufficiently clad, when we use such filmy materials as, for instance, Georgette crepe. Properly used, I am really in favor of a good quality of soft silk as the basis of many garments."

The result of that shopping expedition and the following two weeks' session with the little dressmaker, Mrs. Lyon, has been the charming array of garments Margaret and I were contemplating.

First, in order of importance was a jacket suit of brown wool jersey cloth, a material which we chose for its lasting qualities, and for the fact that it happens to be the mode just now, and promises to remain so for seasons to come. This suit was cut on conservative lines, the skirt being softly gathered at the waist line, and falling straight to the instep. For wear with this suit at Mass in the mornings, Margaret had chosen two blouses, one of natural colored pongee, buttoned closely up to the throat and finished with a wide flaring collar and a brown windsor tie. The other was of brown, the exact shade of the suit, also made with the wide collar so becoming to Margaret:

With this, she would wear a simple brown sailor hat, low-heeled brown oxford shoes, and brown cashmere stockings, so modish these days for sport wear, as well as being really sensible and modest. We had started forth on our conquest of the world of fashion with the decision that of two things equally modest, sensible, and useful, we should give the preference to the one more in vogue at the present time. In this attire, with her hands encased in smart brown suede gloves, no more distinctive-looking young person could be seen or imagined; yet every item of her costume depended for its attractiveness upon

its simplicity of line, and its exquisite neatness and care of detail. An extra skirt of the same brown jersey, and a soft brown wool sweater, left over from her summer wardrobe, provided for a change at comparatively little extra expense.

Margaret had decided to make this suit do for nearly all simple daytime wear outside of her own home, allowing for a somewhat more "dressy" effect by the addition of two pretty blouses, one of double white Georgette crepe, (for this she had utilized a last season's evening gown), and the other embroidered net over crepe de chine. The former depended for its trimming upon hemstitching and the ever popular picot edging. A close fitting brown toque, white gloves, and brown kid pumps, made this costume suitable for any event short of a formal function.

Conceding the need of some kind of afternoon gown, however, she chose a charming little frock of brown taffeta, which was fashioned demurely, and which turned Margaret into a winsome picture in autumnal tints; for she had here allowed herself the slightest relaxation from her code of rigid simplicity, by getting a softly drooping hat of brown taffeta, banded at the edge of the brim with a single row of flat crimson and gold autumn leaves. She had been somewhat doubtful of this effect, at first, as the result had been such as to bring joy to the soul of an artist; but I stilled her scruples by reminding her that we had set out to make modesty attractive, and if a row of artificial autumn leaves enhanced the attractiveness of a costume, so much the more reason for retaining it.

For housewear, Margaret had settled upon two artfully designed little frocks which were real achievements in their way. One, of the practically non-crushable nut brown poplin, was finished with broad collar and cuffs of

hemstitched white organdie (two sets of these being provided so that they might be always spotless); the other, a creation of white batiste, for warmer days, was made with the utmost simplicity, "to save the laundress," she explained.

The foregoing outfit, supplemented by a couple of exquisite white "concoctions" carefully reconstructed from her summer wardrobe, so as to conform to our new standards to be used upon such festive occasions as Margaret still allowed herself, and a full-length wrap of brown wool for wear of cool evenings, completed the array. I could not but ask myself as I examined it, how anyone could consider anything more elaborate, and I "saw visions and dreamed dreams" of our splendid young Catholic women reforming the world of fashion, by sheer force of compelling admiration for the simple and the modest in the beautiful.

Of course, I am well aware that many there are who cannot begin from the beginning, as Margaret did, not being blessed with this world's goods in sufficient abundance as to justify a complete, or nearly complete, new outfit. Still, I must contend that Margaret did not spend the amount of money on her clothes this fall, that many girls I know, who are in moderate circumstances, will spend before the season is over.

I realize, too, that each person has a different problem in the matter of clothes. What is appropriate for Margaret Randolph, may not do at all for many other Tertiaries. I shall try, however, to have something to say to each different type of Tertiary during this series of talks on costuming. The thing that I think each might take from Margaret's plan, is the matter of one color scheme for the season's outfit. Fewer and better articles of wearing apparel; fewer colors in our choice of the things we do get;

unobtrusive, but well-cut styles; these, combined with exquisite neatness of person and careful grooming, will go far toward removing the stigma of "dowdiness" from the women members of our beloved Order.

The *Herald* desires that the women Tertiaries should all work together for the overcoming of one of the greatest evils of the age: immodesty of dress, that leads to laxity of morals. In the overcoming of this evil, it is plainly the duty of every member of the Third Order Secular of St. Francis to do all in his or her power, by approval and example, to make modesty attractive.

Margaret Randolph says that she is going to get along on the outfit above described, this fall. Some may require more items on the list; others may be able to do with fewer. Well and good. Each person should strive to get just what is required for her particular state of life—and no more. One glimpse of Margaret in her new brown outfit, her smooth brown hair shining, and her wild-rose complexion adding just the desired touch of contrast, ought, I think, to make many converts to her newly adopted standard of dressing.

And—this is a secret!—there is a fine, upstanding young man in the parish, who, though but modestly supplied with this world's goods, is rich in a splendid, practical quality of Faith. I know he has been worshipping Margaret from afar for a long time, and something tells me that his hesitation in declaring himself a suitor for her hand has been because of his fear that she could not adapt herself to his circumstances. I am wondering if something will not come of his observation of her new resolution to dress in keeping with the spirit of the Rule of our Seraphic Father. I'll let you know if it does.

Yours for virtue and good-taste,
AGNES MODESTA.

FIRESIDE TALKS AND TALES

For our Young Readers

By Elizabeth Rose

Your Choice

Close at your side, on either hand,
To right and left, two angels stand:
One is all beauty, strength, and light,
The other, darker than the night.

One's glorious wings shine like the morn:
The other's, broken and forlorn,
Trail heavily and drag away
Out of the light of God's fair day.

Each holds, to lead you on, a hand:
One to the realms of endless light,
One to the realms of endless night—
Which angel shall your guardian stand?

How They Made a Knight of Him

THESE are boys in these days who think they have a hard time of it; because they don't always get their own way in things. What would the boys of those centuries we know now by the name of the Middle Ages have thought about the unappreciated privileges of our boys of to-day, I wonder? Talk about hard times! If those long-gone boys could come back to earth awhile, they wouldn't believe their own eyes; and I am very sure that, on the other hand, those of to-day would drop right down and die of sheer fright if they had to undergo the ordeal that made of the Middle Ages boy a page, an esquire, and a knight! No shirking, no slackers, in those days! Go through the mill he had to, whether he relished the process or not, to emerge, with more or less credit to himself, as he stood the test.

Kighthood, as you who study history know, was the great aim and goal of manly ambition in the times of which we are speaking. The honor, it is true, was reserved for young nobles alone, which shows what an unfair place this world is. There was doubtless many a peasant lad who, at heart,

was as brave and true as the son of the lord whose serf he was by chance of birth. But there is a great law which, even in this unfar world, holds good: the law of compensation, it is called. Often that same peasant lad, possessing little in the present and looking forward to nothing in the future, led the more comfortable life of the two in his poor home. The poor lordling in many cases hardly knew he had a home of his own. He was sent away by his father at the tender age of seven to the castle of a neighboring knight, there to be trained until he was twenty-one—think of it!—for the great honor of knighthood. (I wonder what his mother thought about it!) His vacant place at his father's hearth was filled by another small lad, possibly the son of the very knight who had undertaken to put *him* through his paces. Poor little homesick fellow that he must have been at first! But the ladies of the castle were good and kind to him; one, would especially take him for her page, and teach him his letters, his manners, and above all his religion; and in the castle, too, were a dozen or so of other young pages in the same pickle as himself, with whom he could make merry.

When he reached the age of fourteen, the men of the household took him in hand. He was now called an Esquire, and no doubt he found this period quite an exciting and pleasant one; for they taught him to ride and shoot an arrow, and took him to the hunt with them, and showed him how to polish their swords and arms; so they would be always bright and shining. The ladies still bent a watchful eye on his behavior; for he was supposed to be the most perfect gen-

tleman, a pattern of courtesy and amiability. He had other duties to perform, which perhaps you wouldn't think so agreeable; but he didn't mind, knowing that "he who would lead must first himself be led." He was obliged to carve and serve at table and bring water for the guests to wash their hands and wood for their fires, and many other little things we would look on as menial. He had to play second fiddle all the time, no matter what his rank. And then there was a terrible book, the *Code des Preux* (Laws for Gallant Knights) with a list of about 1001 things aspirants for knighthood should *not* do, and an equally terrible Master of the Squires who saw to it that they promptly repented their misdeeds.

But the worst of all was to come. When he was nearing the end of his apprenticeship, it occasionally happened that a war came on the carpet, and our esquire was required to accompany his lord to the field. No doubt he was delighted when he first received the command. Do you think he liked it quite so much when he found that he had to go right out on the fighting line, unarmed and helpless, to attend his knight; bring him a fresh horse whenever needed, keep him supplied with new arms when the old ones failed him, shield him from the attack of his foe whenever he could, defend him, if he fell from the blows of his enemy, look out for his safety altogether, right there in the heart of danger, without a weapon for himself, without a chance to fight his own battle? Sometimes he got out with a whole skin, sometimes not. Fortunately, this unpleasant and dangerous part of his training was not always demanded by circumstances, and anyway, *Twenty-one* was almost in sight.

Twenty-one! The great day dawned at last. On its eve, he kept strict fast; the arms he was to assume for

the first time on the morrow, were laid at the foot of the high altar in some church, where all night, alone and unattended, he kept vigil at their side. In the morning, he heard Mass and received the Blessed Sacrament. Clad in gleaming armor, a white mantle floating from his shoulders, symbolic of the purity of soul he was expected to bring to his new step in life, he knelt in the presence of a multitude of knights, ladies, and admiring relatives and friends, to receive the blessing of the Church from the lips of her priest, and take a solemn oath: "to fear, reverence, and serve God faithfully: to battle for the Faith, to die rather than renounce Christianity; to support, champion, and protect the weak, the oppressed, the widow and orphan; to undertake no action for sordid gain, to offend no neighbor deliberately and to keep inviolable faith." Then the most distinguished knight present gave him the accolade, a slight blow with his sword upon the shoulder, with these words, "I dub thee knight in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George; be faithful, bold, and fortunate." Then the other knights present buckled on his spurs and armed him; while the ladies girded about his waist the sword with which he was to carve out fame and renown for himself. He was a Knight at last!

So we leave him, standing on the steps of the altar, looking fearlessly out into the future, his hard times all over, the words of his noble "sponsor" ringing in his ears, "May you receive the glory and fame of temporal chivalry here, and hereafter the endless and everlasting reward of heavenly victory."

The Big Brother of All God's Creatures

NO need to ask who he was—everybody knows how St. Francis of

Assisi's great heart swelled and took in all God's creatures to its brotherly love. Everything that his Lord made was "Brother" and "Sister" to him. And somehow they all seemed to know it. A little lamb would run to him as he passed in the field; the hunted hare leaped right into his breast as he sat by the wayside, confident of his protection. The savage wolf fawned on him and crouched at his feet like a loving dog. The birds—well, his life is just full of the birds and their songs. They flew about him as he walked through the woods, they gathered at his word to listen like human beings, quiet and attentive, to his praises of God; all night long, as he lay dying, they thronged on the roof that covered him, singing their hearts out to their friend. And as his beautiful soul ascended to heaven, they rose in a cloud and flew up, far as eye could reach into the morning sky, as if they were trying to go in with him. He never trod on an ant or worm in the path or injured knowingly any little form of life; because he realized that this same life had been bestowed by the great Creator of his own. And not only the dumb animals—all the forces of Nature seemed to pay him reverence. Lightning and thunder flashed and crashed harmless at his prayer. When the physician applied a red-hot iron to his poor forehead, in the barbarous medical fashion of his times, and he cried out, "Brother Fire, do thou be gentle with me, for the sake of our Lord," Brother Fire refused to burn him, as all the bystanders testified. We can not hope to possess this wonderful influence of St. Francis over created things, but his kindness and love of God's dumb creatures we can most certainly imitate. The secret was, that, loving God with all his heart, he loved everything that came from His hand, and revered it, too. Did any of you ever read that verse

of Coleridge's, which says:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small:
For the Dear God Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Doesn't it seem as if St. Francis himself must have, all unknown to the poet, guided the pen that wrote this truest of true things?

—All who Joy would win
Must share it: Happiness was
born a twin. —Byron

Do you know the meaning of goodness? I will tell you: It is first, to avoid hurting anything; and second, to contrive to give as much pleasure as you can to others.—Mary Wollestoncraft.

Who Said Nuts?

"Who said nuts?" "I," said the squirrel.
"But these terrible boys keep me all in a [whirl];
For whenever I start on a journey of forage,
To get my nuts for cold winter storage,
They've gotten ahead and my store is low.
And it's what'll I do, I am wanting to know,
When the cold sets in and my food is gone,
And I've nothing to crack and nibble upon?"

"Who said nuts?" "We," said the boys.
"That squirrel, he's making a lot of noise.
The robber! Who steals our nuts away
And keeps us out of our share, we pray?
And it's what we'll do, we are wanting to [know].
When the cold sets in and the nuts are gone,
And we've nothing but food to live upon?"

If you were the squirrel and I were the boys,
Don't you think you would feel like making [his noise]?
And if you were the boys and the squirrel [were I].
You would have me pinched for grand [larceny]!
Now, how to settle this question grave
Where rights both parties would seem to [have]?

The only solution that I can see
Where "But they're mine!" is of both the [plea].
Is to steer away from these "ifs" and ["buts"]—
Let the judge himself eat up the nuts!

DIVINA PASTORA

By Leon de Lillo, Tertiary

OF the many foreigners that annually attend the incomparable processions of Holy Week at Seville, Spain, very few make it a point to visit the Convent of the Friars Minor Capuchin, and yet it is a place of the greatest interest, being the home of the famous Divina Pastora. The very spot where the convent is built is rich with historical reminiscences, for it is here that Saints Justa and Rufina, the patrons of the city, suffered martyrdom for the Faith in the third century and it is here that their holy relics were buried. On this spot consecrated with the blood of martyrs, where stood the first chapel of Seville, the Vandals and later the Moors, during the five centuries they occupied this fair city of Spain, practiced such atrocities on the children of Holy Mother Church, that the place became known as "the slaughter-house of Christians."

At last, in 1672, after housing various Orders of monks and nuns, the convent became the home of the Capuchins and the rallying point for the Sevillian Tertiaries; and it was here that the devotion to our Blessed Lady under the title of Divina Pastora, the Divine Shepherdess, was inaugurated. On September 8, 1703, Rev. Fr. Isidore, of Seville, revealed to the Andalusians that the Mother of God had appeared to him clothed as a shepherdess and surrounded with sheep. The pious people at once began to invoke the Blessed Mother under the title of the Divine Shepherdess and the devotion, thanks to the endeavors of the Tertiaries, spread rapidly, even to distant climes, especially South America. His Majesty King Philip V, the first Bourbon to reign in Spain, together with many members of his court, on one of his visits to Seville asked to be admitted to the confraternity of the Divina Pastora, which circumstance naturally gave a new impetus to the devotion.

It was not, however, until the middle of

the nineteenth century, that His Holiness Pope Pius IX, at the request of one hundred and eighty-three Cardinals and Bishops, granted to all the countries of the Spanish tongue and to the Capuchin Order the privilege of reciting a special office in honor of Mary, the Mother of the Divine Pastor. In Spain and especially in Seville, no religious celebration is complete without a procession. Hence, it frequently occurs that the statue of the Divina Pastora is shouldered by the devout Tertiaries and solemnly borne through the beautiful streets of the city.

Andalusia is very proud of its surname *Tierra de Maria Santisima*, The Land of Mary Most Holy, and they strive to make themselves worthy of their name by their extraordinary devotion to her. The manner in which they do this may seem singular to foreigners, and their religious customs may appear queer or even improper and disrespectful; but they are none the less sincere and are the result of their deep faith and their childlike confidence in the Mother of Jesus.

The statues are usually masterpieces of carved wood and are made with movable limbs so that they can be dressed. The garments with which the revered statues are decked are magnificent: velvet mantles, silk gowns, and undergarments of priceless laces. Rare jewels ornament the delicately carved fingers, ears and throat, while the hair—real hair—receives the most careful attention of the tonsorial artists. Women of the highest rank deem it an honor to bestow their time and money in adorning these statues, and they are proud of their name, "Ladies of honor (*camareras*) of the Holy Virgin."

Thus the Divina Pastora displays a gorgeous and even royal apparel, seated on her beautifully decorated altar as on a throne, all of which contrasts strangely with the Franciscan simplicity and poverty of the rest of the church.



FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—His Eminence Cardinal Giustini, Protector of the Order of Friars Minor, left on September 10 for Jerusalem, where he is to preside as Papal Legate at the celebrations commemorating the seventh centenary of St. Francis's visit to the Holy Land. While in Palestine, His Eminence will lay the corner stone of the new basilica to be erected at Gethsemane.—

Rev. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., of Washington, D. C., returned to Rome from Paris early in August, and after a short sojourn in the Eternal City set out for Palestine on a special mission connected with the work he had done at the Peace Conference. Rev. John Forest Donegan, O.F.M., left for Palestine at the same time. His departure was doubly regretted at Florence, where for several years past he administered so devotedly to the spiritual needs of the English-speaking Catholics in that city.—

On August 6, at the Convent of La Vergine in Tuscany, Fr. Stanislaus McGee made his simple profession in the Franciscan Order. Before entering the Order Fr. Stanislaus was a well known pastor in Sydney, Australia and had served as secretary to the Archbishop of that city. For many years, he longed to become a Franciscan; but it was not until this year that his desire could be realized. After completing his novitiate in Italy, he now returns to Australia to join his brethren there in their arduous missionary labors.

Tourists to Rome often wonder how the French seminary in this city came to be called the Seminary of St. Clare. When the renowned Tertiary St. Charles Borromeo was Cardinal Secretary to his uncle, Pope Pius IV, he built a beautiful church and convent in honor of St. Clare of Assisi near the Pantheon, in 1562, and gave them to the Poor Clares. Here the daughters of St. Clare remained until Napoleon Bonaparte banished all religious from the Eternal City. Left to itself, the church gradually began to decay, and, on October 22, 1855, it collapsed entirely. About this time, it was decided to erect a French seminary in Rome, and Pope Pius IX by a *Motu proprio* of April 9, 1856, turned over the ruined church and convent to the French for this purpose. Work was begun at once and before the end of the year the seminarians could take up their quarters in their new home. A wealthy French woman rebuilt the church at her own expense, the condition being that it should be a replica of the

Church of Our Lady of Victory in Paris. After the church was completed it was called the Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and of St. Clare. As time passed, it became customary to call the street after St. Clare, and this is also the reason why the French seminary honors the first daughter of St. Francis as its patron.

The marvelous influence wielded by the Seraphic St. Francis over the hearts of men even in our own day borders often on the miraculous. Guido Gozabba, a young Italian poet, had received in his childhood the best training from his devout mother; but as he grew to manhood he became ensnared by the godless teachings of infidels, and gave himself without restraint to the enjoyment of sensual pleasures, to the utmost grief of his pious mother. Yet, in spite of his care-free life, he was forced to acknowledge that the thought of religion was always wont to stir up a storm of doubt in his soul. As a natural consequence to his life of luxury, he fell seriously ill, and then it was that the grace of God and the gentle influence of St. Francis began to make themselves felt. During the long hours of his enforced idleness, he beguiled the time by reading the life of St. Francis, who has been called the most Italian among the Saints and the greatest Saint among the Italians. St. Francis soon became his own hero, whom he strove to imitate. Something recovered from his illness, he repaired to a high mountain, where he determined to show his gratitude to the Saint for bringing him back to the Church by writing his life. But death put an end to his labor of love before he could complete it. With the picture of his hero saint before his eyes, Guido quietly breathed his last, at the early age of thirty-two.

Constantinople, Turkey.—A beautiful monument is to be erected in the metropolis of Turkey to the memory of Pope Benedict XV, as a mark of gratitude for the manifold assistance he gave to the Orientals during the late war. Among the names of contributors to the noble enterprise are those of the Sultan himself as also of his eventual successor to the throne.

Moscow, Russia.—The heretofore recognized Church of Russia, being no longer under government control, is doomed to extinction. In consequence, many *bona fide* schismatics are returning to the unity of the Catholic Church. St. Francis of Assisi is known as one of Russia's popular Saints.

There is a movement under way, especially in Moscow, to invite the Franciscans to this promising but sadly neglected vineyard of Christ.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph Seminary.—The fifty-ninth scholastic year of St. Joseph Seminary was inaugurated on September 10 with an enrollment of 120 pupils. A number of changes were made in the faculty, which now consists of the following Reverend Fathers: Fr. Philip Marke, rector; Fr. Ferdinand Gruen, vice-rector; Fr. Peter Nolan, Fr. Silas Barth, Fr. Alphoese Rhode, Fr. Joseph C. Meyer, Fr. Thomas A. Rust, Fr. Emmanuel Behrendt, Fr. Symphorian Notheroff, Fr. Bernardine Teppe, and Fr. Emran Fox.—

The seminary was singularly honored when, on Thursday, September 18, the Most Rev. Seraphin Cimino, Minister General of the Franciscan Order, visited its hallowed walls. As the readers of the *Herald* are aware, Father General arrived in New York about two months ago and is at present visiting the principal houses of the Order in the Eastern and Central States. He arrived in Teutopolis on September 17, and was received at the novitiate convent with all the ceremonies prescribed by the ritual of the Order. After this formal reception, the clerics gave a literary and musical program. On the morning of the 18th, the faculty and entire student body repaired to the convent and escorted Father General to the seminary, where a reception was tendered him in the hall. In his response, he remarked among other things that our Seraphic college is the oldest in the Order and at the same time one of the largest and best. In the afternoon, he delighted the hearts of all the students by attending a game of baseball and by graciously condescending to pitch the first ball, an occurrence altogether unique in the annals of the Order. It was but one of the many ways in which he showed how thoroughly democratic he is and how well he has acquired the spirit of our Seraphic Father St. Francis, his predecessor in office, in making himself all things to all. While visiting the *Herald* office, Father General was kind enough to pen with his own hand a blessing for all the collaborators, contributors, and subscribers of the *Herald*, which we shall reproduce in our next issue. He left Teutopolis towards evening for Indianapolis followed by the hearty Godspeed of us all, whose affections he had won by his simple, fatherly, and winning ways.

Santa Barbara, California, Old Mission.—On August 21, the sad and unexpected news

of the sudden death of Rev. Fr. Casimir Vogt, O.F.M., was sent to the various houses of the Order in the Central and Western States. Up to the moment of his death, he had been apparently in the best of health. After hearing confessions in Ramona Convent, West Alhambra, California, he went to the sacristy, where he was suddenly stricken with paralysis. Discovered soon after, he was happily able to receive the last Sacraments while yet conscious. He was then removed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he calmly expired a few hours later, at 8.55 P. M. Fr. Casimir was born in Germany, on April 30, 1846, and entered the Franciscan Order as a secular priest on July 24, 1875. He was one of the first band of Franciscan missionaries sent to take charge of the northern Wisconsin Chippewas, with headquarters at Bayfield, where he labored with extraordinary success for many years. Failing health brought on by exposure to the rigors of the northern winters, forced him to seek a milder climate, and he spent the last years of his holy life on the Pacific Coast. Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, Provincial of the Santa Barbara Province, officiated at the obsequies, which were solemnly held in the Old Mission at Santa Barbara. *Franciscan Herald* is in possession of an autographic sketch of Fr. Casimir's career among the northern Indians, which will be published in due time. His memory is in benediction and we recommend his soul to the pious prayers of all our readers. R. I. P.

St. John's Mission, Komatke, Arizona.—Although the new additions to our Indian boarding school, which were building all summer, are not yet quite finished, school opened on September 8 with a large enrollment of children from all parts of the desert, all eager to begin or resume their studies at the mission. Some fifty-eight children came even from the far distant Papago country, near the Mexican border, to enjoy the blessings of our mission school at Komatke. The Fathers and Brothers are kept constantly busy in the various missions, repairing old buildings or erecting new churches and schools, as the case may be. A new church is rapidly nearing completion at Pisinimo. Our readers may be surprised to learn that even in our own country, the Indian missionary is compelled to desist at times from his spiritual duties and to lay aside his habit for a pair of overalls the better to ply the hammer and saw, the hoe and trowel; for he must be a Jack-of-all-trades as well as a minister of the Gospel. Problems, often apparently insurmountable and quite discouraging, face him constantly,

not the least of his worries being the eternal question: how get the wherewithal to carry on the necessary work of the missions? But the thought that it depends on him whether or not immortal souls shall be saved, cheers him in the dark hours of trial and trouble, and relying on the moral and financial support of those "back East," he continues his apostolic labors amid the wastes of Arizona.

Chicago, Ill., Poor Clares Monastery.—On September 8, the feast of the Nativity of the Bl. Virgin Mary, Sr. M. Benedicta of the Holy Cross (Miss Rose Schiffsch., of St. Michael's parish, Chicago) pronounced her final vows. The ceremony began with solemn High Mass, at which Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Samuel Macke, O.F.M., officiated, assisted by Rev. Peter Crumbly, O.F.M., and Rev. Charles Bartochek, C. SS. R. Rev. Fr. Agnellus, O.F.M., was master of ceremonies. On the following morning, St. M. Juliana of our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament (Miss Margaret Sullivan, of St. Louis, Mo.,) made profession of the temporary vows, while Miss Alma Signarovits, of St. Antony's parish, Chicago, was invested with the holy habit of St. Clare and received the name of Sr. M. Tarcisius of the Holy Eucharist. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial again officiated, assisted by Rev. Peter Crumbly, Rev. Father Gruenfelder, and Rev. Fr. Hildebrand, O.F.M. On both occasions, Fr. Peter Crumbly preached an eloquent and impressive sermon.

New Orleans, La., St. Stephen Church.—A pioneer parishioner of St. Stephen's, Mrs. Katherine P. Gallagher, passed to her reward on July 28. After a life spent in the

practise of virtue, it was not remarkable that throughout the long and intense sufferings that preceded her death, she remained for all an example of true Christian fortitude. A devout client of St. Antony, she loved the Order to which he belonged; and the Franciscan nuns of New Orleans will long remember her as one of their oldest benefactors.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.—That the Third Order Secular of St. Francis is a stepping-stone to the convent and the holy priesthood was again evinced when at the last meeting of the local fraternity the Rev. Director announced that one member, a young man, had left for Teutopolis, Ill., to enter the First Order of St. Francis as a lay brother, while another had gone to college to study for the priesthood, and a young lady Tertiary had entered the convent. May Almighty God and our Seraphic Father St. Francis bless their good beginning and give them the grace of perseverance on the path they have chosen, and may their example be followed by many other Tertiaries. After the meeting, a special gathering of the Slavish Tertiaries was held in the school, where the Director spoke to them through an interpreter. They have their own promoter and patron saint. In the near future, the Slovenian Tertiaries will also have a special meeting of this kind. On September 6, the Tertiaries of Joliet for the first time repaired in a body to the home of a deceased member, Mrs. Anna McAndrews, and there recited the rosary for the repose of her soul. It is to be hoped that this laudable practice will soon become general.

OBITUARY

Santa Barbara, Cal., Old Mission:—Rev. Casimir Vogt, O.F.M.
Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Zephyrin (Eustace) Boursseau.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Catherine (Bridget) Kelly; Della (Frances) Nye; Sarah (Mary) Murphy; Aloysius (Vincent) Biron.

St. Elizabeth Fraternity:—Mary (Francisca) Thoma; Barbara (Mary), Schuh; Catherine (Clare) Konrad; Mary (Agnes) Geimer.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Agnes Chambers; Sarah Maloney; Mrs. B. Trainor; Margaret Trainor.

Fruitvale, Cal., St. Elizabeth Church:—Magdalen Bucher.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Fraternity:—Margaret (Elizabeth) Ohleyer.

Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:—Anna (Agnes) McAndrews.

New Orleans, La., St. Stephen Church:—Katherine P. Gallaher.

Oakland, Cal., St. Columba's Church:—Rev. Joseph Byrne, Tertiary.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony Church:—Angela Dohle.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church:—Ellen Foley; Mary T. Sullivan.

Washington, Mo., St. Antony Fraternity:—Frank (Joseph) Zwicke; Catherine (Clare) Brinker.

Franciscan Herald

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Editorial Comment

Human Saints

ONE of the most consoling tenets of our holy Faith is the doctrine of the communion of the saints, which the Church calls to our minds by the solemn commemoration of the Feasts of All Saints and All Souls at the beginning of this month. It is comforting for us "poor wanderers of a weary way" to know that we are not traveling life's perilous journey alone; that others have gone the same way before us; that they are interested in our safety and progress; that they are able to aid us in reaching our goal; that they rejoice at our successes and sympathize with our reverses. But it is not only to inspire us with confidence in the saints that the Church points to their examples. She wishes above all to increase our self-confidence; in order that, as Saint Augustine says, we may be not loath to imitate what we are pleased to honor in others.

It is a very common and fatal error—supported, alas, by some unthinking hagiographers—to suppose that the saints were creatures of an altogether different nature than ours. So exalted is the notion that some people have of holiness that they can think of the saints only as creatures hewn out of marble or carved out of wood, but not as beings formed of the same clay as they themselves. In their

opinion, a saint must be a man free from all sin and passion and emotion, and endowed with every natural and supernatural virtue and grace and prerogative, especially, the power of working miracles. The obvious inference, of course, is that it is useless for ordinary mortals to strive after sanctity, because it is altogether beyond their reach.

This is an unwarranted and absurd assumption. For, if Christ has commanded us all to be, not only holy, but perfect as our Heavenly Father is perfect, then he must have placed perfection within the limits of our attainment. We are under the obligation of becoming saints, because we are under the obligation of insuring our salvation; and this we can do only by being saints. In spite of the fact that the world has perverted this name, and given it only to those whose heroic virtues are supernaturally attested by God, or demonstrated by unusual or splendid works, Saint Paul calls all true Christians saints; and we only deceive ourselves if we fancy that any but saints, in the proper meaning of the term, are saved. For who shall be saved that has not kept the commandments; that has not loved God above all things and his neighbor as himself, that has not taken up his cross and followed Christ? And he who does all this, is he not a saint? What more did the

cannonized saints do?

Their biographers may have succeeded in stripping them of everything human; but the saints themselves were not quite so successful. No, they were human; that is to say, they were stirred by the same emotions, harrassed by the same passions assailed by the same temptations, afflicted by the same pain, appalled by the same dangers, dismayed by the same difficulties, wearied by the same labors and struggles as we who deem ourselves so infinitely inferior to them. That consummate virtue that we admire in them, what was it but the result of a life time of fierce and incessant warfare against the flesh and its concupiscences? And in that protracted conflict, who can say how often they were wounded and defeated, until by the grace of God and their own perseverance they carried off the victory? To keep them humble, God constantly reminded them of the weakness of their nature. But there is not a saint in heaven to-day who does not glory in his infirmities, and who in his life time would have been ashamed to confess: "Behold God hath made me as well as thee, and of the same clay I also was formed."



Franciscans and Social Action

WE have often emphasized in these columns the need of Franciscan ideals for the solution of the social question. If the world is to be saved, it must be saved by a return of society to the Gospel principles of simplicity, charity, humility, poverty of which St. Francis of Assisi was the faithful exponent. Franciscan ideals proved their potency in the Middle Ages, when they infused new life into Christian democracy, sick unto death. Speaking of Franciscanism as a social factor in medieval society, the historian Heimbucher says:

The founding of the Order itself was a social action; the establishment of the Third Order a social work of eminent significance. The work of the Franciscans embraced the whole popular life, changing and renewing all things. The Franciscan Order was essentially a social Order, which left the impress of its origin on all creations. If the monasteries had formerly sought out secluded places, the Mendicants chose the cities. Here they developed a comprehensive social activity, which has no parallel in the history of the world.

To the uninitiated this may sound like fulsome praise. The student of history will know that it is no exaggeration. St. Francis began his work of reform with the conviction that "the desire of money is the root of all evils." In the language of chivalry, he called poverty his lady. His teaching regarding the surpassing worth and beauty of this virtue recalled millions of souls from selfishness, luxury, and avarice to simpler and saner ideals of life. He and his followers instilled into the masses the spirit of contentment and happiness and a healthy sense of self-respect and independence, so that poverty came to be regarded again, not as a reproach and misfortune, but as a mark of divine favor, or at least as something quite tolerable.

At the same time, the friars taught the poor the duty of labor. St. Francis wished his brethren to work, but so as not to extinguish the spirit of devotion. In like manner, they taught the people to labor. According to the Franciscan conception, man, though born to work, is not a machine; and for that reason the workman was not to lose sight of the higher things of life. It was precisely with this end in view that the friars encouraged the associations of workmen known as the guilds. These guilds were not merely associations having charge of trade and industry; but in many cases they were mutual benefit societies of a strongly religious character. The guilds often met in the Franciscan

churches, and thus entered into the most intimate relations with the friars. It is easy to see how in this manner the latter became the bond, the **connecting link**, as it were, between the classes and the masses; the more so, since the Order harbored members from the highest and the lowest strata of society—the poor not unfrequently holding the most important offices.

This circumstance fitted them also for the rôle of peacemakers, which they were often called upon to play, owing to the perennial feuds between the cities and between the classes. What more than anything else, however, earned the Franciscans the lasting gratitude of the people was their firm stand against all forms of oppression. If the serfs suffered under the political domination of the lords, if the poor were oppressed by the rich, if the working classes were the mere tools of the land-owners, the friars, faithful to their mission, would reproach the powerful and rescue and aid the weak and down-trodden in whatever manner they could. Thus, seeing large numbers of the people at the mercy of the Jewish money-lenders, they promptly established the "Montes Pietatis," the forerunners of the modern banks, from which money could be borrowed on payment of a nominal sum. For the poor people of those days these institutions were a veritable God-send, a real social benefit.

With the spread of Franciscan ideals there went hand in hand an increase of civic liberty and democracy. All historians admit that the beginnings of modern democracy in Italy must be traced to St. Francis; while in England it was the Franciscans who first clearly formulated those principles of civil liberty which had already been laid down in the celebrated Magna Carta.

We have mentioned all this, not

from any motive of vainglory, but to call to the minds of our Tertiary readers that their affiliation with St. Francis and his work makes it incumbent on them to extend his beneficent influence ever more and more. Within the next few months a call will be issued for a national meeting of members of the Third Order of St. Francis, the object of which will be to prepare them for the great work of social reconstruction that is calling for trained and willing hands the world over. We sincerely hope that all true sons and daughters of St. Francis will be interested in this announcement, and in due time show this interest by cooperating generously with those who have been entrusted with the work of preparing for the national Third Order convention in 1921.



Overshooting the Mark

This has always been what the spiritual guides of our race have meant by joy—joy that is achievement, joy that is conquest. The Catholic Church, so wise psychologically, has long taught that the failure to win it is a mortal sin. Francis of Assisi—by nature one of the wisest of the sons of men—defined it once for all in his discourse to Brother Leo on "perfect joy." And Paul of Tarsus, who knew, if any man ever did, the heart of man, described it, when he offered himself as a pattern to his Corinthian disciples, in the phrase, "as sorrowing, yet always rejoicing," and, therefore, "as poor, yet making many rich."

The above forms the concluding paragraph of an editorial article on "The Need of Joy," in a recent issue of that excellent weekly review "*The Nation*." Much as we appreciate the writer's reference to Catholic teaching on the subject of spiritual joy, we must yet take exception to the statement that the Catholic Church has long taught that the failure to win joy is a mortal sin. Catholic writers indeed teach that sadness causes the eternal ruin of many souls, and that "joyfulness of heart," in the words of Holy Scripture, "is a never-failing

treasure of holiness." St. Gregory says, "The heart of man can not be without enjoyment; if he finds none in virtue, he will seek for it in excesses." That is the teaching of all Catholic theologians. Hence, with them the lack of joy is not a sin; but it may lead to sin, and it is an inevitable consequence of sin. It is precisely because the Church is "so wise psychologically" that she does not believe in multiplying mortal sins. Though she bids her children "rejoice in the Lord always" in spite of "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," she yet reckons with the weakness of human nature and expects not of ordinary mortals the same perfection that is found in such heroic souls as St. Francis of Assisi and St. Paul of Tarsus.



"Illustrated History of New Mexico"

ONE of the standard historical works on New Mexico is without doubt Mr. Benjamin M. Read's "Illustrated History of New Mexico." It is the story of the State from its be-

ginning to the present time; and, so far as we are aware, it is altogether the most complete and reliable and attractive work on the subject. The author has delved deep in the treasury of the past, and has brought to light much valuable information, especially regarding the early history of the State. Every page reveals the painstaking scholar and conscientious historian, with whom truth is the very breath of life. The history of New Mexico has tempted many writers. But very few will claim for themselves the success attained by Mr. Read. Indeed, there are not many States in the Union that can boast so well written an account of their past. The present work was originally published in Spanish; but it has already had two English editions. A third is now preparing. It will contain numerous additions and some revisions. "Franciscan" is written in large characters over the pages of this volume. For this reason, it should have a special appeal to all readers with Franciscan leanings.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

WE beg our readers to have patience with us if they do not receive their copies of *Franciscan Herald* as regularly and promptly and in as good condition as in the past. Present industrial conditions make it impossible for publishers to serve their subscribers as they would like. We are hoping for the speedy return of normal times. Meanwhile, we wish our readers to be assured that we are leaving nothing undone to meet their reasonable wishes and satisfy their just demands. May we not ask them to possess their souls in patience the while we endeavor to make the best of a bad situation? They will render our task much easier and pleasanter.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

By Fr. Silas, O.F.M.

Bl. Peter Tecellanus.—Peter was born at Campi, near Siena. While laboring at his trade as a comb maker, he sanctified himself by the practice of every virtue, and in this he was greatly encouraged by his pious wife. With her he visited the sick in the hospitals and brought aid to the poor. After he had entered the Third Order, he sold his possessions, distributed the proceeds among the needy, and contented himself, for his own wants, with the fruit of his daily labor. God bestowed on him many extraordinary spiritual favors. He closed his holy life on December 4, 1289.

Robert Malatesta.—This saintly Tertiary was born of a noble family at Brescia, in Italy. From his early youth he distinguished himself by his love of prayer, self-denial, and charity. After the death of his uncle, he entered into the possession of his lands as Prince of Rimini, Cesena, and Fano. He was a father to his subjects, especially to the poor. He not only bestowed on them numerous alms, not only visited them in their homes to relieve their wants, but also lodged them in his palace and waited on them in person, honoring in them our Divine Savior. He also visited the hospitals and nursed the sick with tender charity. He died the death of a saint on October 10, 1432.

St. Rose of Viterbo.—This saintly maiden, who exercised so great an influence in her native city, was also distinguished for her charity. Seeing our Savior in the person of the poor, she was full of compassion for them, and notwithstanding her poverty, she contrived to relieve their needs. She endeavored in particular to aid those who were prevented by infirmity from appealing to the charity of the people. She sought out

their abodes and carried to them all that her means and the generosity of others placed at her disposal. Her holy death occurred at Viterbo, on September 4.

Sanzia, Queen of Naples.—Sanzia was the wife of Robert, King of Naples, brother of St. Louis of Toulouse. Like many of her royal relations, she was a fervent Tertiary. She built a number of convents for the Friars Minor and the Poor Clares, several churches and chapels, a hospice for pilgrims, and a home for repentant women. One of her favorite charities was to provide for women afflicted with leprosy. After the death of her husband, she took the habit of the Poor Clares and edified all by her humility and self-denial. She died in the odor of sanctity on July 28, 1345.

Sebastiana Richard of Boistravers.—Unable to consecrate her life to God in the quiet of the convent, this servant of God entered the Third Order of St. Francis and retired to her estate at La Baumette, near Angers, where she gave herself up to works of piety and charity. "Kind and generous to the poor," writes her biographer, "she would not permit her servants to refuse alms to those who came to her door. She employed her wealth in giving alms, in providing food and other necessaries for the poor and the sick, and in giving pensions to orphans." She died at La Baumette, on October 22, 1661.

Teresa Henriquez.—From her earliest years Teresa found her delight in prayer and works of mercy. Though she earnestly desired to embrace the life of a religious, she humbly bowed to the will of her parents and married Don Fernando, Duke of Medina. When their happy union was dissolved by the death of Fernando, Teresa en-

tered the Third Order and took up her abode in an unpretentious house in Medina, near the church of the Friars Minor. Here she gave herself up to the exercise of prayer, penance, and charity. In order not to be distracted by temporal cares she entrusted to one of her servants the management of her estates, the revenues of which she expended for the most part for the benefit of the needy. She sought out the hidden poor and provided them with all the necessary things. She delighted in visiting the hospitals and in waiting on the sick. Widows and orphans, too, were the recipients of her liberalities; in short, she was deservedly called the mother of the poor and afflicted. She closed her life of charity about the year 1491.

Tobia of Siena.—Tobia was a near relative of St. Bernardine of Siena. After the death of his mother, she watched over his youth and instructed him in all the exercises of piety. She was a woman of remarkable virtue, devoted to prayer and mortification, and untiring in performing works of charity. During a pestilence which raged in Siena in 1400, she courageously nursed sick women in the hospital of the city. Her saintly death occurred about the year 1437.

Uracca Rodriguez.—Uracca, born of one of the noblest families of Spain, held a very honorable position at the royal court. At the death of her husband, she became the mistress of a large estate and immense revenues were at her disposal. But she did not attach her heart to the things of this world, and when one day she heard the words of the Gospel read in church: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor" (Matth. xix, 21), she was moved by the grace of God, and she at once resolved to imitate our Divine Savior in his poverty. She gave one part of her possessions to a convent at Ma-

jorda, another to a hospital at Ulmedo, a third she distributed among the poor; and the remaining part she expended to change her palace into a convent for Tertiaries. She entered this convent together with her daughters and five nieces, and gave to all an example of humility, patience, and charity until her holy death, which took place on June 29, 1534.

Vincentia Sabater.—Vincentia was born in Spain, in 1635. A fervent Tertiary, she was full of compassion for the poor and afflicted and strove in every way to assist them in their need. She devoted a great part of her possessions to provide dowries for girls who wished to enter a convent. She died in the odor of sanctity in 1664.

Bl. Viridiana.—Viridiana was born of a noble family at Castelflorentino, near Florence, in Italy, in 1182. At the age of twelve, she was invited by her uncle, Signor Attavanti, to his house to take charge of the household. In fulfilling this charge she edified all by her love of recollection and prayer, her modesty, patience, and charity. Her love for the poor and unfortunate, in whom she beheld our Savior, was extraordinary. She supplied them with food and clothing; and consoled and encouraged them in their affliction. During a famine she distributed among the starving poor a large supply of food which her uncle had already sold. To appease the anger of her uncle, God miraculously refilled the chests from which the food had been taken. After some years, Viridiana began to lead the life of a recluse in a cell built for her in her native city. Even in this solitude her charity urged her to aid the needy. She often shared her scanty food with the poor and by her kind words and exhortations brought courage and consolation to the afflicted. She passed to her heavenly reward on February 1, 1242.

Walter Lopez de Zabata.—This remarkable man belonged to a noble family of Spain. He was highly respected for his great learning, his prudence and skill in the management of state affairs, as well as for his virtuous life. He early became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and although he was count, knight of the Order of St. James, and representative of Spain at the negotiations which brought the Thirty Years' War to a close, he publicly wore the habit of the Order and faithfully observed the Rule. All admired his piety, humility, austerity, and charity. He strove at all times to relieve the wants of the poor and to bring consolation to those who were weighed down by suffering and affliction. He died at Muenster, in Germany, on May 30, 1648.

Bl. William of Sicili.—William was a Sicilian nobleman and for many years held an important position at

court. On one occasion, while on a hunt, he saved the life of the king, who was attacked by a wild boar, but he was himself severely wounded. This misfortune opened his eyes to the vanity of the things of this world, and he resolved to abandon the court and live only for God. He took the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis and retiring to a solitary place near Sicili, he gave himself up to a life of penance and prayer. The fame of his holy life caused many to come to him to seek consolation and advice in their difficulties and afflictions. He received them with the greatest charity and by his kind words and instructions removed their doubts, consoled them, and encouraged them to carry with patience the cross which God had placed upon them. He died the death of a saint on April 4, 1404. Pope Paul III, in 1537, permitted his feast to be celebrated at Sicili.

THE AFTERMATH

By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.

THE reader may wish to know how the English Franciscans fared after the execution of Charles I and the ultimate triumph of Puritanism. We will conclude our narrative, therefore, with a brief account of the second province during the remaining two centuries of its existence.¹ Naturally, the eleven years that Cromwell and the Puritans were in power proved another period of sufferings for Catholics. Among the many priests who languished in the prisons at this time we find a number of Franciscans. Under the year 1653, the chapter Register has the following entry: "Three fathers have suf-

fered imprisonment, and have with danger of their lives undergone their trial, showing great constancy." Another entry was made three years later, reading: "Since the last chapter three fathers have suffered imprisonment." One of these, it seems, was Fr. Lewis Wrest. After a long confinement in Lancaster Castle, he at last obtained his freedom and returned to Douai, where he died in 1669, aged 73 years. Whether the other friars were also set at liberty or were left to die a lingering death in prison, is not known.

The Catholics looked forward to brighter days when the royalist party

1. The following facts and figures are compiled chiefly from Thaddeus, *The Franciscans in England*.

at last gained the upper hand and, in 1660, placed Charles II on his rightful throne. The popularity which the Franciscans enjoyed at this time and later is best seen from the many bequests made to them as also from the fact that so many young men applied for admission into their ranks. Since 1649, not less than 175 new members were added to the province, so that by the end of the century, the total number of friars (living and deceased) amounted to 228, of whom 89 were still living in 1700. Their zeal for the strict observance of the Franciscan vow of poverty was truly remarkable. In 1676, the superiors of the province drew up a solemn declaration, in which, among other things, they protested: "We repudiate all property in common as well as in private, admitting only the use of what is necessary, given us either as a free gift or alms or as retribution for our labors: not as if we had a strict right to those things, but being content with their simple use." The instructions with which the Provincial, in 1704, sent Fr. John Capistran Eyston to England show what spirit guided the friars on the mission. "Be courteous, civil, and obliging to all," he tells the young priest. "familiar with few, and with none of the other sex. Compassionate the poor, helping them when you can. Be tender and careful of the sick. . . Omit not daily mental prayer, nor an annual recollection. . . Let not your manners contradict your doctrine, nor life and actions belie your words. Be zealous for the conversion of souls, but temper zeal with prudence and discretion. Meddle as little as may be with the temporal concerns of your flock, or economy of families; and be not forward in recommending servants or making matches. Remember, perfect appropriation is our great treasure, which we must endeavor to preserve by renouncing all dominion: in the case of

money we ought to be very moderate; and in all matters of moment have recourse, if possible, to the Superiors."

About six months after the accession of Charles II, the friars on the mission received the sad news that the founder of their province, Fr. John Gennings, had passed away. After the first provincial chapter in 1630, he at once returned to England and continued to labor there as missionary till 1659. In that year, he attended as Commissary Provincial the chapter held in London. Being now over ninety years of age, and wishing to prepare for his last hour, he asked and obtained leave to return to the friary at Douai. Here, on November 12, 1660, he passed quietly to a better life. He had served three terms as Provincial and had repeatedly held the offices of Custos and of Definitor. In 1651, he published his *Institutio Missionariorum*, in which he bequeathed to his brethren the fruits of his long experience as missionary in England. The records describe him as "a man of exemplary and blameless life, steadfast in his purpose, and beloved by all."

Of the Franciscans conspicuous for their activity and influence, we mention only a few. Fr. Francis Davenport, whom, before the outbreak of the Civil War, parliament had designated as greatly responsible for the increase of popery, was still exerting a wide influence, especially at court. In 1670, he effected the conversion of Anne, the Duchess of York; and it was, without doubt, largely owing to him, as one of Queen Catherine's chaplains, that Charles II was at heart so favorably disposed toward Catholics. Fr. Francis died in 1680: he had spent fifty-seven years on the missions and had held the highest offices in the province. Another learned and influential Franciscan at this time was Fr. John Baptist Canes. Among

his writings we note especially *Fiat Lux*, a controversial work on the religious troubles then agitating England. Selected by the Catholic party to defend the faith against Dr. Stillingfleet, the learned friar wrote and published his *Diaphanta* or *Exposure of Dr. Stillingfleet's Arguments against the Catholic Religion*. Other distinguished writers on historical, ascetical, and dogmatical subjects, were Fr. Angelus Mason, who is known especially for his valuable *Certamen Seraphicum*, the work which formed our chief source of information regarding the five Franciscans who suffered during the Civil War; Fr. John Cross, who wrote on ascetics and Scotistic philosophy; and Fr. Antony Le Grand, who is recognized as "the first philosopher of the age that reduced the Cartesian system to the method of the schools."

But the second province did not restrict its activity to England. In 1672, the chapter answered the appeal of the Jesuits, who were then serving the English Catholics in the Maryland colony, by sending FF. Polycarp Wicksted and Basil Hobart to their assistance. Three more friars joined the American mission in 1675. They labored here with the sons of St. Ignatius in "fraternal charity and offices of mutual friendship," as the Jesuit Records put it, until the year 1689, when the English crown passed over to the Prince of Orange, and the prosperity of the Maryland mission came to an end. Lord Baltimore was deposed as governor of the colony, and in 1792 Protestantism was established there by law. But the Catholic missionaries did not forsake their flock. In fact, as late as 1699, two Franciscans again set out for the English colony. One of these, Fr.

James Haddock, was active there till his death which occurred in 1720.

During the religious persecution that broke out in 1678, in consequence of the Titus Oates Plot, two Franciscans died on the scaffold for their faith and sacred profession, while four underwent the hardships of prison life. Venerable John Wall, known in religion as Joachim of St. Anne, was laboring successfully in Worcestershire when, in December, 1678, he was arrested at Rushock Court. On his refusal to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, he was cast into the jail at Worcester. Here he languished till the following April, when he was brought to trial and condemned to death. Four months elapsed, however, before orders were given for his execution. The people of Worcester were opposed to it, maintaining that till then no one had been executed in their city solely for being a priest. Like so many others, Fr. John was, therefore, taken to London in order that the more serious charge of complicity in the supposed plot against the King's life might be proved against him. How little his enemies succeeded in their base design, we learn from a letter which the friar wrote to a friend of his, on July 18, shortly after his return from London.²

Sir:—With my service I return you thanks for the twenty shillings. I am safe returned from London, whither I was sent to be examined by Mr. Oates and Bedloe, Dugdale and Prance, to see if any of them had anything against me, as guilty of concerning these great disturbances of the times. I was very strictly examined by all four, several times over, in that month I stayed in London; and thanks be to God I was, after the last examination publicly declared innocent and free of all plots whatever by Mr. Bedloe, who examined me last; and he was so kind to me, that he told me publicly

2. This letter and other details regarding Venerable John Wall are taken from Hope, *Franciscan Martyrs in England*, pp. 236 seq.

3. He went by the assumed names Francis Webb and Francis Johnson. Dodd in his *Church History of England* (Vol. III, p. 400) mentions him by the latter name.

that if I would but comply in matter of religion, that he would pawn his life for me that for all I was condemned yet I should not die. I was also offered the same after my first examination, though I should have been never so guilty, if I would have done what was against my conscience. But I told them I would not buy my life at so dear a rate as to wrong my conscience. So God will dispose of all of us that are condemned none know. Some think it is concluded we all must die; and yet, because it will not appear grateful in the eyes of rational and moral men to see us die merely for conscience's sake, I have been several times informed from London, since I came down, that if possible some will do their best to bring some of us, some way or other, into a plot, though we have all at London been declared innocent after strict examination. God's will be done! The greater the injury and injustice done against us by men to take away our lives, the greater our glory in eternal life before God. This is the last persecution that will be in England; therefore I hope God will give all His holy grace to make the best use of it. All these things have been sufficiently prophesied long since; and I do no way question the truth, though it is like some will suffer first, of whom I have a strong imagination I shall be one. God's will be done in earth as it is in heaven, and in mercy bring me happy thither!

I subscribe, sir, your faithful servant,
Francis Webb.³

The holy man's presentiment that he would be among the first of the condemned priests to die for the faith proved correct. Feelings of joy and gratitude thrilled his noble soul when he learned that his execution would take place on August 22. Prayer and acts of penance filled out the remaining days of his life. Shortly before his martyrdom he received the Sacraments at the hands of a priest who obtained permission to visit him in prison. On the appointed morning,

he was drawn on a hurdle to Red Hill, near Worcester, and martyred in the usual bloody manner. His mangled remains were laid to rest in the Catholic churchyard of St. Oswald, while his head was given to Fr. Leo Randolph who had it conveyed to the brethren at Douai.

Ten days before, another Franciscan suffered death for the same cause in another part of England. It was Venerable Charles Mahony, a member of the Irish province. Apparently, he had been ordained priest only a short time before, and was on his way to Ireland, when the ship on which he sailed stranded on the coast of Wales. While he was traveling through the region, government spies detected his priestly character and arrested him. At his trial, which took place at Denbigh, Fr. Charles openly confessed that he was a priest. Accordingly, he was condemned to death and sent to Ruthin, where on August 12, 1679, he obtained the crown of martyrdom.

Of the four Franciscans who were thrown into prison during this persecution only one, Venerable Francis Levison, is known to have at last succumbed to his sufferings. He died in prison on February 11, 1680, after fourteen months of close confinement. Fr. Marian Napier was tried and sentenced to death; but, in 1684, the sentence was commuted to banishment for life.⁴ The other two Franciscans, FF. Bernardine Langworth and Francis Osbaldeston, after languishing in prison for six years, were set at liberty when James II ascended the throne.⁵

4. On Dodd's list (*ibidem*, Vol. III, p. 400) he appears under the assumed name William Russel.

5. FF. Charles Parry and Gregory Jones also are commemorated as having suffered imprisonment at this time for their priesthood; the former by Dodd (*ibidem*, Vol. III, p. 400), the latter by Hope (*ibidem*, p. 243) on the authority of Oliver. The matter is not mentioned by Thaddeus, however.

(To be concluded)

THE UNAFRAID

By Anna C. Minogue

CHAPTER VI

Synopsis of preceding chapters:—Ben Anderson employed in a newspaper office is suddenly confronted with a crisis. While undergoing a physical examination preparatory to his admission to a benevolent society, he is told to "Go West!" to avoid the ravages of consumption. Unnerved at first, he takes courage at the thought of the Girl Reporter, whose wretched copy he alone had been able to decipher, and who has gone West bravely determined to sell her life as dearly as possible to the same pitiless enemy that threatens his. With the hearty Godspeed of the "Old Man," the editor, Ben joins the ranks of The Unafraid and goes West in search of a new lease on life. Five years as a lumberman in Arizona make a new man of him and he learns to love his adopted home. The Girl Reporter, Mary Ranard, in the meantime has passed her years of exile in Arizona teaching in the mission schools for the Franciscan Fathers, but she longs to return to the East, as her health has been quite restored. The missionary's need of teachers and an unaccountable "something" defers her departure. While at Pretty Valley, Big Dick, the storekeeper, falls in love with her, much to her disgust, which deepens when she learns that he is plotting mischief with the revolutionary Mexicans. While shopping at the store, Mary overhears particulars of the plot and sends an anonymous note to the Boss of the lumber camp, requesting him merely to follow the bearer. Ben sets out for Pretty Valley wondering what the request might mean. As he is riding alone through the mountains he is assaulted by Dick and left as dead. Mary seeing he did not come in answer to the note, determines to enlist the watchman on the mountain top in her service. On her way she finds Ben and sends for help. He is brought to her cottage and she, learning he is a Catholic, sends for Father Paul, the missionary.

WHEN Captain Mendoza hung up the receiver, after taking Big Dick's message about the Catholic priest—the second disquieting call he had had from his confederate that morning—he rolled a cigarette with exquisite precision and then lighted it. As he threw away the stump a little later, he voiced the result of his cogitation.

"I have always found when a man mixes up a woman with an enterprise, there is going to be trouble. Business is one thing—love affairs quite another. They mix about as well as matches and gunpowder. But the majority of men are fools—especially American men! And it is putting an uncalled for amount of work on us—this love affair of Señor Big Dick!"

After he had consumed another cigarette, he sent a call for the Franciscan rectory at —, and learned that Father Paul was not at home and upon his return that evening, he would have to start immediately for Pretty Valley, where a man had been injured.

"There is plenty of time!" thought

the captain, and smoked some more. Then he went out and sauntered around until he came to where a young man was sitting on a barrel. He paused and spoke a few words to him. A little later the young man was on a motor cycle, heading for the west.

He arrived at — late in the afternoon, and learned that there was but one garage in the town, and it had only one driver. Him the stranger sought, and over a game of cards, in an empty stable, the stranger produced a bottle of whiskey which he scarcely tasted, while the other drank of it copiously. Before the game was over, the driver was asleep on the table. The stranger slipped out and hung around the station until the train came in. It brought the priest, and then the strange young man betook himself to the garage, and asked for a job. They replied that they kept but one man, as they had not many calls for a driver. Then the telephone rung.

"Yes, Father," he heard the man say, "we will send the car over right

away!"

Then the search for the driver began. When they finally located him he was declared "drunk again!" and the stranger, giving satisfactory evidence that he understood how to run a car, was sent to the rectory.

"That you, Juan?" asked Father Paul, peering in at the driver.

"Naw—I'm a new man. Juan is sick."

Father Paul knew the nature of Juan's illness and sighed.

"I hope you are competent, young man?" he said, as he seated himself beside the chauffeur. "It's a long hard road and we must travel fast."

"I can run any car!" he said boastfully and shot off at a rate which if it could be kept up, Father Paul knew would put him in at Pretty Valley in a few hours.

He had reached home tired out by his journey of many days on the mission, going from one settlement to another, over bad roads, under a burning sun, and the little home back of his church in — never seemed so desirable as this evening. His sister, who had generously exiled herself, to provide him with a home, said nothing of the call to Pretty Valley until he had eaten his supper. As he lighted his cigar the temptation was strong to permit him to enjoy it; but duty called and personal comforts were all forgotten.

"To the teacher's cottage? Are you certain, Nellie?" he questioned. "Who can be sick there," he added, when reassured of the accuracy of the message.

"The man who called said that his Boss had met with an accident, and you were to go immediately," she replied; "and you would find him at the teacher's house."

While she was speaking, Father Paul was calling up the garage. Now as he was being whirled on, the question came back: who could be lying in-

jured at Mary's cottage? The driver had turned up the collar of his coat, and this, with the brim of his hat, concealed his face. To the occasional remark of the priest, he gave a sullen reply, and silence hung between them. Their way lay across the desert, and exhausted though he was, all the weird beauty, the mystery of it, intensified by the moonlight, laid their hold on the priest. Was it out of such a desert as this that John, the Precursor, had come to cry to a heedless people to prepare the way of the Lord, make straight His paths? Had a waste like this opened its door of silence to receive that Lord, when, knowing His time had come, He would make ready for it by fasting and prayer?

Then from deeper thoughts his mind passed to the imaginative. Here was the last refuge of that silence which had first brooded over the earth, and which ever fled with backward turned face, from the approach of man. Now man was reaching out to the desert. Automobiles tore day and night through its heart; soon the irrigated waters would thread their way through its sands; the homesteader would fence in his acreage, and the wilderness would blossom like the rose. Where then would silence go? And how would it be with man, when on no spot of earth should be found the primeval solitude?

Then he was drawn out of his meditations by a sudden jolt. He started and glanced at the driver, and it seemed to him as if there was a slight movement, as though he had quickly averted his face. Yet he was not sure, and the car was speeding on as fast as the condition of the road would permit. He had no idea where they were, for on the occasions he had visited Pretty Valley it was in the daytime, and frequently he went to it from various directions, returning from his missions. But he thought

they must be about half way through the desert. Once out of it, he knew they would join a trail which led directly to the Valley.

For some reason not clear to him, he was anxious to be out of the desert that night. The sense of something impending was upon him. He tried to shake it off. "I am tired!" he kept repeating to himself. He leaned back in the seat and tried to relax, but the stiller his muscles became the more alert his senses. His eyes were closed, but he caught the almost imperceptible sound made by the man, as he slowly turned to regard his passenger. Before there followed any noticeable slackening of the speed, he knew the wheel was being cautiously turned. He moved, sat erect, and took out his cigar case.

"Do you smoke?" he asked. The car gave a vicious jump and the man mumbled that he did not. Father Paul knew that he had had his warning, that for some reason he must remain on guard. Arriving at that resolution, he felt the sense of depression vanish. He lighted his cigar and engaged his mind with thoughts calculated to leave him ready for action if need should arise: for by the light of the match, he had caught a glimpse of the driver's face and saw its evil look.

"I suppose I should not have come alone with this fellow," he thought. "For though I could easily put him out of commission if he attempts to harm me, I don't know the first thing about an automobile."

Then and there he decided at last to get a car for himself and learn to drive it. He was debating which of the several makes he would select, when, without warning the car came to a sudden stop. Ordinarily he would have pitched forward, leaving himself unprotected before the man; but that instinct that so often leads into command and saves one, made him brace his feet and throw an arm

between himself and the driver. He saw the hands of the driver go from the wheel, and the instant the priest waited seemed to reach out into eternity. Then it was broken by a muttered blasphemy from the driver. He climbed over the side and Father Paul as quickly opened the door and stepped out, and producing his pocket flashlight stood over the engine, while the driver made an examination. He did not know if the man found the trouble in the mechanism, but he stepped into the car, the instant the driver did. But the car did not start. When the driver again got out; Father Paul did likewise. This performance was repeated several times. Finally, surmising some trick, he said:

"See here, my man, this is an entirely new car. There can't be much the matter with it. Surely you can find the trouble, if you know your business. It is urgent that I get to Pretty Valley as soon as possible—"

"Aw, shut up!" snarled the driver. "D'ye think I want to stay in the desert all night? If you're in such a hurry you can walk!"

Past experiences with drivers of automobiles convinced Father Paul that his presentiment must be wrong.

They would have to wait until some one came along and towed them in. Nevertheless he did not quite discard his feelings, and when the driver entered the car or left it, he did likewise. The man seeing that his passenger saw through his scheme, finally desisted, and crouching on the seat, prepared to take what rest he could. In a short time he was breathing deeply: then Father Paul realized that his suspicions were justified—the man was merely feigning sleep. Seeking a purpose for such an action, the only tenable one he found was that the fellow had wanted to steal the car.

As time passed, the feigned sleep became real; still Father Paul did not

relax his vigilance. Occasionally he dozed, only to awake with a start, and recommence his rosary. Thus he warded off sleep through the endless hours, until that peculiar aspect as of awakening that creeps over these lands, told him daybreak was at hand. The indescribable magic wrought by the approach of morning upon the desert enthralled him; and if his mind had been less troubled by thoughts of the sick man, he could have said it was worth passing such a night to behold such a scene. With the lifting of darkness went his own doubts and fears. A voice seemed to bid him to be of good heart, that no evil would befall him on his mission of charity, that all would be well. Hence it was not quite a surprise to him, when he heard a car approaching from behind.

As it came easily, the driver was not awakened, until the occupant, slowing down, asked:

"In trouble?"

"Grave trouble!" said the priest. "We have been here the greater part of the night."

The man looked from the priest to the driver, startled out of his sleep. Then he got out and made a perfunctory examination of the car, while the driver glared at him from under his hat brim.

"You are going to Pretty Valley, you say?" he then asked, addressing the priest.

"Yes, on a sick call—I am a Catholic priest you know."

"I thought so," said the stranger, quietly. "I am going within a few miles of the place and it will be no

trouble to take you there."

"But," said Father Paul, regardful of the driver and the property of the owners of the garage, "what about this man and the car?"

"Oh, he'll have no trouble taking it back. All he has to do is to put the starter on."

"The dickens!" cried the driver, readily. "I never thought of that."

Father Paul, without a word, entered the other car. As they started, the man said:

"How did that fellow get to ——? I saw him yesterday at Flagtown, hanging around Bad Bill's place."

Father Paul related the circumstance.

"The whole thing smacks of a frame-up," said the stranger.

"I am rather inclined to think so, too, now" replied the priest, "although I really can find no reason for it."

"Perhaps you will find the reason at the end of your journey?" suggested his companion. "Whom are you going to see?"

"I do not know," answered Father Paul. "I found the call awaiting me when I got home last night. It said a man had been injured and was at the teacher's cottage."

"That is where Miss Ranard teaches, isn't it?" he asked. "I am on my way to my brother's ranch, and his children attend her school."

"Yes," answered the priest, "which makes the circumstance more mysterious. I know she is a complete stranger here."

"Well, we'll soon know," he said, as he drove ahead at high speed.

(To be concluded)

ON THE PERFECTION OF LIFE

From the Latin of Saint Bonaventure

By Fr. Jasper, O.F.M.

Perfect Love of God

IN the foregoing I have, as God inspired me, taught you, O handmaid of God, how you ought to exercise your soul, in order that you may go up, as it were, step by step, and proceed *from virtue to virtue* (Ps. 83, 8). Now there remains in the seventh place that I speak of the principal virtue, namely charity, which alone leads man to perfection. For unto the rooting out of vices, and the advancement in grace, and the attainment of the highest perfection of all virtues, nothing better can be spoken of, nothing more useful thought of than charity. For this reason, St. Prosper says in his book on the Contemplative Life, "Charity is the life of virtues, the death of vices," and *as wax melteth before the fire, so do vices perish before charity* (Ps. 67, 3). Charity has so great a power that it alone closes hell, opens heaven, gives hope of salvation, and renders us dear to God. Of such power is charity that it alone has been called *the virtue* among virtues. He who possesses it is rich, wealthy, and happy. He who possesses it not is poor, indigent, and wretched. Therefore, an explanatory note of St. Augustine's on those words of St. Paul to the Corinthians, *If I should not have charity* (I Cor. 13, 2) says, "Behold, how great is charity; if it is wanting, all is had in vain, but if it is there, all else is had; he who begins to have it, possesses the Holy Ghost." And St. Augustine further remarks, "If virtue leads us to the life of the Blessed, then I do maintain that nothing is virtue but the greatest love of God." Since charity is then so great a virtue, we must strive after

charity before all other virtues, and not after any charity whatsoever, but that alone by which God is loved above all things and our neighbor for God's sake.

In what manner, however, you ought to love your Creator, your Spouse Himself teaches you in the Gospel, saying, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind* (Matth. 22, 27). O dearest servant of Jesus Christ, attend diligently to what kind of love Jesus, your Beloved, requires of you. Your Beloved certainly wishes that to His love you consecrate your whole heart, your whole soul, your whole mind, so that in your whole heart, in your whole soul, in your whole mind no one may possess any part with Him. What, then, must you do, that you may truly love your Lord God *with your whole heart*? How *with your whole heart*? Listen to St. John Chrysostom. "*To love God with your whole heart* means that your heart be inclined to the love of nothing more than of God; that you may not delight more in the beauty of the world than in that of God; not in honors, not even in your parents. If the love of your heart be taken up with any of these things, you do not love with your whole heart." I ask of you. O handmaid of Christ, be not deceived in your love. Be assured, if you love anything that you do not love in God or for the sake of God, you do not love with your whole heart. Wherefore St. Augustine says, "O Lord, he loves Thee less, who loves anything else with Thee (which he loves not for Thee)." If you love anything, the love of which does not further you in the love of God, you do not love with

your whole heart; and if you love anything for the love of which you neglect what you owe to Christ, you do not love with your whole heart. Therefore, love the Lord your God with your whole heart.

Not only with your whole heart, but also *with your whole soul* must Our Lord God Jesus Christ be loved. How *with your whole soul*? Listen to St. Augustine. "To love God," he says, "*with your whole soul* means to love Him with your whole will, without repugnance." Then, indeed, you love with your whole soul, when without repugnance you do willingly, not what you wish, not what the world counsels, not what the flesh suggests, but that which you know the Lord your

God wills. Then, certainly, you love God with your whole soul, when for the love of Jesus Christ you willingly expose your life to death, if it should be necessary. If in any of these things you are neglectful, you do not love with your whole soul; that is, conform your will to the will of God in all things.

But not only with your whole heart, not only with your whole soul, but also *with your whole mind* love your Spouse the Lord Jesus. How *with your whole mind*? Listen again to St. Augustine. "To love God," he says, "*with your whole mind* means to love Him with all your memory, without ever forgetting Him."

THE LITTLE PADRE

By Zelma McDowell Penry, Tertiary

NOT a man in the 50,000 square miles of his territory but knew and loved the Little Padre. Just why he was called the "Little Padre" is hard to tell, unless as a Mexican term of endearment, the adjective had been adopted by the miners. Certainly, nothing about his six feet of muscle and sinew suggested it.

At least once in three months, he would make his appearance in Arclight, which was one of those towns that had sprung up mushroom-like in the wake of the gold rush to the deserts of the great Southwest, two years before, and his advent came to be regarded as a general clean-up time for those who still recalled the fact that they had souls, and as a good omen even for those who did not admit that possession.

A strange lot they are, these miners, to one who does not know the mining camp. The initiated takes for granted the contrasts: the honest prospector and the adventurer, the

man with the southern drawl passing the time of day with the stranger from "down east," the New York clubman lunching with the Mexican vaquero—for of such is the sage-brush upmining camp. All classes and creeds mingle in a mad search for the golden ore that is to aid each in the eternal quest of the thing called Happiness.

Perhaps of all who passed by the way, and lingered for a day or a night at Arclight, the Little Padre alone was not led on by the yellow lure that hid itself so cunningly under the desert sands.—Yet he, too, was searching for treasure—treasure that would be immune from the moth and the rust.

It was on the second evening of one of those quarterly visits that the Little Padre stood talking to a group in the hotel lobby.

"Everything's been serene 'round Arclight, Padre," the proprietor, a good-humored, thoroughgoing Westerner, was saying, "'cept for this here Big George. He comes in and raises

particular blazes."

"Who is he?" queried the Little Padre with interest.

Now the etiquette of a mining camp in the great Southwest forbids, or did at that time forbid, inquiries or even surmises regarding the antecedents of chance arrivals. But evidently Big George had forced himself upon the public notice, for the other replied at once.

"He come from somewhere north-east of here. Rode in one day with his pockets full of dust, stopped at Nick Moran's place t' quench his thirst, 'n in about half an hour he'd spent most of the dust, and allowed he owned the town. He's been trying to prove it ever since," he concluded whimsically.

"He's ben in ever coupla weeks since you was here, Padre," drawled one of the group, unconsciously measuring with practiced eye the distance to the cuspidor across the room, but remembering that he had dispensed with his "quid" in order to talk "proper" to the Little Padre, he wiped his lips with a red bandana, and went on:

"'N if he wasn't so blamed 'spicious 'bout everybody when he ain't lit up, he'd be all right. But he thinks everybody that looks his way 's got a design on that claim of his. Last time before he hit the trail, he 'lowed he'd shoot on sight if he caught anybody ridin' after him."

"Si, Padre," put in a swarthy little Mexican, dat hombre cause us to tire mooch with so many veesit from heem."

"That's a fact, sir," corroborated a quiet, well groomed man, whose appearance and manner would never have suggested him as sole owner of the "Mohawk" and sundry other gambling houses throughout the state. "This Big George is proving a menace to the orderly life of our little community. The boys are, in fact, considering plans whereby A. might may

be rid of his presence. Unfortunately, he is usually armed, and I haven't heard that he sleeps while enjoying himself here. His mine must be tremendously valuable, judging from the amount of dust he brings in. He is, one must admit, remunerative; but civic pride demands some action—our quiet, peaceable citizens can not be terrorized so constantly without retaliation."

The Little Padre's lips twitched ever so slightly on hearing of the "quiet, peaceable citizens" of Arc-light; but before he could reply, a sudden rush of air from the swinging door called attention to the hasty entrance of Kid Clark, the faro dealer from the "Mohawk." The new arrival made straight for the young priest, and spoke in a low even tone.

"Better come up to our place, Father, Big George has just shot Kentuck. He'll cash in a few minutes, and he's asked for you."

Instantly the place was in an uproar, and to a man the occupants of the lobby followed the Little Padre and his informant down the brilliantly lighted "Row" toward the "Mohawk." As they entered the place, the crowd made way for the priest, who hastened to the silent figure stretched on a billiard table, and laid a tender hand on the flannel sleeve.

Every voice was hushed.—The electric player was going, but no one thought to stop it. The lad on the table was gasping hoarsely for breath. Feeling the touch on his sleeve, he muttered:

"No use, Doc; it's across the Divide for me.—" He opened his eyes, and a flash of brightness crossed his boyish face as he saw the priest. "Padre!" Then—"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned!—"

The spectators fell back out of ear-shot, for they were used to the ways of the Little Padre and of his straying sheep, when they were about to

"cross the Diviæ." There were a few whispered words—the priest's hand was raised—"Ego te absolvo." A convulsive movement shook the figure on the billiard table—a brief, gasping sigh—

The Little Padre turned to the crowd.

"Boys, he's gone to meet his Judge." Then, almost unconsciously he murmured: "*Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine!*"

"*Et lux perpetua luceat ei!*" responded a smooth voice at his side. Kid Clark did not realize he had spoken until the man at his elbow turned to stare curiously at him. Then with a slight shrug but the same impassive countenance, the faro dealer turned on his heel. For the merest fraction of a second, he closed his eyes.—Was it to shut out the picture of the altar boy who had knelt in the sanctuary a few short years before?

For a long time that night, the Little Padre sat in his room, trying to write a satisfactory letter to the mother of the dead boy. The quiet, dark-eyed lad had been known in camp merely as "Kentuk," but the name on the Little Padre's letter was one known and respected the length and breadth of the Blue Grass State. It was hard to write that letter, but the Little Padre was used to hard things. So, at last the truth, carefully softened, was set forth on paper, and though it was nearly midnight, he decided to walk over to the post office and drop it into the slot.

So accustomed was he to the noise and glitter of the little town at night, that he was scarcely conscious of it as he passed along the "Row;" but nearing a saloon at the end of a long line of gambling houses, he sensed an atmosphere of more than usual excitement. Glancing through the open door, he saw a number of Kentuk's intimates surrounding a figure, which the priest knew instinctively to be

that of the dead boy's slayer. They were methodically tying the ruffian's arms to his sides with a braided buckskin rope. Big George was hopelessly drunk, and the priest, stopping, heard the unmistakable low, even tones of Kid Clark.

"There's a freight due at two-fifteen; we'll just roll him onto one of the cars and send him on."

"Here, boys, play fair!" The Little Padre's crisp voice sounded through the doorway. He went on. "This is not your usual way of fighting. If you won't face this man when he's sober, be ashamed to take an unfair advantage. Take him to my room. I'll look after him to-night; then tomorrow, when he knows what is being done to him, and *why*, you can turn him over to the authorities."

The impromptu shipping-party hesitated. They all knew and loved the Little Padre, but there were times—

"But we can't make out nothin' agin him, Padre," objected Jeff Mullins, who had been the dead boy's special "pardner," "All the boys seen that Kentuk drawed fust—the law can't hold him—and anyway, I reckon no constable 'd try t' hold Big George."

"'N we're tired of havin' him come in ever few weeks 'n tank up 'n act like he owned the place," interposed another, "so we kinda thought—"

"Never mind what you thought," interrupted the calm voice, "I'll look after him to-night. Take him along, boys, I'll be there nearly as soon as you."

It seems incredible that they should have obeyed him, but they had learned to know and respect the latent purple flame in his eyes. Those eyes were the Little Padre's weather signals: usually level and gray and clear as the desert air, on rare occasions they could narrow and glitter like steel. At other times they were wide and gentle—times when sickness or misfortune of body or soul called for his

ready sympathy. He seldom smiled, save with his eyes, but they could, on all occasions, flash forth a responsive amusement, a whimsical tenderness, and an indefinable magnetism that won all hearts.

So, when the Little Padre reached his room ten minutes later, he found Big George snoring on his bed, his arms still bound with the buckskin lariat. He cut the thongs, moved the sleeping giant into a more comfortable position, and then threw himself wearily into a chair. He was due at the next camp in less than eight hours, and it was a tradition that the Little Padre never disappointed his people.

At about four o'clock, the man on the bed sat up with a growl, and demanded to know where in the name of a number of places he was, and who in an equal and more shocking variety of locations had brought him there. The priest was on his feet in an instant, fighting down an exhaustion that tried to rob him of any concern in the matter, and began to explain the situation to the brute-like occupant of the bed. The indomitable missionary spirit was keenly alive, and the priest's eyes held their wide, gentle look—a look that was a new experience for Big George. The Little Padre's feeling of acute concern for any straying sheep that was suddenly helpless and friendless, was intensified as he noted on the face of this particular one the expression,—incongruously enough,—of a bewildered child.

The Little Padre had a way of his own in dealing with erring souls. If it were possible for him to await the most propitious time to counsel them, well and good, but if that psychological moment was not to be captured on the wing, he made use of the time as he found it. And, strangely enough, in his hands, any time seemed to be the right time.

As Big George recalled by degrees the events of the preceding night, the puzzled look left his face. He apparently had no qualms of conscience over the killing of a fellow man. "Kentuck" had "drawed fust," and as far as the camp was concerned, that settled it. Still, the man who just then sat down on the edge of the bed to tell him about things, seemed, oddly, to take another view of the case, and was expressing that view in no uncertain tones. Big George stared wonderingly at the speaker, as if he were being called upon to grasp for the first time a new and complicated problem.

"So, you see, my friend," concluded the priest at the end of five or six minutes, "one day you will have to give an account of the life you have taken it upon yourself to put out. I'm afraid if you had to do it now, you would find most of the items of your account on the debit side. I should advise you to begin gathering something to balance the other side, while there is yet time."

Then the Padre began to put a few things into a bag as he talked, making such repairs to his personal appearance as his few hours of drowsing in the chair necessitated. His packing finished, he picked up his hat and overcoat, and looked down at Big George.

"I'm going now," he stated tersely. "I'm due at New Moon at seven o'clock, but I'll be back to-morrow for "Kentuck's" funeral. Think over what I've said, and when you're ready, you'd better go back to your claim. I hardly think you will be stopped, but I shouldn't advise you to remain in camp during the next few days. I shall be in Arclight again in two weeks, and I hope to see you then."

Big George drew a deep breath and stood up, lurching a little from side to side.

"Say, you must be that Little Pa-

dre I've heard the boys a-talkin' about."

"Yes, I'm he. Good-bye now, my friend."

The huge miner sat down heavily on the edge of the bed and watched the door close after the retreating missionary.

"Padre, you're—you're a white man!" he gasped. Then, with the puzzled look creeping again into his eyes, "but where'd he git the idea that I was a friend of his?"

Out in the icy chill of the early morning, the Little Padre started to walk at a brisk pace, soon leaving the "Row" behind him. He glanced at his watch as he started, and saw that he should have to make unusual haste in order to catch the train, as he usually did when it stopped for water at a tank a mile from town. It was still dark, and he felt a few drops of rain on his face. Buttoning his overcoat and turning up the collar, he hurried on. The shower increased in violence, and before he had covered half a mile he was thoroughly drenched. Quickening his pace still more, however, he reached the water tank in a glow of warmth.

The train had not arrived, neither could the Little Padre perceive it approaching. He walked rapidly up and down beside the track for a few minutes to keep from becoming chilled, but with the passing of the minutes came no sign of the train. Growing anxious, he decided to tramp down the track in the hope of seeing someone who might drive him to his destination by seven o'clock. He now regretted that he had decided against coming on the little brown mustang which was always at his disposal at Arc-light; but the train had never failed him before, and with the case containing all the appurtenances for an improvised chapel, travel on horseback, when possible otherwise, was not inviting.

Ten minutes later, he spied a deserted shack some yards from the trackside. The wind had so increased in velocity and cutting coldness, that the priest against his better judgment turned aside and approached it. He would rest only a moment in its slight shelter, he thought, and then go on; but by the time he rounded the corner of the cabin he had become so thoroughly exhausted that the sight of a wooden bench against the rotting walls of what had been meant for the front of the building, sent his resolution whirling from him. Stumbling blindly, the Little Padre yielded to his fatigue and chill, and sagged full length on the hard bench.

He was never afterward able to decide how long he lay there without conscious thought. He knew that through his mental processes seemed to float a most disturbing undercurrent. It lapped dully on the banks of his consciousness—the train. He must listen for the sound of it, and flag it. He could not see it; it was around the corner of the house. He gradually became vaguely aware that it had stopped raining; that the icy wind was whistling about his unstable shelter, and boring into his marrow. Still, the very act of resting was grateful.

Presently he noted that it was growing warmer. After all, the weather had moderated considerably—he had been wise to stop and rest.—He was drowsy, more so than before, but he knew he must keep awake for the train. Of course, he would get up when the train came. But what was that sound? A whirring, grinding sweep? He had to think for a time before he placed it.—Oh yes, it must be the train.—He ought to catch it. Half-heartedly he started to rise, but something held him fast. Vaguely, impersonally, he looked at the long shape that stretched down from his head. Odd; that had once been the

rest of him. It amused him strangely. He recalled once having seen a fish frozen into a block of ice, and his eyes smiled suddenly. That fish was not to be pitied—it must have been perfectly comfortable—just as he was. He no longer heard the train—he must have been mistaken—or it had probably gone.—He could not imagine why it had once seemed so important that he should go to New Moon. Was it something about “Kentuck”—or Big George? No, for “Kentuck” was dead—that must be the thing he had to do—say a prayer for “Kentuck”—or was it for that long shape stretching down from his head? It was all so puzzling. Ah well, no matter—he would just say it, and then he might as well sleep for a minute.—“*Requiem—eternam—dona—ei—Domin—*” Then he would rest—yes, that was it—rest.—“*Requiem—*”

The Little Padre came to himself with a start. Where was he? He seemed to remember something of a million flashing lights, a thousand hammers beating him to a pulp, and oceans of hideous roaring sounds. But all that was not here. He could feel the cool smoothness of fresh sheets; hear the cheery sound of a crackling fire; and smell the pungent aroma of sage brush burning up a chimney.

He opened his eyes. A stranger was sitting by the bedside, regarding him intently, professionally.

“Well, Padre, that was a mighty fine scare you tried to throw into your devoted flock,” the stranger remarked casually, “but now you’ve decided to

give over the joke, have you?—No, don’t answer—you keep quiet. Go back to sleep—plenty of time to talk later on.”

“But where—who are you—where am I?—I’m afraid I’m late.—I’m due at New Moon at seven o’clock.—If you’ll excuse me, I’ll just—”

“You’ll just nothing, Padre,” returned the physician, his naturally gruff voice huskier than usual, “you got to New Moon, alright—been here nigh onto three weeks.”

“I don’t understand—three weeks? I—”

The doctor noted with a keen eye the rising excitement of his patient, and being a wise and practical man, he took the best means of quieting him.

“I’ll tell you, and then you go to sleep without another word. You aren’t satisfied with working yourself to death for us no ’count heathen, but first chance you get, you go and freeze yourself into an icicle and get a fine case of pneumonia. But bless you, lad—Padre, I mean—there’s no cash-in’ in for you from a few little causes like that—but you need a guardian, if you ask me!”

There was a world of admiration in the outburst, but he did not stop to note the effect of his words, merely making for the door with the semblance of a savage growl, and closing the door behind him with a gentleness that in no wise matched his tone. The Little Padre was left alone to adjust himself to his unprecedented position of patient.

(To be concluded)

FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

CHAPTER X

*El Paso del Norte—Socorro—Sevilleta—Puaray — The Tell-tale Picture—
Products of the Country—At Santo Domingo and San Ildefonso—
San Juan de los Caballeros—Origin of the Name—Distress
of the Indians—Oñate's Excursions—La Ciudad de San
Francisco de los Espanoles—Sedition and Pun-
ishment—First Church—Speech of Oñate—
Distribution of the Missionaries*

TWENTY-FIVE miles above the der Juan de Oñate had first place where the expedition un- reached the Rio Grande del Norte, a suitable ford was pointed out by friendly Indians. Here, in thirty-one degrees latitude, on May 4, 1598, the army with its long train of carts crossed over to the eastern bank. For many leagues there was at that period no other way for wagons or the clumsy Mexican carts. Hence there can be little doubt that this ford of the river was the original *Paso del Norte*, a name that has been retained for the locality ever since.¹

The expedition proceeded slowly up the river until on May 20, a place was reached about fifteen and a half leagues from the starting-point. From here, with sixty soldiers and officers, and accompanied by Fathers Alonso Martínez and Cristóbal de Salazar, Oñate went ahead "to pacify the land, to obtain full information by seeing with my own eyes regarding the location and nature of the land, and regarding the nature and customs of the people."² Oñate had another object in view. Food had become scarce. By May 28, he reached the first group of Pueblo towns, three in

number. "The first was near the present San Marcial; the second is called Qualicu... christened San Antonio de Senecu by the Spaniards; and the third was called Teipana. In all of them they were hospitably received by the natives; and at Teipana they obtained such an amount of corn, most of which was sent to the main body of the expedition, that on account of this timely succor the town was named Socorro."³

Continuing up the Rio Grande for seven leagues Oñate and his men arrived at a small Indian pueblo, which they named Nueva Sevilla, but which in history became better known as Sevilleta. It was not far from the junction of the Rio Puerco. Here he remained in camp while Captains Juan and Vicente de Zaldívar went to explore the pueblos of Abó, twenty-five or thirty miles east of the river, and Captain Gaspár de Villagrà searched for more corn.⁴

By June 28, Oñate and his party arrived at Puaray, in the vicinity of Berنالillo, where Fr. López and Brother Rodríguez had been murdered.⁵ Here some of the Spaniards observed that the walls of a room in which they were quartered had but recently been

1. Bancroft, *New Mexico*, 126, 128; Prince, *New Mexico*, 93, Bolton, *Spanish Exploration*, 203.

2. Oñate to Viceroy Monterey, *Spanish Exploration*, 213.

3. Bancroft, 129; Prince, 94.

4. Bancroft, 129; Hodge in *Memorial of Benavides* by Mrs. E. E. Ayer, 216-217.

5. See July issue.

whitewashed. Next morning the purpose was discovered. The fresh coating had dried and but poorly concealed a painting or drawing⁶ which depicted the martyrdom of the three Franciscans killed there only sixteen years before. When Governor Oñate was shown the clear proof of the crime of the Indians, he wisely commanded that in the presence of the natives every one should pretend not to notice the tell-tale picture, as it was his policy to win the natives. The picture was doubtless drawn or painted by an Indian to commemorate the event; for Villagr  expressly says that these natives were much given to painting.⁷ Thus reassured, the guilty people, who had dreaded the vengeance of the Spaniards, breathed easily, and friction was averted.⁸

The wandering explorers encountered well populated towns whose houses built around a square rose to a height of three, five, six, and even seven stories, with many windows. The people were steeped in superstition and idolatry, but they cultivated the soil, raised beans, corn, lettuce, garbanzos, calabazas, melons, and wheat. Wild grapes were plentiful. "We ate carrots," writes Villagr , "turnips, garlic, onions, cucumbers, a kind of cabbage and radishes." There were chickens in abundance.⁹ But he was not impressed favorably with the morals of the natives, which could hardly be expected, as they were pagans, and paganism the world over spells immorality.

On reaching the Indian pueblo of Guipui, now Santo Domingo. Oñate resolved to stay awhile. Here, on

July 7, after the advantages had been explained by the two interpreters Tom s and Christ bal, seven chieftains representing about thirty-four pueblos acknowledged the supremacy of the Spanish king, and the act was duly recorded in a long document. Two days later, Oñate with his men left the pueblo of Bove, or San Ildefonso, and on July 11, 1598, arrived at Caypa, the famous pueblo of San Juan on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, not far from the junction of the Rio Chama.¹⁰

The Indians of Caypa, or San Juan, assigned quarters to the strangers in their own town, in fact shared their homes with them.¹¹ For this generous act of hospitality the Spaniards called them "caballeros,"—"gentlemen"; and the pueblo ever after was known as *San Juan de los Caballeros*. An incident which happened here greatly raised Oñate and his party, especially the two Franciscans, in the esteem of the inhabitants. Villagr  relates that one day as the commander was at his meals, the natives suddenly raised a weird lament, which was so loud and terrifying that all thought the last day had come. When questioned as to the cause of the pitiable wail, the Indians replied that, owing to the long drouth, they feared their crops were lost. Fr. Commissary Mart nez thereupon kindly bade them cease their lamentations; because he with his companion and the soldiers would petition the Heavenly Father of all to take pity on the thirsty land and its inhabitants, and to grant a copious rain. So Fr. Mart nez and Fr. Salaz r pleaded

6. "Pintura, mudo predicador," "a picture, the mute witness." Villagr , *Canto Quinze*, folio 86.

7. "Los hombres y mugeres son dados al arte de pintura." Villagr , *ibi*, folio 86.

8. See also Prince, 94; Shea, *Catholic Church*, vol. 1, 189, who says the Spaniards removed the coating. He misread Villagr .

9. Villagr , *Canto Quinze*, corroborated by Oñate in letter to Viceroy, *Spanish Exploration*, p. 217.

10. Bancroft, 130-131; *Spanish Exploration*, 203-213; Salmer n, no. 34.

11. "Los Indios muy gustosos con nosotros sus casas dividieron."—Villagr .

with the Lord to send abundant rains, in order to revive the withering grains and fruits and to awaken trust in the goodness of Him of whom these superstitious barbarians as yet knew nothing. The humble prayer was heard. The next day, the clouds poured forth such torrents all over the country that the people stood amazed at the bountiful mercy of the Lord.¹²

From San Juan, Oñate, probably with a small guard, made excursions to the north as far as Taos, then returning he visited the places subsequently known as San Ildefonso to the south, San Marcos to the east, and San Christóbal. Later he went to Pecos by way of Galisteo, and then rode down to Santo Domingo, where the main body of the settlers arrived on the same day, July 27. From the 2nd to the 7th of August he made a trip to Jémes by way of Cia, and to some of the other pueblos of that region; whereupon he returned to San Juan on August 10, without waiting for the slow carts of the colonists. These latter reached the camp on August 18, 1598, thus once more uniting the whole expedition at San Juan de los Caballeros.¹³

Before the arrival of the colonists, however, August 11, 1598, Oñate had commenced work on ditches to bring water from the river to the first city to be established in the vicinity of the Indian pueblo of San Juan. It is characteristic of the firm hold devotion to the Seraph of Assisi had on the population of Mexico that this first white settlement should be named in his honor *La Ciudad de San Francisco*—City of St. Francis. 1500 Indians assembled to aid in the construction of

the aqueduct. For a long time, says Bancroft, nothing more was heard of it, and it is probable that the work was interrupted by troubles to be noted presently; or the water-works may have been completed for San Juan, and the building of the city postponed.¹⁴

Oñate in his letter to the viceroy explains some of his troubles, and we find greed at the bottom, as usual. "The devil," writes Oñate, "who has ever tried to make good his great loss occasioned by our coming, plotted, as is his wont, and incited a rebellion among more than forty-five soldiers and captains,¹⁵ who under pretext of not finding immediately whole plates of silver lying on the ground, and offended because I would not permit them to maltreat these natives. . . became disgusted with the country, or to be more exact, with me. . . I arrested two captains and a soldier. . . but on account of my situation and the importunate pleadings of the religious and of the entire army, I was forced to forego the punishment." Nevertheless, "four of the soldiers fled from me and stole part of the horses. . . Since they had violated royal orders . . . I sent Captain Gaspár Perez de Villagrá and Captain Gerónimo Marques with orders to overtake and punish them." The result was that two of the culprits were beheaded.¹⁶ The others escaped, but the horses were recovered and returned to Oñate's camp early in November.¹⁷

The first troops under Oñate arrived at Caypa, now San Juan, on July 11, 1598. They were accompanied by two Franciscan priests, one of whom was the Fr. Commissary himself. Unless we assume that the Indians va-

12. Villagrá, *Canto* 16, folios 87-88; R ad, 213-214.

13. Bancroft, 131-133; *Spanish Exploration*, 203, 213; Prince, 95.

14. Bancroft, 132; Shea, 189; *Spanish Exploration*, 203.

15. Among whom was Aguilár, according to Villagrá, *Canto XVI*, fol. 88.

16. According to *Spanish Exploration*, 215; Bancroft, 133, says they were hanged.

17. Oñate to Viceroy Monterey, *Spanish Exploration*, 214-215.

cated some large room for the religious worship of the strangers, the Spaniards must have raised a temporary brushwood structure or a *jacal* for the celebration of holy Mass; for even on the march not only were morning and evening prayers recited in common, but the holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up by one or more of the priests every morning.¹⁸ This temporary fabric, therefore, was the second church built in New Mexico, the first, as the reader will remember, having been erected near Bernalillo, about 1541, during Coronado's time. It is probable that some of the soldiers and the Indians were set to work preparing adobes for a permanent and much larger edifice, because several hundred colonists and guards were expected to arrive in a short time. In that case, we should know the nature of the building that followed, and how it was possible to complete it so quickly. Possibly, the Indians had a large number of adobes already piled up for an emergency, which was not Indian fashion, however.

Five days after the main body of the expedition had reached San Juan, August 23, 1598, the new church building was begun. It was finished on the eve of our Lady's birthday, September 7. Next day, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Fr. Commissary Alonso Martínez blessed this first permanent church in honor of the patron saint of the Indian pueblo, San Juan Bautista, and he most likely also sang the first High Mass. Fr. Christóbal de Salazar, a cousin of Governor Oñate, preached the sermon. Besides the eight Fathers, two Brothers, three Tertiary Brothers, the governor, the troops and the colonists, a great multitude of natives attended

the solemn ceremonies, which were carried out with as much pomp as possible, in order to make a lasting impression on the Indians. At the conclusion of the religious functions, a mock battle took place to represent a conflict between mounted Moors using lance and shield and Christians on foot with firearms. By the aid of the patron saint of Spain, St. James, the Christians were victorious, whereat there was general rejoicing. To strengthen the good feeling between the newcomers and the natives, there were amusements and various sports for a whole week.¹⁹ Thus was the Catholic religion reinstated, and the first permanent church building dedicated in New Mexico, the heart of the continent, nine years before the first English settlement was founded on the Atlantic coast.

On the following day, taking advantage of the presence of the natives, a general meeting was held, during which Oñate made a most beautiful and clear address on the tenets of the religion preached by the missionaries. Likewise the obligations of subjects of the king of Spain were explained. Villagr  gives the speech in verse, which it would be worth the while to reproduce, in order to show the kindly sentiments of the Spaniards of that expedition towards the natives, but the space allotted precludes reproduction. Besides, it should be in verse like the whole narrative of the poet historian, but this with the writer is impossible. That the Indians were impressed, or thought it politic to yield, may be inferred from the fact that all the chiefs renewed their formal submission, and expressed a desire to have the missionaries at their pueblos as teachers. Thereupon Fr. Mart nez assigned the friars as fol-

18. Shea, vol. i, 188.

19. Villagr , *Canto XVI*, fol. 89; Bancroft, 133; Shea, 189; *Spanish Exploration*, 203, 215; Prince, 95; Read, 220.

lows:

Fr. Francisco de San Miguel to the province of Pecos, as headquarters, with about forty pueblos, of which only the ruins of Pecos, Galisteo, Abó, and Gran Quivira are left.

Fr. Juan Claros to the province of the Tiguas as his residence, with about sixty pueblos.

Fr. Juan de Rosas to the province of the Queres as the chief scene of activity, which included the still extant pueblos of San Felipe, Santo Domingo, etc.

Fr. Cristóbal de Salazár to the

province of the Tepuas or Tewas to which belonged San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, etc., still extant.

Fr. Francisco de Zamora to the province of the Picuries with all the Apaches north and west of the Sierra Nevada.

Fr. Alonso de Lugo to the province of the Jémes, still existing.

Fr. Andrés Corchado to the province of the Trias (Cia?), also to Acoma, Zúñi, Moqui.²⁰

This distribution left the Fr. Commissary unassigned but not unoccupied by any means.

20. Bancroft, 133-137; Villagrà, *Canto* XVII, fol. 94-96; Read, 219; Shea, 190; Prince, 96.

DOS TECOLOTES

By L. M. Wallace

Concluded

PADRE Santangel came to Dos Tecolotes. About once in two months he managed to make the rounds of his scattered missions—and someone reported to him that wolves were in his sheepfold,—an I. W. W. renegade corrupting his young men, a proselyter among his children.

As to the I. W. W. lecturer, he was a wolf or rather a "coyote." But such an appellation scarcely suited Ruth Whitacre, especially as her lack of Spanish had made her succeeding Sundays like her first. If the Padre had been the one who spoke to the girl, his shrewd judgment of character and saintly tactfulness would have obviated the difficulty. True, Padre Santangel would not have permitted a non-Catholic to prepare his First Communion class; neither would he have needlessly wounded the feelings of a Protestant of good will.

But it was not the gentle old friar who met Ruth, rather it was the very

busybody who had given him the information; and who now repeated his mild remark,—“I shall look into this matter,”—in such a manner as to give Ruth Whitacre to understand that, not only was he highly displeased with her use of the adobe church, but that he had forbidden the children to so much as speak to her. It was in the first blaze of her wrath that Ruth met Paul. She spoke out all the bitter opinions concerning friars, Catholics, and Catholicism, that had been bred in Whitacre minds during seven generations. Paul had stared at her in dumb pain; but when the torrent of words abated so that he could speak he said, “Miss Whitacre, I am a Catholic and I thought that you were one.”

The impulse of anger was still reason-blinding and she stormed, “I am certainly glad to learn this before—” she stammered—paused.

Paul's face was white, lined, in-

tensely quiet. "Yes, Miss Whitacre," he said, "it is better for us to know this now. Good afternoon." He raised his hat and passed down the trail to Mexican town.

Ruth's anger with Paul cooled the instant she comprehended the effect of her words; but her pride rose, and her bitterness against all things Catholic doubled. Was not the Church to blame for her own sorrow? The first great woe crushes because repeated struggles have not yet taught the soul to hope, to realize that storms must pass even if nothing but wreckage be left behind. So Ruth struggled in the blind, despairing grip of her first sorrow. She walked, hoping to gain outward calm; and chose a sheltered part of the gulch. No one would wonder to see her there for every gossip knew Miss Whitacre's fad for helping the Mexicans. Suddenly she heard a swift step, and Venturo was beside her. It was a relief to talk to the lad; for, though the real cause of her grief must be hidden, she was free to speak of her disappointment concerning the settlement work. Venturo was deeply sympathetic; so they talked a long hour over the woes of the Mexican peons, all which Ruth laid at the door of the friars, and Venturo nodded. "So says Señor Miramon," he affirmed.

Ruth did not know that Señor Miramon and the two-legged "coyote" were one and the same man, or she would have been less pronounced in her commendation of his words. Venturo tossed a pebble into a yucca. "You were at Mass this, morning no?" he queried.

"Why?" she responded and laughed.

"Mass is nothing, no?" he said.

"Oh, if a person wishes to go, I suppose it is well enough; for myself I think it all very silly," Ruth replied. She felt a keen satisfaction in the effect of her words upon the boy. Ven-

turo was growing swiftly in "enlightenment."

"Mass is nothing. So says Miramon, so says the señorita; all the smart people think that way,—only the Padre—." The boy's dreamy eyes studied Ruth's face.

"Well, of course it is to the Padre's advantage to keep the Mass alive. Without the friars it would have died long ago like the belief in giants."

"So says Señor Miramon," Venturo answered. "But Padre Santangel—I always like him—he give many things to little Anita—"

"Oh, I have nothing in particular against this Mr. Santangel; except, of course, the fact that he interferes with the work which would benefit the Mexican people."

"*Si, Señorita,*" Venturo's effeminate face glowed. "Señor Miramon says like that. 'Padre Santangel—oh, he is good—like an old grandmother. Let him sit in his place and say his beads. It is not for him to tell men what they should do. He is nothing—already twice a child.'"

After a while the boy, growing restless, wandered away; and Ruth walked back to her boarding house. She had regained her self-control.

When Paul left Ruth on the gulch trail, he walked with his head bent doggedly like a man dragging a load. Straight across the hill he went and entered the little adobe church. There in a dark corner he knelt, his body rigid, his eyes fixed on the tabernacle. His stern, set face alone gave evidence of the inward struggle. An hour passed. A hand fell gently on his shoulder. "What is it, my son?" It was the tender voice of old Padre Santangel.

Paul did not turn. He spoke, but his words came in hard sentences as if each thought had been long hampered. "When I stand before God in judgment, I shall answer for my soul; I shall answer for the soul of any child

whose father I may be."

"Only in so far as there would be blame upon your part, my son."

"But if I fail in my duty?"

"*Bien*, then you pay the penalty."

"Children depend more on the mother than on the father for their faith.—If I marry a woman who has not the Faith—"

"Usually one or two, frequently all are lost to religion."

"And I?"

"You shall answer to Almighty God, my son. *Bien*, if you left a creeping child to pass where the oar crusher falls?"

"God!—it would be murder!"

"By some chance the child might pass unhurt."

"But the risk?"

"Eh, *bien*, the risk.—It is wiser to risk eternal death?"

"I know," Paul said, and stared at the tabernacle. "It is not lack of light, but the selfishness within me rising up against the light. I can never have a home. I can never see at the end of day my wife standing at the door, my little ones tumbling through the gate calling, 'Daddy!'—I must pass through life alone!"

"But you have shown great love for the good God, my son."

"Rather, God's law has wrung unwilling obedience from me."

"Eh, *bien*, but you have put first the will of God—though the cost tears out your heart. Now shall we see what the good God will do."

Jarvis looked up at the old friar, the dry agony of his soul staring from his eyes.

"My son, once walked the Lord Christ lonely and homeless among men. Abandoned and stripped of all, He died alone. Neglected, He waits upon His altar. Well knows the Lord Christ the pain of the lonely heart. For Him you make this sacrifice. Eh, *bien*, let us now see what the good God will do."

As the sunset cast its dancing lights across the desert, Ruth sat by the window. The long rays caught in a ridge of bare and 'umbed rock far out among the gleaming sands. The mass detached itself from its surroundings, and Ruth recognized the spot where the glorious ride had ended.

The girl had not known her own mind that day. Now she no longer doubted her love for Paul. But—why had she not remembered the moment in the desert this afternoon while she was wounding Paul?—Yet, the flat truthfulness of her nature assured her it was better so. Their difference in opinion was vital. It was a gulf that could not be bridged. Paul would never yield his conviction to hers. But what were hers? Suddenly her prided creedlessness seemed strangely shallow beside his strong faith. At this moment Ruth saw Ventura's mother hurrying along the trail. She was much excited, and the girl went swiftly out to meet her.

"Is the little Anita worse?" Ruth mustered sufficient Spanish to ask. She was dumbfounded at the result. The woman turned upon her weeping wildly, her voice pitched high in anger and upbraiding, her excited words so burning swift that Ruth could gain but little information from the jargon. The woman was plainly angry with her and was accusing her of telling Ventura "Mass is nothing! Padre is nothing! Miramon knows all things!" and that the boy would be killed in the night.

"*Quieta te, quieta te, Senora Sanchez!*" Suddenly a voice sounded behind them kindly and gently, yet with a note of authority that made both women turn.

There in the path stood Padre Santangel, and the señora poured out a torrent of tears and explanations utterly unintelligible to Ruth. The friar's eyes grew pained. He looked on

Ruth as a father might when facing the one whose carelessness has mortally wounded his son.

"You have helped to turn Venturo from the Faith," he said, and his words cut the girl's soul. "What have you to give him in return? Learn one thing, Señorita; when you make a peon a bad Catholic, you make him a bad citizen!"

"What harm has come to Venturo?" Ruth interrupted. It was not her nature to flinch an issue.

A touch of kindness brightened the old friar's eye. A soul that faces flatly the results of its own errors, is a soul of god will. But his voice was still stern, "Venturo has gone with Miramon. The señorita Americana says Miramon is in the right when he ridicules the Mass and the priesthood. *Bien*, Miramon is right when he says, 'The money of the company is ours, because we dug the gold. The yellow dust goes by the stage to-night. We shall take it.' See the mind of Venturo? See the result of your words?"

"It is still seven minutes till stage time," interrupted Ruth. "I can reach Mr. Deniker in time to prevent its going." The girl was walking as she spoke, and she called back over her shoulder, "I need not mention Venturo's name to the manager, merely Miramon's—perhaps—"

"*Bien*," returned the Padre. "I save the boy if I can."

As Ruth came slowly back from the manager's office, she followed the upper trail which runs along the ridge that separates the Dos Tecolotes Gulch from Thunder Cañon. On her left, the cliff broke off in sharp and precipitous benches, descending some five hundred feet in the space of a stone's cast. On her right, straggling along below her, were the dumps and tin cans, the tents and adobes of the mining camp. Beside the hotel, Ruth saw the stage halted and the group of people gathering to learn the

cause.

Then she drew her breath in swift pain. Out from behind the office building tore the engineer's little mountain climbing Ford. There were two men in the machine, and the one at the wheel was Paul Jarvis. They turned sharply into the stage road. She grasped the situation. Paul must travel the way where Miramon's bandits were hidden. Did he know the danger?

Frozen, Ruth stared after the dust of the little Ford. Then facts beat swiftly on her brain. The stage doubled the ridge on which she stood. It was fully three miles by the road from the gray dusty line below her right hand to the gray dusty line below her left. If she could descend the cliff with sufficient speed, she could intercept the machine and give him warning.

One thought possessed her—Paul's danger. All else was oblivion—even the estrangement. Ruth ran along the cliff till she reached a crevice between the boulders, a mere crack worn by wind and rain. If she looked at the dizzy depths below her, it was to make certain of the shortest possible way to the road that lay like a dull white cord at the base of the crag.

From rock to rock the girl slid, making a footing of the yuccas; from ledge to boulder she swung, clinging to the gnarled iron-woods when below her was vacancy. Her clothing, ripped to rags, was slight protection to her tender flesh. The rocks were marked with the bleeding imprints of her hands. Fifty, a hundred, three hundred feet were won. The Ford was not yet in sight. Suddenly there was a creaking growl. The rock, against which Ruth had put her weight, gave way and crashed, bounding from crag to crag till it lodged far down in the roadbed. There was one shrill cry, the whirl of a falling body, the thud as it struck against the stones, and

silence:

The Ford came into view. Had Paul raised his eyes he must have seen the limp form of the girl among the rocks above him, but his eyes were on the dangerous road, his mind on the speeding car. A swift clutch of the wheel—the machine turned out for the boulder, skidded, one tire over the arroyo, righted itself, and tore on. Paul's companion, Mose, the Syrian stage driver, ran his hand along the gun on his hip. The rock in the road spoke to them rather of Miramon than of Ruth as they sped on into the coming night.

Dos Tecolotes is on the southern slope of the range. The junction lies in the desert some miles from its northern side. The hills forming the ridge are wild and steep, broken only by rugged cañons. The stage road is thus forced to double the eastern extremity of the range and is long; while the trails cutting through the hills are many and short.

Padre Santangel took the trail up the gulch. It was his intention to intercept the stage if Ruth failed to do so; or, in the other event to reach Miramon's party and persuade Ventura to give up his mad scheme before he was led into crime.

There were many points at which a bold highwayman might attempt a holdup, but the Padre knew the metal of Miramon, and it was his opinion that the bandits would choose a certain gloomy spot where the road cut down into the dry water course of Piper's Cañon. Here the slopes were high and steep, strewn with large boulders, filled with rough caves, and pitted with abandoned shafts; while for a good half mile on each side of the road ran a mesquite thicket. One bold man might hold a hundred at bay. Surely, twenty cowards might rob one stage.

Padre Santangel was right in his surmise. The silent steps of his san-

daled feet gave Miramon no warning till he was among the party as they crouched behind the boulders and mesquites that overhung the road. The friar's clear voice rang out, dumbfounding them. "Venturo Sanchez," he said, "your hiding place is the worst. Are you then in the greatest haste to die?"

Miramón sprang up with a foul oath. The Padre continued, addressing Ventura as if he had not heard the leader's words. "My son, you must be very courageous, since the chief gives you the post of greatest danger."

"They kicked me over to this place! They are stronger!" growled the lad. Already he was sick with fear.

"So!—I thought Señor Miramon to be the great champion of the weak."

A chuckle passed about among some of the *hombres* at this sally, and they left their coverts to get a better hearing.

The "coyote" snarled. "Till now I have had compassion on your age. I waste good time. You, Padre 'Sandiablo,' you stand in the way. I send you to the hell you make for fools that believe in you." Miramon's face was livid with hate but his lips laughed. "This is not the day for the acts of grandmothers. This day we do the acts of men!"

The leader's speech was echoed by bravos from the *hombres*, now drawn into a close group.

Quietly the Padre stepped between Ventura and the chief, but he addressed Miramon now. "If you think theft and murder to be the acts of men, you are to be disappointed. The stage does not pass this road to-night."

A howl of rage came from the bandits and Miramon's face grew fiendish. "You are the one who knows—*bien*, you have done it!" The breath hissed through his clenched teeth. He drew the pistol from his hip and fondled it.

"Speak out, old fool,—what had that stomach of milk, Venturo, to do with this?"

"I am alone responsible, Señor Miramon." The friar's kind old eyes were fixed straight on those of his murderer.

Slowly the brute raised his revolver and cocked it. Perhaps he thought suspense might wring a word from the aged friar. Perhaps, drawing out the torture was a sweet morsel to his cruelty. Creeping, his finger slid along the trigger and gripped it. There was a double roar and a shriek.

The smoke cleared. Padre Santangel stood as before, arms folded in his sleeves, Venturo crouching in the shadow of his habit. Miramon groveled on the earth, his right arm broken at the wrist, his pistol lying by the furrow its bullet had plowed in the sand. At the rear of the group were Jarvis and Mose with leveled revolvers.

The hands of the bandits shot skywards.

"Get off the ground, Miramon!" ordered Jarvis.

But Padre Santangel sprang forward, his gentle eyes filled with pity.

"Stand back, Father," the engineer's voice was respectful but determined. "Miramon is stalling. You coyote, drop that knife you're sliding up your sleeve! Stand on your feet, or get a bullet in your head!"

Miramon snarled, but obeyed, and stood with his left hand above his head, his useless right dangled dripping blood.

"Venturo!" called the engineer.

The boy was choked with terror and could only stare. Padre Santangel laid his hand on the lad's shoulder. "Señor Jarvis," he said, "I answer for Venturo. He has had a lesson. Do not arrest him. I promise in his name he will have nothing more to do with wicked men."

"All right then, since Padre gives

his word for you—"

"I to be good *hombre*! I no kick! I work for one dollar!" pleaded Venturo.

"You listen to Padre?"

"Si, Señor Jarvis!"

"All right then, kid, so long as you are a good *hombre* I'll tell nothing at the office, *savy*? If you want more wages, make yourself worth more wages. Deniker is fair to the *hombres* that work well. Now will you do a job for the Company?"

"Si, Señor!"

"O. K.—take off Miramon's belt. He can't hurt you. Put that and his gun and knife down near the Ford at the turn of the road. *Vamos!*"

Venturo disarmed his former companions one by one and Mose handcuffed them, while the Padre busied himself with his work of mercy for the fallen leader. Tenderly he bandaged Miramon's arm and made a sling. This puzzled Mose. "Padre," he said, "if the devil hold up one burnt claw outa hell, I tink you puta grease on it!"

"But Miramon is not a devil," returned Padre. "Perhaps the hour comes when he repents of his sins, and I make bold to ask of you and Señor Jarvis one favor. The poor fellow is bleeding much and is in bitter pain. It is five long miles to the junction. Could he not ride—I mean stand on the step of the machine or sit on that strange box behind?"

Mose nodded and then shook his head. "Do a favor for Padre?—O. K. I do him!—Coyote sit on my seat—I stand on the step—but for Padre I do. —For Miramon?—I tink he needa hot lead!"

Before the guards and the guarded were out of sight the Padre and young Sanches were well up the trail. It was a wise and sad Venturo that followed the good priest.

Perhaps it was an hour later. The shepherd and his sheep were plodding

along in Thunder Cañon. Suddenly Venturo shaded his eyes, then cried out, "Diablo! Padre, look—the señorita Americana!"

Not forty paces above the trail, Ruth Whitacre lay among the rocks. Pity made their feet swift. Venturo reached Ruth first, raised her head and screamed when he felt his hand wet. "She dies!—she dies!" he wailed; but the old friar was wiser.

"Help me to carry her," he said, and together they bore the burden to a spot in the trail where the water pipe ran that supplied Dos Tecolotes. Cutting a hole in the soft metal, the water shot out in a strong jet. They bathed the bruised head, bound it, and poured water on her wrists. Ruth moaned a few times and twisted. Then she grew still and opened her eyes. "Paul," she gasped, "stop the machine—Miramon!"

"Have no trouble, my poor daughter," the Padre reassured her. "The Señor Jarvis is safe. Miramon is arrested."

Ruth smiled. Time and place were still hazy. For a long while she lay listening to the dripping of the water, grateful for its coolness. She was in severe pain. With the slow return of consciousness, memory awoke and sorrow gnawed. It was Ruth's first grief, and she was eighteen. Linked to the weakness and pain of body, it was unnerving her.

She opened her eyes. Venturo lay asleep on the hillside. Only the friar was awake, kneeling close at hand saying his beads. Perhaps the Padre

heard the slight movement. He turned toward her and smiled. "So, my poor daughter, you suffer much still. But you have great fortitude. I hope for the passing of a vehicle shortly, and you can be brought to Dos Tecolotes. It would not be wise for you to attempt to climb the trail while still so weak."

So spoke the old Padre—simply, kindly. Ruth did not know why in return she confided in him. She was ever the child of impulses. But she told him all her hopes and her disappointments, her doubts, and her one great sorrow.

He listened, like a father to his little weeping child. Wisely he spoke, explaining, counseling, guiding. Ruth no longer wondered at Paul's love for his Faith. It was grave and beautiful and holy beyond measure. Grace grows swiftly in a soul when humiliation has plowed the ground and tears have watered it.

Later, when the Ford came round the point of the hill, the Padre went down and stood in the roadway. As the machine stopped, he whispered something in the engineer's ear that sent him racing up the narrow trail.

After a while, Paul came down again assisting Ruth over the stony way. "Honest," he whispered, I know it isn't fair to ask you now;—but do you know your own mind?"

"Yes," she said simply, and together they knelt upon the sand while the old Padre raised his hands in benediction.

ST. FRANCIS AND HIS MISSIONARIES

By Marian Nesbitt, Tertiary

IT has been said that "God watched over the work of his faithful servant Francis," by raising up men imbued with the soaring spirit of St. Antony of Padua and St. Bonaventure—men who banded together, in order that they might more rigorously keep their Rule, and preserve the practices and fervor of those early days, when the Seraphic Father lived with his first disciples in the small temporary shelter he himself had made near the chapel of the Porziuncola, and where, in absolute poverty, yet in utter gladness and peace, they seemed to be actually praying and working in the company of their Divine Master.

St. Bernardine of Siena, St. James della Marchia, St. John Capistran, and Bl. Albert of Sartiano were among those who, as time went on, followed most closely in the footsteps of their glorious founder. "Go forth, my most beloved, two and two, unto all parts of the earth, announcing peace, and inviting to penance and the remission of sins," said Francis, as one by one the brethren knelt before him; and having given them his blessing, he bent down and lifting up each in turn embraced him, adding in thrilling tones, "Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

With these words ringing in their ears, did the first Franciscan missionaries start forth upon their journeys; and the same blessing rested upon the great saints we have just mentioned. For when we read of their immense success among heretics and infidels and of the practically countless numbers brought back by them into the fold of Christ's Church, we feel that they did in very truth perform miracles of grace in circumstances of unprecedented difficulty, fatigue, and

danger. We know that they must have traveled on foot through the wildest and most desolate tracts of country, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, as well as to violent extremes of heat and cold. What suffering, for instance, must not an Italian like St. James della Marchia have endured, when traversing the snow-covered steppes of Russia?

To one born under the skies of the South, the icy gloom of northern lands could have been little short of martyrdom; yet, his biographers tell us that he evangelized Russia, Norway, Denmark, and many other countries, baptizing thousands of "pagans," and converting multitudes of sinners, heretics, and schismatics. Probably he and the illustrious St. John Capistran—"whose apostolate was still more wonderful,"—made their way into Finland, that "Lost Daughter of the Sea," whose green wooded shores, rushing rivers, and sparkling fjords have a strange mystery and charm, and who owes her former prestige, indeed her primary civilization and culture to the Catholic Prince Bishops, who ruled so brilliantly from 1157 to 1522.

That the Franciscans were established in Finland, as well as the sons of St. Dominic, we have evidence even to this day, in such names as "Black Friars Street," and "Grey Friars Street," still to be found in old Vilong, where the present Lutheran church, built in 1481, once belonged to the Sons of the Seraph of Assisi. These fervent friars made their churches famous for the dignity and beauty of their services, and their own names illustrious on account of their singular holiness of life, and the depth and extensiveness of their learning.

It has been truly said that "no one who has traveled in Finland, and who

has seen the countless lakes, gulfs, and bays that intersect the whole land; the deep dells, that have once been the bottom of the sea; the high hills, in the summits of which have been found the remains of ancient Viking ships, and the fossilized bones of mammoth animals, can fail to see the fitness of the title—The Lost Daughter of the Sea. . . Castles, built two centuries since, still show the watermark of the waves that once beat against their outer walls, although a stretch of green meadowland now divides them from the shallow waters.”

It was on such scenes as these, that the eyes of St. John Capistran must have rested when his memorable journeys took him from country to country, where—so intense was the excitement and interest aroused by his presence—that the public places could not contain the crowds that flocked to hear him, but beyond the city walls they hurried, and into the plains beyond the towns; or perhaps it was on some bare mountain slope that as many as sixty, or even a hundred thousand persons would gather beneath the open sky, captivated and enthralled by the marvelous eloquence of this Friar Observant, for “never, perhaps, since the days of the Apostles, has any man had greater influence over the populace than St. John Cap-

istran.” When we read that at Cracow he received into the Order “one hundred and thirty students or professors of the University,” and “two hundred in Vienna;” and that, as he went from town to town, often twenty, thirty, and even forty young men received the Franciscan habit at his hands “in the sight of all the people,” we are not surprised to find that he was raised to positions of the greatest responsibility. At one time, he was Vicar-General of the Observants in Italy; at another, we hear of him being sent as Apostolic Nuncio to Sicily; and again, at the chapter held at Assisi, and presided over by Cardinal Cervantes, the Pope’s Legate, we are told that “the Cardinal summoned John Capistran to aid him” in deciding the very important questions then being discussed.

It was men such as these who were entrusted with the onerous missionary work of their Order, and into whose care was given the custody of the Holy Places in Palestine, as well as of Mount Alverna and St. Mary of the Angels—the latter endeared to them by a thousand sacred and tender associations—and the very spring whence flowed those rivers of seraphic ardor, which were to flood the world with the spirit of the Knight of the Crucified.



THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Conducted for our Women Readers

By Grace Strong

A Match-Making Mother

WHEN the Little Widow drifted in the other morning, her first words were, "Frowning! Don't you know what frowns do?"

"Too well!" I admitted, "but here's a problem to wrinkle the brow of even Tennyson's 'icily regular' heroine. One of my *Herald* readers wants advice on a knotty question. She lives in the country, and in an entirely Protestant community. She has, of course, no fear of her children losing their faith. It is of the next generation she is thinking. She does not see how it is possible for her children to marry other than Protestants, since they know so few young Catholic people; and as those few live in the town, they might not be willing to marry farmer boys and girls, and might not make suitable helpmates if they did. She admits she has not such fear for a mixed marriage for her daughters as for her sons. The Catholic wife and mother generally succeeds in having her family Catholic; it is the Protestant wives of her sons she is more concerned about. Let me read some of her letter to you.

My husband's uncle gave us this farm when we were married. We did not expect to stay always here then, but we never reached a time when we could get away. Now, the land is valuable. We could not do as well elsewhere; besides, it is home. All the associations of our married life are about it; and the children love it, too. They are good, happy, healthy. They will have a fair start in life. And as I said, I have no fear of their losing their faith. It is about their children I worry. For not a few of the people of this community are descendants of Catholics. Their names show it. Think of a Murphy a Baptist minister! Of Blakes and Shannons and the like being leading members of Protestant churches! Their forefathers came here when there were not

half a dozen priests in the whole state. I do not doubt they reared their children in the faith as we have reared ours. But the Protestant wives could not, if they would, bring up Catholic children; and this is the result. The problem of the isolated rural Catholic family appears to me to be a sadly neglected one....

"Well," began the Little Widow lightly, "I suppose it is up to you editor-folk to solve all the problems of the race; certainly every paper you pick up would lead to that conclusion. I dare say you already have your answer ready for your correspondent; so you will not take it as attempting to usurp your function, if I tell you how one very wise woman acted under a like situation.

"When you were reading that letter, it was as if it were some one giving a description of my own old home—only that my father, who was the son of a farmer who had gone to the city, bought his farm out of his own earnings. My mother went to it greatly against her will on account of the children. There was no Catholic school closer than some sixty miles away, and it was only for girls. Then Mass was celebrated in the little frame church in the county seat only once a month. My father promised her the children should receive a Catholic education, and that reconciled her. He did send me to the convent, after I finished at the district school. He would have kept his promise in regard to the boys, if he could have afforded it. But the best he could do for them, was to let them go through the high school in the town, and then give them short courses at the state university agricultural school. They all wanted to be farmers, you understand.

"My mother was not the sort of a woman to sit down and bewail a situation. She knew father was as concerned as she was about the children. He simply could not help things. She depended on God. Always after family prayers, we had to say an extra Our Father and Hail Mary for 'Mother's intention.' Greatly we chaps used to wonder what was 'Mother's intention.' I have no doubt now it was that we children should marry Catholics.

"Though mother was a very busy woman, she always managed to get to L— occasionally; and, as far as permissible, she always spent the day at the convent school. She always tried to come on Saturday, when she could get to see and talk with the girls. She was a great favorite with them. I was always popular when mother came. I have often smiled since at that little scheme! I dare say the nuns were wise to her—though they seemed as innocent as their pupils.

"Then, along toward the end of school, when I went home for my birthday—father always insisted on that—I would find mother telling me which of the girls I might invite to visit me during the summer. I will admit they were not always the ones I would have chosen. Especially I could not understand why Mary Daly should always be asked; for, while Mary was radiantly pretty and full of fun, still we knew she was so poor she had to work her way through school and she never had more than one new dress for her summer outing. Perhaps that was a gift to her from my mother, through the nuns, of course, for Mary was as proud as they make them. I had good reason to know that. She nearly drove my oldest brother into pulling up and going West because of her refusal to marry him, on account of her poverty. It was only when mother and the Sister Superior convinced her of the wrong

she was doing that she gave her consent. Even then she kept him waiting two years, while she earned money to reimburse the Sisters and to buy her wedding things.

"I'll say Mary was proud enough!" laughed the Little Widow. "I'll never forget our relief when she and brother John were married and settled on their own farm adjoining father's. Nor will I forget the joy of mother with her eldest son married to a Catholic wife.

"But there were three other boys besides John, and the summer guests from the school came in regular procession. Now it was not always convenient to have two or three girls camping on you every summer, spending Thanksgiving or Christmas with you; for any one who knows about farm life knows it is go from morning till night, cook for hands, bother with butter and poultry and garden—oh, that mother of ours is a wonder! The girls were then, sweet and fun-loving, and the boys because of them never fell into careless home ways. Then, with charming girls in the house they did not have to seek elsewhere for company. Of course, we had our dances and parties and hayrides and met all the rest of the young people. But our girls showed to the best advantage—moreover, they were Catholics, and naturally the boys felt closer to them.

"Two of the other boys married from among my schoolmates. Robert, the youngest, is still at home. He has been going with a demure little Catholic girl who lives in the town, so there is no cause for mother to worry about him. Of course, you know, my husband was a staunch Catholic. Mother never worried about me. I believe she thought I would be a nun. Maybe some of her granddaughters will make that wish good for her. Some of her grandsons go to the altar, where she ardently desired

to see one of her own boys, doubtless.

"You know," concluded the Little Widow, tapping the table with my pencil, "you know I don't really believe there need be all these mixed marriages of which the priests and the Catholic papers are always complaining. I hold that many of them are due to the gross neglect of parents. Parents seem to think that while it was to be expected they should marry, it is neither necessary nor wise for their children to do so. They are, consequently, surprised when their son or daughter comes to them for their parental blessing, if the courtesy of asking for it is even shown them. Now marriage is about as certain, eight times out of ten, as death—and it might be possible in the other two—religious vocations excepted—and more people made happy, if parents showed some interest in this important matter for their children.

"Again, people trust too much to some power outside of them to remedy things. 'We live in a Protestant community,' or 'We are strangers in a city and do not know any Catholics. Our children will have to select their mates from among their associates; we can do nothing.' You will hear these words frequently. With the shining examples of my own mother before me, I know that something can be done, some effort can be made.

"How Catholic parents can view a mixed marriage for their child with the equanimity some really religious, well instructed people display, is a marvel to me. I don't know of anything on which people disagree more quickly and antagonistically than religion; hence, we find the subject tabooed. I remember it was strictly forbidden in school; and forbidden I have since found it in polite circles. But it can not be avoided in the home of the Catholic and Protestant parents, if they are sincere in their convictions, if they have a high sense of

obligation to their offspring. Can you not believe that the child would come actually to hate what is the cause of unhappiness to it in the home? To me it is a dreadful tragedy for a child to find its parents quarreling about its salvation—a matter that should be of such high and holy and mutual co-operation. Any thinking person, I don't care what his religious views are, knows that the chief concern of human life is the saving of his soul; the well instructed Catholic knows this concern extends to his children.—

"Dear me, if I am not actually preaching!" cried the Little Widow, "and I only dropped in to tell you the Catholic War Council is going to take over our social center! Now, won't things hum!"

Our Thanksgiving Day

AGAIN the round of the year brings us Thanksgiving Day. It is our acknowledgement of our national faith in God and our dependence on Him. Life, love, happiness, health, means,—all we have, we owe to God, and we set aside one day to acknowledge our debt. It is a fine sentiment—and it should be cherished. In every home in the land Thanksgiving Day should be observed. Especially should Catholics, who are expected to set the highest example of devotion, make Thanksgiving truly a holiday, and the services held in the churches on that day should bring out the entire congregation.

The blessing of God rests on our beloved country. We see it manifested in a thousand ways, and it is a duty to return thanks for this special favor and train our children in a like spirit of gratitude. A grateful nation must be a pleasing sight before God. Gratitude is a noble virtue. There is nothing niggardly and mean about the

heart that is grateful. There are some people who take gifts as their due; others who receive them ungraciously—they do not want to be beholden to any one—as if all life is not a give-and-take! Then there are those who receive with grace and remember with gratitude—the royal people, although they may be far removed from high estate.

Yes, I hear some saying, as a citizen I may observe Thanksgiving but as an individual—the day for me is a mockery! What have I to be thankful for? Take simply the matter of prosperity, which we always find alluded to in the national proclamations as one of our causes for thanksgiving—what part have I in it? I have to work hard for everything I get, and what I get barely sees me through. I am no farther on the road to prosperity now than I was this time last year. If I were to break down—

Stop there a minute. If you were to break down—but you have not broken down. You have rugged health. You never know what it is to be ill—your digestion is good, you sleep the whole night through—

"Thank God," said a woman to me the other morning, "I got a full night's sleep!" Oh, the blessing of sleep! Have you ever lain awake night after night, watched the stars rise and set, seen the dawn in the sky, and then got up to a long day's work? I think if you can sleep you have much to be thankful for, though your pillow is your coat, your bed the bare ground.

You have not broken down—you have your health—is not that something to be thankful for? Then, if you are not any farther on the road to prosperity, you have not fallen back. You have evened up pretty well. When you know how many have failed to do that, don't you think that you have cause for thankfulness? Go on with your inventory! You have your home, your good husband, your

pretty children.—If all the nation's property were offered you, would you barter them for it? The mere suggestion offends you, as well it may, for you have the very best gifts God has to give you—and yet you dare say on this blessed Thanksgiving Day that you have nothing to be thankful for! I rather think you will be, with your little flock, in the family pew on November 27.

And so we all may find, by counting our blessings, much to be thankful for. Perhaps if we counted our blessings oftener and rendered thanks for them, we should find other blessings added. You remember how our Divine Master took note of the returning leper, who came to give thanks for his cure. "Where are the other nine?" That question has come down the ages to us. Alas, that it should be true still, that of ten who receive blessings from God, only one is found to give thanks! Don't be numbered with the nine ungrateful lepers! Sorrow and loss and afflictions of all sorts may have swept your life, as fires sweep the forests. Yet looking on the blackened ground, some tuft of grass, some root of a flower with its promise of future bloom may be found. So in the most barren life, something lives to prove God's loving kindness. It is to take hold of and exalt that; see that, not the sorrowful things, and be grateful for it. You don't know what a change it will begin to make in your outlook, and you will be surprised to find how speedily your gifts will begin to multiply. Gratitude is a most fruitful soil. Don't take my word for it; try it yourself. Before another Thanksgiving Day comes round, I can promise you will be considerably farther advanced on the road to prosperity, and decidedly happier. You will also be a better Christian, which is of most importance.—M. T.

With Our Correspondents

[Address all communications intended for this and The Christian Home department to Grace Strong, in care of *Franciscan Herald*, Teutopolis, Ill.]

M. T. D. writes:—It is now three years since a young man began going with me. He tells me he is fond of me, that we are good pals and suited for each other, but that is as far as he gets. He has not proposed to me and says nothing of the future. I believe he would like to go on this way always. What ought I do? I like him and know I could be happy with him?

Dear M. T. D., drop that young man so quickly, he will not know what has happened to him. He is a spoiler—spoils your chances and the chances of some other more deserving man for happiness. As for his going on that way always—get that idea

out of your head. He is just the sort who, when you have wasted your youth on him, lost your best opportunities, will fall in love with some younger girl, and marry her after a surprisingly brief courtship. If a man does not propose marriage long before three years, then he has no intention of doing so, and he should be given no further thought.

A. R.—Certainly there is nothing wrong in your wish to cultivate your talent for music, and to display it when occasion arises. The wrong would be in growing vain of it, wishing to show your superiority by your performances. Talents are the free gift of God to us, and you will usually find that the higher the gift, the humbler the possessor. Be glad you have the musical talent, cultivate it, and cheerfully use it to give pleasure to others. When people praise you for your talent, you praise God for having given it to you, in preference to many others.

What Would You Do in a Like Case?

A correspondent writes to the HOME page:

"My husband, who is a self-made man, never had any training in what we call the niceties of life. For instance, he has no table manners at all. How can I teach the children without appearing to reflect on their father? One day, in private, I told my little boy that he should not eat with his knife and he replied, 'Father does, why can't I?' I want them to continue to love and respect their father, and, yet, in justice to them, they must be taught good manners. Please advise me how to go about it."

Here is a question and we offer it to the readers of the HOME page. Write and tell us how you would meet the situation. The best letters will be published. Address Grace Strong, care of *Franciscan Herald*, Teutopolis, Ill.

APPAREL TALKS FOR TERTIARIES

By Agnes Modesta, Tertiary

IT is one of those gray days, when with a haze of misty chiffon, the air outside seems blurred when a bit of fire makes one feel like purring, and when we are bound to admit that after all there is nothing quite so lovely as this very kind of autumn day.

An hour ago I was just sitting down to write to my dear sister Tertiaries, when I happened to glance out the window, and there, coming up my walk was a vision that made me shiv-

er. It was Martha Cummings, one of the best of splendid pious women, whose good acts make them beloved by all. *But*—to explain the shiver—she is one of those extreme types, the "dowdy" Tertiary. Directly I saw her, I remembered that I had promised to tell you something about her. Accordingly, I pulled the paper I was starting out of my typewriter, sighed a little, and settled down to await Martha's entrance.

She came in and sat down stiffly on

one of my straightest and most uncomfortable chairs—for Martha is not one to indulge the flesh in the slightest degree. I supposed her bent on some errand of mercy, for Martha goes in for practical charity of the most Franciscan kind, herself, and is ever zealous to give us less perfect souls a chance to gain merit for Heaven by assisting in some of her projects. But when she began to speak, I started in amazement, for this time her errand seemed to be for the purpose of admonishing the sinner. She came to the point at once.

"Agnes," she began purposefully, "I know you mean well, and in general I'd consider you a very good person to guide the young, but I fail to see what you're up to in this new foolishness of Margaret Randolph's."

"Up to? . . . Foolishness?" I gasped weakly.

"Yes. Do you think it is right to turn a good pious young girl into a fashion model?"

"Oh, come now," I protested, "Margaret hasn't become a fashion model. She was good enough to be willing to sacrifice her time and money for the propagation of Christian modesty. She is doing real missionary work."

"Umph," commented Martha, "well, of course, I s'pose it's all right, as long as Father John gives in to such nonsense, and the *Franciscan Herald* finds it necessary to start a fashion department, but I'm thankful to say that when I joined, such things weren't necessary."

"Yes, but when a condition becomes a *fact*, Martha, we can't remedy it by thinking of the good old times when everybody was perfect."

"Oh, well," she amended, flushing slightly at my catty thrust, "I don't go to say that I'm perfect, the dear Lord only knows what a sinner I am, but it does seem a theatrical and conspicuous thing for Margaret to do—and you aiding and abetting her.

That new outfit of hers is making all the other young ladies covetous, and—"

"It is?" I exulted. "Do they really like it so much, Martha? That's exactly what we're trying for—to make them like her clothes so much that they will try to dress as nearly as possible like her."

Martha favored me with a look of cold disapproval.

"I must say, Agnes, that you have queer ideas, and I for one can't see how any good can come from anything so contrary to the spirit of our holy father, St. Francis, as a notion of this kind. Dressing for the purpose of being looked at! It's heretical!"

I arose in truly un-Franciscan ire. "Define heretical!" I demanded pedagogically. Then without waiting for her reply, I rushed on. "Martha Cummings, if you think Margaret Randolph conspicuous, and this crusade theatrical, and if you feel constrained to tell me what you think of it in such explicit terms, I'm going to be equally frank with you. Has it ever occurred to you that you are more conspicuous than Margaret ever dared to be? Did you realize that when you outfitted yourself in that gray skirt that drags in the back, and that bottle-green knitted jacket, and that black cotton waist, and that black felt hat with a cerise blossom tucked into that rusty bow of ribbon, that you are being more noticeable than a whole procession of dainty Margaret Randolph's."

"I know that the reason you wear those things is because you just take the first things that come to hand. But wouldn't it be just as godly to pick out things of one color? Does it ever occur to you that you would be giving a good example if you were to keep your clothes brushed and pressed, and your hair neat and confined in a net of its own color, and arranged becomingly instead of strained back

into a knot with all the stringy ends wandering down your collar, and if you were to keep your shoes polished and the heels straightened and your gloves mended. You kind of people never 'see yourself as others see you'. Why, Martha, the color combinations you've adopted to-day ought to be a State's prison offense!"

By this time Martha's natural resentment at my impassioned appeal had melted into a smile broad and forgiving. She is really a dear soul; but, as I tell her teasingly, she needs a little direction.

"Agnes, you rogue," she laughed, "you'll be trying to make a fashion model out of me, next. I came here to give you a piece of my mind, and here you are trying to reform me. It won't work. Hands off!"

But even as she scolded, I could detect a queer, introspective look in her eyes—nice eyes they are, too, I think with soft gray or black, or dark blue, and immaculate organdie collars, and bright black hats of respectable size and shape—

I was wandering off in my mind that way as she took her leave. She declares she will have none of me and my nonsense, but I'm hoping to see her back to-morrow—for a few clothes hints. She knows I'll not give her away, and no one who knows her will recognize her real name in "Martha Cummings."—But I'll breathe a secret. Her name is "legion."

* * *

Beloved sisters in St. Francis

Judging from the many and anxious queries that have reached me, I have nearly come to the conclusion that the Tertiary mind feminine, has been running on the exclusive subject of "Necks" since the fateful "Letter from a Franciscan Father" which contained the now famous "Four Points."

Now, I can not think that the women of the Third Order, as a whole, have been given to wearing of décol-

leté gowns, strictly so called. Nevertheless, none of the Four Points seems to have given rise to the comment that the one concerning low-necked gowns has.

I think that the reason for this must be, that for some seasons past, the vogue for blouses cut further and further below the level of virtue, has had the effect of callousing our sense of modesty. I see women gaily fare forth even to the house of God, decked out in V-shaped, U-shaped, square, or round necks which in former days would have been reserved by the ultra-fashionable, for evening wear. Why is this? Are the women of to-day absolutely lacking in the admirable qualities of their mothers? I think not. But the fact must be squarely faced that the standards are lower. The "nice" young girl of even a decade ago was charming, modest, and natural. The equally "nice" maiden of to-day (according to the world's standards) reveals ten inches of web-silk clad ankle, affects glove-fitting skirts, diaphanous and low cut blouses, and regards her lip stick, eyebrow pencil, and rouge pot as indispensable adjuncts of her outfit.

"Oh, but you are mistaken; those are not refined and modest young women," I hear some of my scandalized sisters protest.

Granted. They can not be genuinely refined and modest, I suppose; but listen closely—they are not of the demi-monde, they are not all frivolous butterflies. They are the daughters of our "best people," a vast number of them are Catholics and socialists of the spotless Queen of Heaven; and some of them are members of the Third Order of Penance, founded by the Poverello of Assisi!

Is it not time that a stand be taken by those who see the trend of events? It may be objected that many of these young women are interiorly modest and pious, and that as the standards

are changed, they think nothing of what they are doing. I think that this is in a great measure true; but **what** a bitter arraignment of our modern standards!

For the benefit of our inquirers, the Father who wrote the letter enunciating the Four Points, has made a more explicit and detailed explanation of his stand regarding "necks."

It may relieve the minds of our feminine readers to know that he does not understand by high necks necessarily those which carry the blouse collar up under the ears. A blouse may in perfect modesty be cut to the base of the neck in front, that is to the little hollow of the throat. It may also reach the base of the neck in back. The opening may be, of course, round, V-shaped, or square, as taste decrees. In this campaign for modest dressing it is well to bear in mind that nothing is gained by a rigid, puritanical course. The desire is to show by the good example of our Tertiaries, that beauty, modishness, and good taste, are perfectly compatible with strict modesty.

I recognize that the wearing of true décolleté gowns is a matter much more difficult of reform than the mere low-cut in daytime attire. For a long time such costumes have been regarded as indispensable in formal evening dress. And even Tertiaries in many cases find it necessary sometimes to be present at formal evening functions. Well, who can say that we women are incapable of any kind of revolution? Décolleté gowns are, after all, merely a creation of fashion. What is to prevent a changing of that fashion, or at least the recognition of an alternative fashion for those who do not approve of the one already in use? We are starting a crusade; a real crusade. Let us go in for it with enthusiasm and the determination to make an impression. Let us, each one of us, strive to be a living influ-

ence upon those with whom we come in contact. It is not enough, as I have tried to show in the case of Martha Cummings, to be merely modest. We must be also attractive. In that way only, can we hope to combat the evil done under the cloak of fashion.

I should like to hear how some of our Tertiaries are meeting the problems that arise in connection with this dress crusade of ours. We can hope to succeed only by co-operation, and those interested will confer a real favor on the cause by dropping me a few lines in care of *Franciscan Herald*.

In conclusion let us all remember this:

That an edifice can not be built without a foundation. The real reform must come from within. To go back to real Christian modesty, we must make our own the real principles of Christianity. These are inculcated in the best possible manner in our great Order of Penance. We are the pioneers of a great movement; a movement approved by the Church and by all persons of wide vision who recognize the imperative need of a reform in women's dress. Let us be proud of our priority, and make a real success of the venture.

We Catholics have the advantage of having placed continually before us the beautiful model of Christian womanhood, our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God. Oh, we are fortunate, and so many of us do not realize it! When we supernaturalize our efforts, then we may be sure of success.

I have something of interest to say in my next talk about a third and very common type of transgressor. And, unless all signs fail, I shall have much to whisper to you about the rejuvenation of Martha Cummings.

Yours for the success of this crusade,

AGNES MODESTA.

FIRESIDE TALKS AND TALES

For our Young Readers

By Elizabeth Rose

The November Wind

ON its rushing wings the story
Of the Saints above in glory—

Te laudamus, Domine!

On its faltering breath the sighing
Of the Souls, unto Him crying—

Miserere, Domine!

Through the world its clarion glorious,
"We have fought the fight, victorious!

Te laudamus, Domine!

Through the world its breathing lowly,
"We too fought, and lost not wholly—

Miserere, Domine!

For thy Saints we give Thee praising:
Te laudamus, Domine!

Unto Thee our voices raising,

For thy Holy Souls we pray:

Miserere, Domine!

The "Dear" Elizabeth

IF you look at the November calendar, you will find on the 19th, the name of Elizabeth of Hungary, Patroness of the Third Order, one of the most beautiful and beloved servants of God whom the Church has ever honored with the title of Saint. So beloved was she, indeed, that even in her lifetime she was known as the "dear" Elizabeth. It was so hard to find out any action of hers that was not sweet and good, that she was canonized only 4 years after her death—a most unusual thing. Think of it! Her own children were present at the ceremonies that proclaimed their mother a saint! She was but 24 years old when she died, but in her short life she made herself so dear to heaven, as well as to earth, that many miracles were worked for her while she was still living. I am sure you have all heard of the wonderful Miracle of the Roses—how, when one day carrying bread to her poor secretly, so that her charity might not be known, her husband, young Duke Louis, unexpectedly met her, and asked her what

she was carrying so carefully in the mantle she held up to her breast? As she made no answer, modest about her good works even to him, he playfully pulled the folds aside, and there, instead of bread, lay roses—great big lovely roses, such as he had never dreamed of for beauty and color. And once she had a poor sick man, abandoned by all on account of his disgusting ailment, laid upon her own royal couch, in her own room, that she might minister to his needs; and one of her household coming secretly to remove him because every one else feared his presence amongst them, found—not the beggar, but the figure of Our Lord crucified in his place. Her kindness, patience and charity were so much more than other people's that she is known as "the Dear Elizabeth" even now, 700 years after her death, by Protestants as well as Catholics of Hesse, her native country, a part of Germany. Some of these days you will read her charming story for yourselves, and you, too, will think of her as "the Dear Elizabeth."

The Story of Thanksgiving Day

THE last Thursday of November—what a pleasant holiday it is to Our Young Folk! Solemn service and thanksgiving in the morning to the bountiful Father who gives us so much more than our daily bread, amusements all day, with lots of goodies thrown in, and above all, no school to bother one—it is a star day among the holidays. Besides, it is OUR day, a strictly American festival, as you all know, young and fresh among the national feastdays of the world, as we are among its countries. That is, young and fresh as nations count—

for in reality, Thanksgiving Day lacks but two years of keeping its 300th birthday. Its first formal celebration took place in 1621, in the State of Massachusetts. There had been from the settlement of the Colonies special services of thanksgiving appointed for special occasions, but it was not until this date that a whole day was singled out and dedicated to the purpose. In that year, the people of Massachusetts were terribly worried over the bad prospects for their crops, dreading a famine even; but strange to say, the harvest proved unusually fine, and Bradford, the first governor of the colony, proclaimed December 13 a day of thanksgiving to God for the blessing that had come to them.

And a thanksgiving it was! It lasted for three days instead of one. It is told of it that "at first dawn, cannon thundered from the hilltops near Boston; a solemn procession was formed, 3 men abreast, to the meeting-house; the Bible was borne along by an Elder, and Governor Bradford brought up the rear. After service came a big dinner. In the midst of the festival, the Indian shout was heard, and 90 friendly Indians burst in upon the people, King Massasoit at their head, bearing huge haunches of venison for the feast." I imagine the colonists must have been a little uneasy at this unexpected invasion of uninvited guests, considering that it had not been so long since these same "friendly Indians" had been out after their scalps, and hunting *them* instead of deer! However, all went well. So they kept up the festival for two more days, mixing up prayers, singing, feasting, drills by the soldiery, and Indian dances into a real mince-pie. In fact, the event passed off so successfully that it was determined to make it an annual one. This was done, even to the extent of sometimes keeping two Thanksgiving Days in one year. Then again, a year or

two would pass when the courtesy of a "Thank You" to their great Benefactor would be ignored. Gradually, however, the idea of the celebration spread throughout the colonies, though in the Southern ones it was never the day that Christmas was. The Puritans—isn't it hard to believe of men who called themselves Christians?—paid no attention to Christmas, considering it a Catholic, or as they styled it a "popish" festival. Queer people in this world, no matter what period of history we light upon!

Well, Thanksgiving Day held its own in this rather lame style for more than a century. Then came the Revolution, and after that was over, a very annoying and troublesome time when the colonies, under their new name of United States of America, couldn't quite make up their minds to pull all together. One state wanted certain laws; another, laws that were different; and Congress was like a big piece of patchwork, a crazy quilt of government, as it were. Finally, the "Constitution," by which all the quarrelers consented to give and take and be one great family, was adopted, and in September, 1789, at the adjournment of the Congress which accomplished this work, Representative Elias Boudinot, of Pennsylvania, got up and proposed that President George Washington be asked to appoint a day of thanksgiving for the new Constitution that should be kept in all the States. Thomas Tucker of Virginia remarked very dryly that perhaps they had better wait and see how the new Constitution turned out before they gave thanks for it. But the majority said "Aye!" and the ayes carried it. So Thanksgiving became, then and there, a national festival. As the years went on, however, it rather lagged again; for somehow or other, people will get tired of thanking God for the blessings they are eager enough in trying to obtain.

Things had gotten so that it was hardly kept any more, when it came into the mind of a lady, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of an old-time Philadelphia fashion magazine, well known to your grandmothers by the name of "Godey's Lady's Book," to try to have the celebration restored. For this end she worked hard, year after year sending letters to the Governors of every state in the Union, asking their influence in the matter. She met with a great deal of success; and the whole business was settled when, on sending the original proclamation of Thanksgiving Day by George Washington to President Ab-

raham Lincoln, he immediately appointed a national thanksgiving to be held annually. This has been observed ever since, and I think Sarah Josepha Hale was an apostle as well as an insignificant fashion editress, don't you? For was she not working for the honor and glory of God in re-establishing this day? It is really owing to her zeal and energy that on Thanksgiving Day millions of people throughout the United States praise and thank God and bless His name. Shouldn't all Catholics, at least, for this that she has done, slip in at service a little prayer for her soul?

A HOLLOWE'EN FROLIC

UP in the attic the Apples lay,
Nuts and Popcorn not far away;
And propped in a corner a Pumpkin stood,
Fat and heavy, and oh, *so good!*
While Masks and Lanterns, all in a heap,
Were taking a quiet beauty sleep.
In fact, the whole party were somewhat nappy,
Peaceful and friendly and therefore happy.

A quaint little Mouse, with a bright sharp eye,
Crept out from his hole and halted him by:
"What are you doing here, stranger folk?"
He squeaked, and they all with a start awoke.
A poor little Peanut fell out of her shell
(Pretty and round, quite a Hallowe'en belle!)
So frightened was she; but Mousie still more,
For he never saw Peanuts act so before.

"I don't want to eat you!" he cried in affright,
"I only came seeing what's doing to-night!"
"Would you rather eat *me*? I'm awfully sweet!"
An Apple said, rolling right over his feet.
"Try me," said a Chesnut, "I taste like a joke.
But of I'm too dry you will certainly choke!"
"Turn him out, turn him out!" cried a Mask in bright yellow.
"For no good is he here, the impertinent fellow!"

"Hold him fast till I reach him," the fat Pumpkin said;
"There won't be much left when I sit on his head!"
Then the Owl Lanterns hooted and jeered him and pushed
Till the spirits of Mousie were terribly crushed.
"If this is a frolic, a Hallowe'en frolic,
It's worse," he cried out, "than a spell of mouse colic!"
He ran for his life, and they chased him with glee—
But never the fun of it Mousie could see!

Then came in the Witch, with her Cat and her Broom,
And she swept the whole party right out of the room.

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Rome, Italy.—The Holy Father has lately appointed a commission to introduce the cause of beatification and canonization of the servant of God, Philomena Joanna Genovese, who died at Nuceria, in 1864, at the age of thirty-one. This pious virgin was a secular Tertiary of St. Francis, and spent her brief life in the faithful discharge of her humble household duties and in assiduous exercises of piety and penance.

Padua, Italy.—The relics of St. Antony, which during the war had been removed to Rome to preserve them from desecration on the part of enemy aviators, were lately carried back in triumph to the city rendered illustrious by him. A story is told how, one day when Padua was threatened with a terrible air-raid, the inhabitants were in mortal dread that they might lose their dearest treasure—the blessed remains of the great Wonder-worker. They flocked to the churches and prayed fervently for protection, when suddenly a dense fog, the like of which had never been witnessed by the inhabitants, overshadowed the city and remained till all danger had passed.

Milan, Italy.—His Eminence Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, has again most earnestly recommended to his priests the Third Order of St. Francis, which, he declared, is not only the richest fountain of indulgences but also the surest means of reviving the spirit of Christ in the parishes, a matter of the utmost importance in these times of religious indifference.

Metz, France.—The so-called "Social Week of France," whose eleventh session had been postponed from August 3, 1914 to August 4, 1919, was held this year in the liberated province of Lorraine. The Very Rev. Venance de Lisle-en-Rigault, Minister General of the Friars Minor Capuchin, himself a native of Lorraine, was one of the principal speakers. His subject was wealth and its uses.

Ghent, Belgium.—The late Belgian deputy Arthur Verhaegen was a Tertiary of St. Francis. His name was known throughout Europe as a synonym for justice, charity, and fidelity to duty. A staunch and fearless Catholic, he was ever ready to defend the Church and the poor against oppression. He was an Officer of the Order of Leopold, Commander of the Order of Pius IX, and President of the Democratic League and the Anti-socialist Society. But more than all these titles he valued the honor of

being a humble and zealous member of the fraternity of Ghent, with which he became affiliated on October 1, 1873.

Tsinanfu, China.—On August 6 last, news was received of the death of the Franciscan missionary Bishop of North Shantung, China, the Right Rev. Bishop Giesen. Bishop Giesen was born in Amsterdam, Holland, on October 16, 1868, and entered the Franciscan Order at the early age of 18 years. Soon after his ordination to the holy priesthood, in 1893, he left for the mission fields of China, where he has ever since been most active in his endeavor to gain souls for Christ. His unusual merits were soon recognized by the authorities in Rome, and when but 33 years old he was appointed Apostolic Vicar of North Shantung. During the eighteen years that he ruled the Vicariate, Bishop Giesen accomplished wonders for the Church in China, as the records, of the past few years especially testify. His early death is much bemoaned, as a man of his talents, zeal, and tact can not be readily found to take his place.—

From Tsinanfu, Province of Shantung, comes the sad news of the death of the aged missionary Fr. Capistran Goette. The deceased had been active in the missions of China, practically since his ordination, 37 years ago. He was universally loved and esteemed as a man of burning zeal and charity, and his death has deprived the Chinese missions of one of their most zealous workers and staunchest supporters. During the Boxer Revolution, he was tortured almost to death, but he recovered sufficiently to resume his labors among his beloved charges.

Hupeh, China.—Bishop Modestus Everaerts, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Southwest Hupeh, has just celebrated his golden jubilee of ordination. The occasion was one of great joy for the Christians and missionaries of the Vicariate.—

Jerusalem, Palestine.—A great international basilica is to be erected on Mount Tabor, the Mount of Transfiguration, where St. Peter proposed to Our Lord that they build three tabernacles. The Custos of the Holy Land has already approved the plans; and it is estimated that \$1,000,000 will be required to complete the sanctuary. It will be international, because every country is to contribute its chapel and claim it, too, in the event of any future possibility of the Turks or any anti-Christian or anti-Catholic

Power obtaining possession of Palestine once more.

Poland, Belgium and Ireland, three of the smallest but most faithful Catholic States, have the honor of being the first to claim the privilege of supplying each a chapel at a cost of \$25,000 apiece.

Athlone, Ireland.—The Franciscan Fathers of Athlone, Ireland, for some years past have been appealing locally for funds to build a new church to be known as the "Four Masters' Memorial Church." They have secured an adequate site, but as it is impossible to erect a church of the style contemplated, with local aid only, they have decided to make a world-wide appeal to all Irishmen, to contribute toward the erection in Athlone—the center town of Ireland—of a monumental church in memory of Eire's official historians, the Four Masters. With the exception of a Celtic Cross, erected in Dublin in 1876, the Four Masters are without a single monument to their memory. The new church will be of Irish or "Celtic" design down to the smallest detail and only Irish material and workmanship will be employed in its structure. The Franciscan Fathers feel confident that a project such as they contemplate—equally religious and patriotic in character—will find ardent and substantial support at the hands of the Irish people all over the world; and that within an appreciably short time it shall be possible to complete this monumental church "to the honor of God and the glory of Eire." The Four Masters are Cucoery O'Clery, Conaire O'Clery, Ferfeasa O'Mul-Conroy, and Cucoery O'Duigenan. They were learned laymen who assisted Brother Michael O'Clery, O.F.M., in making a chronological digest of all the then existing historical records bearing on Irish ecclesiastical and civil history from the earliest times to the death of the great Hugh O'Neill, in 1616. The work was commenced in 1632 and completed on August 10, 1636. It was compiled in the Franciscan friary of Donegal, and was designated by Colgan, and ever since, as the "Annals of the Four Masters," or as Brother Michael O'Clery styled it, "Annala Rioghachta Eireann—Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland." The claim of the Four Masters and of the Irish Franciscans on the Irish people the world over may be summed up briefly: Without the Four Masters the Irish would be without a written history; without the Franciscans, the Irish would be without the Four Masters.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The 29th day of September, the feast of St. Michael was a day long to be remembered by the parents, relatives, and friends, who were gathered to-

gether in the little Chapel of the Poor Clares. (S: E. Cor. of Girard and Corinthian Aves.) to witness the solemn ceremony of four young ladies consecrating themselves to God. This was the first reception of the Poor Clares ever held in Philadelphia.

The Very Rev. Hector Papi, S.J., Professor of Canon Law, at Woodstock College, presided at the ceremony. Very Rev. Father Papi is a nephew of the late Mother Abbess, who was the Superior of the Foundresses of the Poor Clares, (Mothers Mary Maddalena and Mary Constance Bentivoglio) when they were in Rome, before they came to America.

The young ladies who received the holy habit were, Miss Mary Solmee, of Philadelphia, in religion, Sister Mary Maddalena of the Sacred Heart; Miss Margaret McMonigle of Philadelphia, in religion, Sister Mary Thomas of St. Clare; Miss Ellen White of Taunton, Mass., in religion, Sister Mary Constantine of Jesus; and Miss Margaret Corrigan of Chicago, Ill., in religion, Sister Mary Bernardine of the Holy Name.

On the day following, September 30, His Grace, the Most Rev. Dennis J. Dougherty, D.D., laid the cornerstone of the new chapel. The place was most beautifully decorated with the American and Papal colors while the Archbishop's throne was banked with large palms and flowers. Through the kindness of the friends of the Sisters, the place was splendidly arranged for the occasion. The music was furnished by the band from St. Francis Xavier's church, and the choir from St. Elizabeth's. Rev. Benedict Guldner, S.J., delivered an eloquent and appropriate sermon. The celebration was closed by solemn Benediction given by the Most Reverend Archbishop.

Omaha, Nebr.—Fr. Leo Kalmer, O.F.M., chaplain of the Illinois State Penitentiary, conducted two very successful retreats, the one for the English-speaking, the other for the German-speaking members of the Third Order, at St. Joseph's church. The retreats extended over a period of two weeks, during which the forceful and eloquent preacher succeeded admirably in bringing home to the vast audiences that attended his lectures the sublime message of the Poverello. At the solemn close of the first retreat, September 28, there were admitted to the Third Order 103 postulants, of which 25 were men, including one priest; and on October 5, '72 new members were received, of which 40 were men.

Santa Barbara, Calif.—King Albert of Belgium together with Queen Elizabeth and

Prince Leopold attended Mass in the Old Mission church on Sunday October 12. They appeared at the famous shrine at an early hour, and were met at the door by four friars, carrying a canopy, under which they walked to the communion rail. After Mass, the king planted a cypress tree in the mission garden, and the queen an orange tree.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph's Church.—The solemn visitation of St. Francis Fraternity at St. Joseph's church occurred Sunday afternoon October 5. More than fourteen hundred Tertiaries were present. In the procession from the convent to the church, the statue of St. Francis was borne and accompanied by the members of St. Louis Fraternity. A timely and powerful sermon on the spirit of self-denial of St. Francis as the chief remedy for the social unrest of our age was delivered by the Very Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., Commissary of the Third Order of the Sacred Heart Province. Twenty-four novices were invested.

Washington, Mo.—Seven new members were received into the Third Order on September 28. On the same day, a social gathering of about 175 Tertiaries took place. This was followed by a business meeting, in which it was resolved to retain on the roster of the fraternity the names of all the former members who have entered the convent, and to make them sharers in all the spiritual benefits that such affiliation implies.

Marathon, Wis.—On August 15, the Capuchin friars of St. Joseph's Province solemnly dedicated their new house of studies at this place. Right Rev. Bishop Schwabach celebrated the pontifical High Mass, Most Rev. Archbishop Messmer preached the festival sermon, and Right Rev. Bishop Wallesser blessed the building. In the evening, a number of clerics rendered an elaborate program, consisting of addresses, poems, and musical selections, suited to the occasion.

Milwaukee, Wis.—A joint meeting of the English and German-speaking branches of

the Third Order was held here on September 28, to promote the welfare of the St. Francis Day Nursery. The diamond ring and the two five dollar gold pieces, raffled off on this occasion, went to Miss R. Ernst, Mrs. L. Zodrow, and Mrs. Arndt. It was a very happy social gathering, enlivened by several delightful musical and dramatic numbers, rendered by the Milwaukee Dramatic Club and Orchestra, some of whose members are Tertiaries.—

The Directors of the Third Order fraternities, under the jurisdiction of the Capuchins of St. Joseph's Province, met recently in this city for purposes of organization and federation. To this end, a number of plans were tentatively adopted. The project of holding a national convention of Franciscan Tertiaries was heartily approved, and steps were taken to insure the cooperation in this plan of the Tertiaries under Capuchin direction.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.—From September 28 to October 5, the members of the St. Francis and St. Louis Fraternities made their biennial retreat, which was conducted by the Rev. Fr. Matthew, O.F.M., of Vest Park, Ohio. The large attendance and the enthusiasm of the Tertiaries who came to the exercises were evidence of the appreciation of the sermons delivered by the eloquent speaker. At the close of the retreat, after the Papal Blessing had been given, the Reverend Father conducted the canonical visitation of the Fraternities. Thereafter, 112 persons, both men and women, were received into the Third Order. The Rev. Fr. Samuel, O.F.M., Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province, officiated at this solemn function; he exhorted all present to persevere in the spirit of St. Francis and then gave Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. After the service in church the Tertiaries assembled in the basement hall in order to greet the distinguished guests. The 5th of October will be long and pleasantly remembered by the Tertiaries of St. Peter's.

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Sarah (Francis) Moran, Mary (Anne) McCarthy.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Catherine (Joseph) Rainey; Margaret (Clare) Riley; Anna (Antonia) Evans.

St. Elizabeth Fraternity:—Anna (Mary) Maiwurm; Louise (Frances) Kraemer; Frank (Joseph) Kvesnica.

Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Convent: Rel. Brother Wenzelslaus Stotter, O.F.M.

Lancaster, Pa.—Barbara Kraus.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mr. and Mrs. M. Goff.

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1919

NO. 12

To the Rev. Editor
of Franciscan Herald

We lovingly in the Lord bless
you, Beloved son, your colla-
borators, and your publica-
tion, Franciscan Herald, and
convey to you to convey
to the Tertiarics and to the
benefactors of the missions
and to all your subscribers
the expression of our thanks
and to communicate to them
our paternal Seraphic
Benediction.

Most devotedly in Christ
St. Seraphim ^{of} Casimira
Tartopolis, Ill. Sept. 18, 1919
Min. Gen.

Editorial Comment

The Holy Places

In a recent issue of *The Dublin Review*, the Right Reverend Monsignor Arthur S. Barnes, Catholic chaplain of Cambridge, says a good word for Franciscan rights and claims to the Holy Places. Coming from one who is not connected with the Order, and who has evidently made a thorough study of the question, his words deserve more than a passing notice. We regret that we are unable to reproduce the entire article. Space will allow us to quote only a few introductory remarks.

The claim that the order of St. Francis has upon the gratitude of Christendom for the work it has done in the Holy Land has been largely forgotten by English Catholics. For seven centuries they have guarded and venerated the Holy Sepulchre. They have been for long periods the sole representatives of the Western Church in the Holy Land. They have remained there at the risk of their lives and in spite of the sufferings and martyrdom of not a few of their number. Without them the sacred sites would in many cases have been irrevocably lost, and pilgrimages to them rendered impossible. Their devotion has kept the memory of these sites alive all through the dead period of the last few hundred years in Western Christendom by the service of the Stations of the Cross, which is founded upon the procession they have made through the centuries along the streets of Jerusalem. They have made their brown robe more respected throughout the Holy Land than ever was the armor of the Crusaders, and have done it not by force or tyranny, but solely by their character and steadfastness. It was supremely fitting that when the Holy City fell once more into Christian hands the proclamation of the Allies should have been read, not by a soldier representing the victorious General, but by a Franciscan friar attached to the Holy Sepulchre.

The learned writer then passes in review the historical facts on which the Franciscan claims are founded. The bare statement of the facts is sufficient to convince any unbiased mind of the righteousness of these

claims. The friars have laid before the Peace Conference a memorandum, in which they set forth their rights and grievances. The Conference itself has not seen fit to deal with these matters but passed them on to the Power to which will be given the mandate for Palestine. Unless all signs fail, that Power is Great Britain; for up to date she has made no move to relinquish the territory conquered by her armies—it is not Britain's way. As the European Governments are now constituted, it really makes little difference which one exercises protective or mandatory rights over Palestine; and for all we know, the Holy Places will be just as safe under the aegis of Britain's flag as they have been under the atheistic French Government. We, on this side of the Atlantic, have heard and read much in the last few years of the British sense of justice and fair play. It is to this sense of honest dealing that the Franciscans in the Holy Land and the world over are looking for a just settlement of the question regarding the custody of certain Holy Places. Let it be remembered that the friars are seeking no favors or privileges. All they are asking is to be entrusted with the care of those Places to which they can prove a historic right. May we not express the devout hope that British Catholics, and notably their leaders, will exert their influence in obtaining from their Government justice for the Franciscan guardians of the Holy Places?



A Lesson of the War

The German Bishops have lately addressed a joint pastoral letter to their diocesans. The avowed purpose of this document is to speak

words of hope and comfort to the anguished hearts of their faithful. The letter is not only a splendid testimony of the German Bishops' tender solicitude for their flocks, but also a valuable contribution to Catholic reconstruction literature. Nowhere, in fact, have we found a better application of the Gospel principles to existing conditions than in this remarkable episcopal utterance. To single out but one passage.

It has been said, and perhaps rightly, that this peace would impoverish us. That is very galling, very sad; but it is not the greatest evil. To become rich often spells greater misfortune for individuals as for nations than to become poor. We had indeed become rich, and we boasted of our national prosperity, our highly developed industry, our extensive world trade—but we have not increased our happiness thereby. Prosperity has led our people to arrogance, wealth to the service of Mammon. The chasm between rich and poor had widened to an alarming extent. The accursed greed of gold smothered all care for the soul's salvation; it became a malignant disease and the source of many other maladies. May others labor under the curse of Mammon. Dire necessity directs us to the thorny paths of poverty. Let us enter thereon with courageous determination and with great confidence in God. He is "a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress." Let us make of necessity a virtue, of loss a permanent gain. Bereft of temporal goods, let us reflect on and aspire to the spiritual, eternal riches, which no one can take from us. Let us make sure also for the future, of the blessings of economy, simplicity, contentment, and temperance which we have again made our own in the school of war.

Truly, the spirit of the Poverello speaks through these Bishops. St. Francis himself could hardly have sung the praises of his Lady Poverty in a more exalted strain. If these principles of true, primitive Christianity are again apprehended and acted on by the people of Germany, who knows but that the world war will yet have left them richer than the rest of humankind. How much better for the peace of the world it

would have been if the nations, instead of "snarling at each other's heels" in the mad pursuit of the jingling guinea, had but remembered that "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." What a world this world would be if the first of the Beatitudes were made the prime rule of private conduct and the first principle of national and international politics. Were men only half so enamored of poverty as they are desirous of riches, there would be a different tale to tell regarding the present state of the world.

We have the word of Holy Writ for it that "the desire of money is the root of all evils." This being the case, all attempts at social reform and reconstruction must begin by laying the axe to this root of evils. In other words, men must be taught to love and seek poverty and not to despise and shun it. They must be made to see that it is not an unmitigated evil, as many social reformers of to-day assert, but a blessing, or at least something quite tolerable. How few there are, even among the best Christians, who dare to pray in the words of Holy Scripture, "Give me neither beggary, nor riches; give me only the necessities of life; lest perhaps being filled, I should be tempted to deny and say, Who is the Lord? or being compelled by poverty, I should steal, and forswear the name of my God." This is the one grand opportunity the Third Order has at the present time: to teach a money-mad world to love and esteem evangelical poverty, not for its own sake, but as the spouse of the poor Christ. Let Franciscan Tertiaries be convinced that their Order still has a *raison d'être*, and that the world needs its wholesome influence as much to-day as at any time in its history.



A Fallen Foe's Appeal

While the war was still waging, we

were told again and again our quarrel was not with the enemy peoples but with their Governments. Once they would rid themselves of their war lords, these peoples, so we were led to believe, might expect from us justice, if not mercy. The revolution came, and with it the collapse, which has made our victory much more complete than even the most sanguine among us had dared to hope. In return for their willingness to execute our behests, the conquered peoples received justice of the sternest kind. Of mercy they have not as yet had any proof, at least from those on whose alluring promises they had founded their hopes. The inhuman blockade has not been lifted to any appreciable extent. In consequence, there is intense and widespread suffering in Germany, and above all in Austria.

In an appeal to the American people, Dr. Carl Renner, Chancellor of the new Republic of Austria, characterizes the distress of the country as indescribable; the famine, especially in Vienna, as terrible; and the financial condition as hopeless. All this unspeakable suffering, he continues, the people have borne with extraordinary patience. While other countries have had their bolshevik and communist uprisings, Austria has been singularly free from revolutionary disturbances. But the patience of the inhabitants is exhausted; and, unless help comes soon, no man can tell what they will attempt in their desperation.

This appeal ought to touch the magnanimous heart of America. Shall it be said that America, which has always rushed to the relief of want and misery, wherever they befell—shall it be said that big-hearted, open-handed America turned away from the starving and shivering millions of Austria, for whose admirable qualities of character, we have never, not even in war

time, had anything but praise? The mighty empire of the Hapsburgs is no more. With her rulers in exile and her territory dismembered, Austria has become a byword among the nations. Surrounded by merciless enemies and jealous rivals, forsaken by her friends, bled white and bankrupt, Austria now appeals to us, as the most magnanimous and unselfish of her foes, for bread. Will we be heartless enough to give her a stone? There is no dual standard of Christian charity, one for our friends and the other for our foes. Let us remember that the Austrians are human beings, who, if they have sinned, are now suffering an experience so terrible, both morally and materially, as to satisfy even the sternest advocate of retributive justice.

Contributions for the relief of the suffering people of Austria and Germany may be sent to this office.

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"Catholic Bible Stories"

Again *Extension Press* has placed on the market a book that will make a valued addition to any Catholic home or church library. It is from the pen of Josephine V. D. Brownson and contains short Bible stories taken from the Old and New Testament. Although not suited as a text book, it makes delightful and instructive reading for the home. The language is so simple that a child can easily understand it, while the narrative is so interesting that it will readily appeal also to grown-ups. The volume is profusely illustrated and handsomely bound and well worth the price asked, which is \$1.25. Orders may be sent to *Extension Press*, 223 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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Notice

Those of our readers who desire a copy of the Index for Volume VII of *Franciscan Herald*, will please notify the publishers.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

By Fr. Silas, O.F.M.

Louis of Casoria.—An amiable character that must win all hearts shines forth in the servant of God, Louis of Casoria, so called from his birthplace Casoria, near Naples. He was born on March 11, 1814, the son of a vine-dresser. To use all his powers in relieving the corporal and spiritual misery of his fellow men was the guiding motive of his life. With the assistance of the members of the Third Order whom he inspired with efficient love for their neighbor, Louis bought, near Naples, a fine house for the sick poor. In Naples itself, he founded two asylums for abandoned children. Near Sorrento, he built a hospital for old people, sailors, and fishermen, and also a hospital for penniless strangers. Florence is indebted to him for an asylum for poor children, and a church of the Sacred Heart, for which he obtained 70,000 lire (about \$14,000) by begging. In Assisi, his ardent zeal obtained means for a home for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind. He also did much for the promotion of knowledge, was a great patron of music, and founded the periodical "LaCarita." Besides, he established many religious societies: "The Gray Brothers" (Zigi), the "Elizabethines," who, under the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis, devoted themselves to works of charity. There has seldom been a death so mourned as that of Louis of Casoria. He died on March 30, 1884. In his beautiful last testament he says, "Divine love was my poverty, my obedience, my chastity. To enkindle my love, I asked God, not for raptures and visions, but for labor, works of charity, and for souls."

Blessed Hugoline.—Hugoline, of the noble family Magalotti, was born near Camerino, Italy, in the beginning of the fourteenth century. After the death of his parents, the pious youth, mindful of the words of our Lord to

the rich young man, sold all his possessions and distributed the money among the poor, especially indigent widows and orphans. He then retired to a hermitage, where he spent the rest of his life in personal sanctification. Enlightened from above he was able to do much good to the many who came to visit him, especially to the sick and needy. He died in the year 1373. Pope Pius IX declared him blessed.

Mother Frances Schervier.—Frances Schervier, daughter of a wealthy needle manufacturer, was born on January 3, 1819, at Aix-La-Chapelle. God introduced her early into the school of the Cross, of interior sufferings, and hard trials. It was important for her future vocation, that she should learn how those suffer who are sorely tried. An irresistible impulse to practice charity soon took hold of her. She went into the huts of the poor, visited the sick, and everywhere left abundant alms, which she obtained partly from her paternal inheritance, and partly from what she begged from her relatives and friends. In the autumn of 1845, Frances began a community life with four companions, who chose her for their superior. The young community, which occupied itself with nursing the sick and caring for the poor people and for girls whose virtue was in danger, found much favor. In 1851, it obtained the approbation of the Archbishop under the title of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. Until her death on December 14, 1876, Mother Frances was active in charitable enterprises. God has visibly protected her work in Germany and the United States.

Ven. Francis of China.—Even in far distance China we find beautiful examples of admirable charity among the Tertiaries. Conspicuous among them is Francis of China. He was born of pious Christian parents and

early joined the Third Order of St. Francis. Well instructed in his holy religion, he offered his services to the missionaries and was employed as catechist. He showed his love for his fellows also in his charitable visits to the poor and sick. All this work he performed without any recompense above what was required to supply his daily meager wants. During an uprising against the Christians, he was captured and asked to deny his faith. This he staunchly refused to do. In consequence, he was thrown into a foul dungeon. There he was kept for two months, and, when freed, was found to be a physical wreck. Faithful to the end in his practices of religion and charity, he died on August 8, 1875, at the age of eighty years.

Bl. Michelino of Pesaro.—This Blessed Tertiary was born of the noble Metellus family at Pesaro, Italy. Though she was good and pious, her heart was divided between God and his creatures. At the age of twenty, she lost her husband by death. Her child remained to her, and on him she centered all her affection, seldom turning her eyes toward Heaven. A holy woman from Syria, a member of the Third Order, came to Pesaro about this time. Touched by her saintly life, Michelina invited her to take up her abode in her palace, and not long after she expressed her willingness to serve God alone. On the death of her only child, she sold the greater part of her possessions against the wishes of her relatives, and gave the money to the poor. She now entered the Third Order of St. Francis, and henceforth led a life for God and for His poor. Not content with having given such abundant alms to the needy, Michelina devoted herself to their service and adopted

them into her family. She became the support of the widows, the mother of the orphans, the consoler of the afflicted. Her house came to be a refuge for all in misfortune. Our Lord did not delay to reward her charity. He appeared to her one day and said, "Thy compassion for the poor, the sick, the widow, and the orphan has gained thee my Heart, and therefore thy reward shall be overflowing." Strengthened by this vision, Michelina gave herself up with renewed ardor to her works of piety and charity. She determined to keep nothing of this world's goods for herself, and so she sold her palace and all that remained to her of her property, thus reducing herself to absolute poverty. Michelina had reached the fifty-sixth year of her age, when it pleased God to call her to himself. This was in 1356. After her death, many miracles were wrought by her intercession.

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Dear Reader:

We now have finished our study of the "Greatest of These." The many and beautiful examples of charity so forcibly brought to our notice in the lives of these eminent Tertiaries, have, no doubt, awakened in our own hearts the resolution to go and do likewise. The poor we have always with us. The occasions for charity are many and we need not go far afield to find them. Let us, therefore, be up and doing. Let us count that day lost on which we have not to our credit some act of practical charity, some work of mercy either of the corporal or of the spiritual order. "And now there remain faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity" (I Cor. 13, 13).

THE AFTERMATH

*By Fr. Francis Borgia, O.F.M.**Concluded*

DESPITE these persecutions, the number of Franciscans in England increased from year to year, so that the sphere of their activity assumed broader dimensions. In 1667, nine new residences were established in different parts of the country. That same year, in November it was decided that a friary should be erected next their chapel at Lincoln's Inn Field, in London. Work on the new building progressed rapidly, and the following spring ten friars were assembled there, wearing the religious garb and performing all the exercises of a well regulated community. Soon after, the novices were placed there, and nine new members were added to the community. But the friars were to enjoy their peace and happiness only a few weeks. On Sunday, November 4, 1688, the very day on which William of Orange landed with his army at Torbay, on the coast of Devonshire, a mob attacked the friary and would have destroyed it and expelled its inmates, had not the King sent a body of armed soldiers to disband the rioters. Meanwhile, the Prince of Orange had marched northward, so that the King was compelled to leave London and rally his forces at Salisbury. Anxious for the safety of the Franciscans, he requested them to quit their friary for the present.

The fall of James II and the accession of William of Orange, a staunch adherent of Calvinism, spelled hard times for the Catholics in England. Together with their Belgian confrères, many of the Franciscans took refuge on the continent. "So great," writes Thaddeus, "was the rush to Douai, that there was not room

enough for all the fathers who continued to arrive, and the clerics had to be sent out to different houses of the Order in Belgium." Others, however, defiant of all danger, remained on the missions and continued to minister to their persecuted countrymen. Of these, six are known to have been seized and imprisoned. Fr. Gervase Cartwright, after being condemned to death and languishing in the jail at Leicester for twenty-eight months, was at last banished by the Prince of Orange. FF. Francis Hardwick and William Lockier were thrown into Newgate in the beginning of the revolution; they were still there in September, 1689, when the chapter appointed the former titular guardian of Canterbury and summoned the latter to Douai, where he was master of novices in 1691. FF. Daniel Selby and Lewis Grimbalsen were confined for several months in York Castle and Fr. Bernardine Barras in the dungeon of Kidcote prison.

With the return of more peaceful times, many of the Franciscans went back to England and resumed their missionary labors. During the first half of the eighteenth century, the province prospered as perhaps never before or after. In 1756, it counted about 100 members, of whom, in 1758, at least 40 were active in England. Accordingly, many new missions could be taken over, to the great joy of the people who welcomed the friars with open arms and by generous benefactions sought to relieve their temporal needs. Thus the Franciscans were enabled to rebuild some of their friaries, notably those at White Hill and York. In the latter place and at Egbaston they conducted

a school for boys; while the one at Osmotherley was soon restored to its former flourishing condition.

Among the writers of this period, we mention in particular Fr. Antony Parkinson and Pacificus Baker. The former compiled a valuable history of the Franciscan Order in England, which we had frequent occasion to consult in the course of our narrative. It was published in London, in 1726, under the title *Collectanea Anglo-Minoritca* or *A Collection of the English Franciscans*. Fr. Baker wrote a number of ascetical treatises. One of his works, entitled *Scripture Antiquity*, is of a controversial nature. "Without much originality," Thaddeus observes, "all these works are remarkable for unction, solidity, and moderation."

Before recounting the decline and ultimate dissolution of the province, we must commemorate two friars who suffered and died in prison at this time. In 1698, Fr. Paul Atkinson was elected Definitor of the province and was accordingly summoned to London to take part in the deliberations of the chapter then in session. But he failed to appear, and on further inquiry it was learned that he had been apprehended for being a priest, and on his refusal to take the required oaths he had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment in Hurst Castle. His death which occurred thirty years later, on October 15, 1729, is thus recorded: "In Hurst prison, Hants, died the venerable Confessor of the faith and of Christ's priesthood, Father Paul Atkinson, formerly professor of theology, Definitor of the Province, and a jubilarian in the Order, who, during a continual martyrdom of thirty years, reflected honor on his prison, on our Province, and on the English mission; who, though not cut off by the persecutor's sword, still, as we piously trust, did not forgo the palm of mar-

tyrdom. Wherefore we do not so much recommend him to the prayers of our brethren as propose him as a model for their imitation."

During the religious persecution revived by the Stuart rising, in 1745, Fr. Germanus Holmes was seized and cast into Lancaster Castle. The provincial necrology commemorates him in these terms: "The venerable Confessor of Jesus Christ, Germanus Holmes, at one time professor of philosophy in our college at Douai, who, after suffering various insults from the insolent dregs of the populace on account of his priestly character, was consigned by the magistrate to Lancaster Castle and loaded with iron chains, where for four months he fought the good fight, and happily, as we hope, finished the course of his mortal life, having contracted the fever through the filthiness of the place; but not without suspicion of poison administered to him by the wicked woman who brought him his food."

The decline of the second English province became noticeable about the year 1770. In assigning the causes, Thaddeus points to the State laws then enacted against religious communities, which in turn necessarily meant a scarcity of vocations to the Order and a gradual falling off in men and means. In 1773, the French government, in its hostile attitude toward the Church and her institutions, prohibited youths from making religious profession before they had completed their twenty-first year; and in 1790, another law was passed pursuant to which no one under French rule was permitted to take vows in a religious Order. Douai in Flanders, where the English Franciscans had their novitiate and house of higher studies, was at the time subject to France, and to their dismay the friars saw how these obnoxious State laws were beginning to

fect the province.) Already in 1779, they had no clerics to take up the theological course, and by 1790 the province numbered only forty-eight members.

Matters came to a head when the French Revolution broke out. On December 19, 1791, the Franciscans were placed under arrest in their nouse at Douai, and two years later, on August 9, an order was issued by the civil authorities giving the friars one day's time to leave the town. With a heavy heart, the sixteen resident friars departed for Belgium and took up their abode in a house at Tongres, which the Carmelites generously placed at their disposal. But darker days were yet to come. The triennial chapter of the province, held in London on July 31, 1794, had just made provisions for the house at Tongres, when in the midst of the deliberations the friars of that place arrived with the sad news that their stay in Belgium was no longer possible, since French hordes had invaded the country and were threatening the lives of priests and religious.

Henceforth restricted to their mother country, the English Franciscans did all in their power to avert the total extinction of the declining province. Friends were not wanting to encourage them by offering them material assistance. A novitiate was opened at Osmotherley and later at Aston. But applications for the Order continued to be few and far-between. In 1813, the province numbered only twenty-one members; and, in 1838, but nine were left to attend the chapter held at Clifton. At this chapter, Fr. Leo Edgeworth was elected Provincial. But for obvious reasons the Minister General hesitated to confirm his election and appointed a Commissary in the person of Fr. Francis Hendren. Meanwhile, the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda had taken the matter in

hand and, in January, 1841, Rt. Rev. Thomas Joseph Brown, O. S. B., Vicar Apostolic of the Welsh district, notified the Franciscans that the Holy Father had appointed him their Visitor Apostolic. With this provision, the English friars ceased to exist as a province.

It will be remembered that we set out to relate in detail the story of the English Franciscans during the first century of the Protestant Reformation. The reader, we are confident, can now judge for himself how wholly unfounded, as far as the sons of St. Francis are concerned, is the charge that schism and heresy was possible in England because the so-called "old Orders" had degenerated and looked on with indifference when the great upheaval began. That the Franciscans were the first to feel the smart of Henry VIII's vengeful fury, can be accounted for solely by the fact that they were the first who dared to set themselves against his lawless policy and that, on account of their traditional loyalty to the Holy See and their acknowledged influence with the masses, they were rightly designated by those in power as the most formidable and inflexible defenders of truth and justice.

With them imprisoned, banished, or executed, it was a comparatively easy task for Queen Elizabeth to complete the work of her father and sever the last tie that bound England to the Church of Christ. All during her reign, however, the few surviving Franciscans were waiting for an opportunity to rally their scattered forces. Hence, when James I ascended the throne and the Catholics began to breathe more freely, the friars banded together and established what is known as the Second English Province. We have seen how the members of this new foundation were imbued with the true spirit of St. Francis and, like their forefathers:

of the first province, labored even unto imprisonment and death for the defence and propagation of the true faith. Five of their number died as martyrs during the terrible struggle that ended with the downfall of English royalty and the proclamation of the Puritan Commonwealth. Thus, throughout the century, from Henry's attack on the divine rights of the Holy See down to the nation's renun-

ciation of the king's authority, the Franciscans never for a moment wavered in their defence of a just and holy cause. It is safe to say that humanly speaking, Protestantism would never have gained the ascendancy in England, if in the beginning of the religious upheaval the bulk of the clergy had been as faithful and fearless in defending the Catholic faith as the Franciscans.

THE END.

STARS

A IR-LANES and meadows are dotted with gold
 Where shimmering star-daisies peep;
 Souls of the dead flowers to sky uplands flown,
 A-bloom on night's velvety steep.

Or maybe eyes of a radiant host,
 That serve in the courts of the Lord;
 Bright sentries on guard o'er His slumberous world—
 From His towers they keep watch and ward.

Mysterious gleams, are you Heaven's own gems,
 That angels entwine in their hair,
 On days when the Paradise folk celebrate,
 And take out their best things to wear?

At last it is plain—all the mystery gone,
 Little stars winking out through the air,
 The angels are switching electric lights on,
 To illumine God's city up there.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.

THE UNAFRAID

By Anna C. Minogue

CHAPTER VII

Synopsis of preceding chapters:—Ben Anderson, a newspaper man, is told to "Go West!" to avoid the ravages of consumption. He takes courage at the thought of the Girl Reporter, who has gone West bravely determined to sell her life as dearly as possible to the same pitiless enemy that threatens his. Five years as a lumberman in Arizona make a new man of him. The Girl Reporter, Mary Ranard, in the meantime has passed her years of exile in Arizona teaching in the mission schools for the Franciscan Fathers, but she longs to return to the East, as her health has been quite restored. The missionary's need of teachers and an unaccountable "something" defers her departure. At Pretty Valley, Big Dick, the storekeeper, falls in love with her, much to her disgust, which deepens when she learns that he is plotting mischief with the revolutionary Mexicans. While shopping at the store, Mary overhears particulars of the plot and sends an anonymous note to the Boss of the lumber camp, requesting him to follow the bearer. Ben sets out wondering what the request might mean. As he is riding alone through the mountains, he is assaulted by Big Dick and left as dead. Mary seeing he did not come in answer to her note, determines to enlist the watchman on the mountain in her service. On her way she finds Ben and sends for help. He is brought to her cottage and she, learning that he is a Catholic, sends for Father Paul, the missionary. Big Dick tries to frustrate the priest's visit by substituting one of his men for the regular chauffeur, but his plans are foiled by the Father's vigilance.

SUMMONED by the purr of an automobile, Big Dick was standing at the door as the car came up. Seeing the priest, he touched his hat, and Father Paul asked, as the car stopped:

"How's the man, Dick, and who is he?"

"Ben Anderson, from Gilday's logging camp, and you've had your trip for nothing!"

"Not dead?" cried the priest, aghast.

"Nor likely to be! As well as you are! And yet lying over there in the girl's house, with a parcel of his hill-billies, cursing and smoking, and acting as if she were—"

The priest looked him steadily in the eyes, and he stopped abruptly.

"Better shut your trap, if you don't want your head knocked off!" said the owner of the automobile, coolly. "We don't allow scums like you to mention the names of ladies in these parts!"

As he started for the cottage, he added to Father Paul:

"I told my brother from the start that fellow was a bad one. Now I have the evidence."

Mary met them at the door.

"I have brought you a long journey, Father Paul," she said, "and now he is all right. But he will be glad to see you. The wonder of it all, Father, we have so much to tell you! But first, don't you know he is from home—used to be the printer for the paper I worked on? And he recognized me, as soon as he opened his eyes—but I should never have known him!"

Thus she poured out her great surprise to her friend, as she relieved him of his hat and coat. Anderson was lying on the couch, his head bandaged. At the entrance of the priest, he sat up.

"At any other time, Father Paul," he said, as they shook hands, "I should feel bad to have caused you to make this long trip; but now I am glad to have you with us. We need your advice."

Then he and Mary told him the story, with an occasional remark from Swaunee. As he listened, light broke full and clear for Father Paul on his own adventure. He was convinced now that when the car had stopped abruptly, the man had

planned to knock him senseless, and then drive off, leaving him in the heart of the desert. That plan failing, he had tried others, and the priest lifted a grateful heart to God who had so manifestly protected him.

"We are expecting the Ranger," went on Anderson. "The boys here want us to wait and catch these thieves and cutthroats red-handed; but Miss Ranard doesn't want it done. She says things are so ticklish along the border that a little trouble up here may open the way for a big trouble down there. I dare say she's right, Father, women generally are! And when you think what she did—go up that mountain by herself, stay there alone with a dying man in the dark—"

"Oh! do stop, Mr. Anderson!" Mary cried, a wild rose color in her face. "You'd think I had done something to deserve the Carnegie medal!" and she laughed, looking at Father Paul. "He forgets I had my school to save," for very wisely Mary had said nothing of the danger to herself. If they knew that, the men would have given Big Dick short shrift.

"It seems incredible that a man should think of such a thing!" exclaimed Father Paul.

"That coyote ain't no man, Pah-son!" observed Swaunee. "And yoh-all's doin' the wust thing, if he and his greasers are let go! Every one of 'em ought ter be swung to a tree—leastways, sent down to Phoenix!"

"Let us wait for the Ranger," suggested Father Paul. "After all, his word is the law!"

Mary had slipped out to the kitchen; Swaunee and his company left the room; and Anderson and the priest were alone.

After Father Paul and his companion had breakfasted, he went with Mary to the school. Thereafter, one of the older girls was dispatched to the store to buy a supply of Big

Dick's candy and cakes. With the coming of the Ranger, Father Paul increased his popularity by asking that a recess be declared. Then he and the teacher walked back to the cottage.

"I surely am glad you happened along, Father Paul!" said the Ranger, heartily, as they came in. "Like the boys here, I hate to let those scoundrels get off. Just think what they planned:—start a fire, burn the crops and houses of these poor people, besides running off the horses and cattle. Still nothing has been done, and there is no question but Miss Mary is right in what may result; what do you say?"

"But can you get them all out?" asked Father Paul. "And even if you do, what assurance have you that they will not make another attempt, which may be successful? I can see," he added thoughtfully, "that if the people were to get aroused, they might turn against the innocent Mexicans, who were living here before the Americans came, and we do not know what harm might also be done to them—for men do not always discriminate when their passions are aroused. But what concerns me, is that there might be a repetition."

"I propose to give Big Dick five minutes to clear out," said the Ranger. "He started all this. Without him, they could not have thought of attempting anything like this so far north. I have every one of those Mexicans under the eyes of my men. When I give the word, they start 'em on the run for their lives. And we've had our warning. I don't think I need say a word for the Rangers—but they will be even more watchful after this."

"But what about that coyote tryin' to kill the Boss?" interrupted Swaunee, while a murmur arose from the men.

"But he didn't kill me, Swaunee!"

said Anderson, his voice very kind. "Besides, I couldn't really swear it was Big Dick. And Miss Ranard doesn't know the name of the Mexican who was talking with him that night. You see we haven't much of a case, as the law views it, while we should get a lot of unpleasant notoriety. You don't want that for Miss Ranard, Swaunee?"

"Sure I don't!" cried Swaunee. "But foh God's sake, let me skin that coyote!"

Mary, whose ears were sharper since that dread night on the mountainside, had caught a catlike step on the dry grass. She knew the open window would allow her words to carry far, so she said:

"There is Swaunee's side to be considered, of course. Perhaps we have no right to let Big Dick remain at liberty to do the harm to others that he nearly did to us. We know that to make money for himself he plotted with those strange Mexicans to run off the cattle and the range horses, while the ranchers were at the picnic, and to prevent them from being followed and overtaken, was going to start a forest fire. To keep the Rangers busy on the other side of the mountain, he sent a letter to Mr. Anderson telling him the I. W. W.'s were planning to make trouble in the camp, for I have that letter, and Mr. Anderson has the one which I sent instead, advising him to follow the man who would deliver it. He did, as you know. He saw the Mexican meet Big Dick at the end of the Pass, heard what they said, and then followed him. Big Dick did not know he was being followed until he was near home, and then he led off into the dry arroyo, and hid behind the ledge of rock, and when Mr. Anderson passed by, hit him with a club.

"I have told you how, when Mr. Anderson did not come, I decided to go up to the man in the look-out

house, so he could telephone the forester, and how I found Mr. Anderson. You know we all thought he was dead, and that the doctor can say that it was a blow he received. We have Big Dick caught in his own trap. I believe he is a wicked man, and that this is not his first crime. And Swaunee asks us if we ought to allow this criminal to run at large—if it wouldn't be better to turn him over to him and his boys here—make an object lesson of him to other white renegades and their Mexican horse thieves!"

Outside in the bright sunlight stood Big Dick hearing every word. For one moment the impulse was strong on him to steal up to the window, shoot her and the man she had saved; but he was a coward at heart, and the death that was certain to follow restrained him. With a muttered imprecation he turned back to the store, stuffed his papers and money into a bag, ran to the corral where his fleet horse stood bridled and saddled.

Mary, having shown such an unexpected change of front, had now crossed to the window, and stood lost apparently in her admiration of the landscape, while the men in the room mentally agreed that a woman's ability to change her mind surely was marked in the school teacher. Silence fell. Though she had veered to their side, Swaunee and his backers were plainly embarrassed. Ought they to start after Big Dick at her bidding or wait for an order from the Ranger? Not knowing what to do, they reached for their cigarettes; then they recalled that they were in a lady's house and their hands fell to their sides.

The Ranger made a remark to the effect that he would have to call off the picnic at Crystal Lake, for even though the danger might be headed off, the ranchers ought to stay close

at home, at least until the rains began. Father Paul said he thought that would be soon, as he had noticed the clouds gathering toward the peaks, as he came in. And Mary stood at the window watching and listening to the voices of the children at play. Then when all that remained of Big Dick was a cloud of dust in the distance, she turned and said, with a laugh:

"Mr. Ranger, your Gordian knot is cut! Big Dick is now five good miles on his way to the border!" And Ben Anderson lay back on his couch and laughed, while Swaunee swore audibly, with apologies to the lady.

That afternoon the rains came unexpectedly; poured in torrents upon the parched land. The burned grass lost its brittleness; the cattle spread back to the range from which they

had been driven, the dried brushwood was turned into a soggy mass, the pines were drenched.

Through the tempest a number of strange Mexicans suddenly resolved to cut themselves loose from the ranches and other habitations on the mesa, and without wages and food and the good mounts they had been promised, fled afoot to Flagtown, where they hoped to find their recreant Captain Mendoza. Hence the Ranger did not give orders regarding the picnic.

As time went on, Mary found there had been, after all, a purpose holding her in Arizona, and she knew it was a purpose that made for her life's completion.

The End.

ON THE PERFECTION OF LIFE

From the Latin of Saint Bonaventure

By Fr. Jasper, O.F.M.

Final Perseverance

AFTER attaining the chief of all virtues charity, man does not on that account appear glorious in the sight of God, unless he has arrived at the consummation of virtue—perseverance. For no mortal, however perfect, deserves to be praised in his life, unless he brings the good he has begun to a happy end. Perseverance is the end, and according to St. Bernard, "the consummation of virtues, the foster-mother of merit, the procurer of reward."

Therefore, the Saint continues, "Take away perseverance and neither good will nor good living will obtain any reward, nor fortitude glory." It would profit man little to have been religious, patient, humble, devout, and chaste; to have loved God and to have possessed the other virtues if he wants perseverance. All the virtues run indeed, but perseverance alone *receiveth the prize* (1. Cor. 9. 24); because not he that begins, but *he that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved* (Matth. 10, 22). Therefore St. John Chrysostom says, "Of what

use are crops in bloom, if afterwards they are consumed by the heat?" That is to say, they are of no use at all.

If then, O dearest virgin of Christ, you have acquired any virtues by doing good, nay rather because you possess many virtues, persevere in them, make progress in them, fight bravely for them as a soldier of Christ until death, that when your last day, the end of your life comes, you may receive in payment and reward for your labors the crown of honor and glory. Hence Jesus Christ, your only beloved Spouse, addresses you in the Apocalypse, saying, *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life* (Chap. 2, 10). This crown is nothing but the reward of life everlasting, which all Christians should ardently desire to obtain. For it is so *great* that, as St. Gregory remarks, no one is able to estimate its value, so *ample* that no one can appraise it, so *long and lasting*, in *fine*, that there will be no limit, no end to it. To this reward, to this crown your beloved Spouse, Jesus Christ, invites you in the Canticle of Canticles, saying, *Come from Libanus, my spouse, my friend, come from Libanus, come thou shalt be crowned* (Chap. 4, 8). *Arise*, then, friend of God, spouse of Jesus Christ, dove of the Eternal King, *come, make haste to the nuptials of the Son of God, because the whole heavenly court awaits you, because all things are ready* (Cf. Apoc. 19, 9. Matth. 22, 4).

There is ready a *distinguished* and noble *servant*, to wait on you; rich and delicious *food*, to refresh you; *sweet* and loving *company*, to rejoice with you. *Arise*, therefore, and *hasten* quickly to the nuptials; because there is ready a *distinguished servant*, to minister to you. This servant is no other than the choir of Angels, yes, the Son of the Eternal God Himself, who says of Himself in

the Gospel, *Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh, shall find watching. Amen I say to you, that He will gird Himself, and make them sit down to meat, and passing will minister unto them* (Lk. 12, 37). O how great will be the honor of the poor and despised, when they have the Son of God, the Most High King, together with the host of the heavenly army as their minister.

There is also ready *rich and delicious food*, to refresh you. For the Son of God Himself will set the table with His own hands, as He says of Himself in the Gospel, *I dispose to you, as My Father hath disposed to Me, a kingdom; that you may eat and drink at My table, in My kingdom* (Lk. 22, 29-30). O how sweet and delicious is that food which God in His *sweetness hath provided for the poor* (Ps. 67, 11). O how happy is he who in the kingdom of heaven partakes of the bread which was prepared in the oven of the virginal womb by the fire of the Holy Ghost. *If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever* (John 6, 52). With such food, with such bread the King of Heaven feeds and refreshes His elect at His table, according to the words of the Book of Wisdom, *Thou didst feed Thy people with the food of Angels, and gavest them bread from heaven prepared without labor, having in it all that is delicious, and the sweetness of every taste—and serving every man's will* (Chap. 16, 20). Behold, such is the refreshment of the divine table.

There is besides *sweet* and most loving *company*, to rejoice with you. For Jesus will be there with the Father and the Holy Ghost; Mary with the flower-bearing multitude of Virgins: the Apostles, the Martyrs, the Confessors, and the heavenly army of all the elect. Wretched, indeed, is he who will be excluded from this most noble society; and cold the heart that does not desire to be admitted to this

company.

But I know, noble servant of Christ, that you are longing for Christ; I know that you are striving with all your might to be intimately united with the Eternal King. "Now, then, raise up your heart and soul, elevate your mind and apply all your powers to the consideration of the following. If all good things are delightful, then consider attentively how much delight that Good must afford which contains the pleasantness of all good things; if the created life is good, how good must be the creating life; if the salvation which was wrought is sweet, how sweet must be the Savior who is the source of all salvation?" "He who enjoys this Good, what will he have, what will he not have? Certainly, whatever he wishes he will have, and whatever he does not wish he will not have. There will be good things for the body and for the soul, such as *eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived* (I. Cor. 2, 9). Why, then, O servant of God, do you wander about so much, seeking good things for your soul and body? Love the one Good in whom all goods are contained, and it will be sufficient for you; long for the only Good which is all good, and it will suffice."

"There you will find what you love, my mother, what you desire, O happy virgin. What do you love, my mother, what do you desire, O happy virgin? Does *beauty* delight you? There *the just shall shine as the sun* (Matth. 13, 43). Does *a long and healthy life* delight you? There is eternal health, because *the just shall live for evermore* (Wisd. 5, 16) and *the salvation of the just* (Ps. 36, 39) is everlasting. Does *satiety* delight you? There *they shall be satisfied, when the glory of God shall appear* (Ps. 16, 15). Does *fullness of joy* de-

light you? There *they shall be imbriated with the plenty of the house of God* (Ps. 35, 9). Does *sweet melody* delight you? There the *choirs* of the Angels sing, praising God unceasingly. Does *friendship* delight you? There the Saints love God more than themselves and one another as themselves, and God loves them more than they themselves. Does *concord* delight you? There all have but one will, which is God's Will. Do *honor and riches* delight you? There God *will place his good and faithful servants and handmaids over many things* (Matth. 25, 21); *may they shall be called* and shall be the *sons and daughters of God; where God is, there they shall be also, heirs indeed of God and joint heirs with Christ"* (Rom. 8, 17).

"But what sort or what measure of joy will there be, where there is a Good of such kind and greatness? Forsooth, O Lord Jesus, *neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man* (I. Cor. 2, 9) in this life, how much Thy Blessed will love Thee and delight in Thee in that happy life." As much as one loves God here below, so much he will there rejoice in God. Therefore love God much here below, that there you may rejoice much. May the love of God wax in you here, that there you may fully possess the joys of God. "May your mind meditate on this, your tongue speak of it, your heart love it, your mouth proclaim it, your soul hunger, and your body thirst after it, may your whole being long for it, till you *enter into the joy of God*" (Matth. 25, 21), till you come to the embrace of your Beloved, till you enter into the dwelling place of your beloved Spouse, who liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost one God world without end. Amen.

FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

CHAPTER XIII

First White Colony—Read's Contention—Credibility of Torquemada, Salmeron, and Vetancurt—Their Statements—Question Settled—Reasons for Moving the Colony—Fr. Commissary Accompanies Missionaries to Their Destination—Expedition to the Buffalo Plains—Oñate's Journey to the Salinas, to Zuni and Moqui—Farfan In Search of Mines—Oñate Returns.

GOVERNOR Juan de Oñate, as was said in the preceding chapter, established his camp or headquarters near the Indian pueblo of Caypá, which he named San Juan Bautista, probably in honor of his own patron saint. This Indian pueblo was and is located on the east side of the Rio Grande, above the junction with the Rio Chama. The Spanish settlement, or the *Ciudad de San Francisco de los Espanoles*, continued there "until as late as March, 1599."¹ From that date nothing more is heard of San Francisco de los Espanoles. The colony and the camp of the military were then moved across the Rio Grande somewhat farther down on the west side of the river. The new establishment was thereafter variously known as the *Reál de San Gabriel*, or *Villa de San Gabriel*. The more common designation was *Villa de San Gabriel*.

Historical writers appear to be at sea on the facts just stated. Those who have not seen Villagrá's account, at once place the first settlement on the west side of the Rio Grande. Even Bancroft seems to be confused until he happens to stumble on a passage in Vetancurt to be quoted presently.

There is no good reason to deny the location of the first Spanish colony near San Juan de los Caballeros, on

the same side of the river. Mr. Benjamin Read, however, goes to the other extreme, and, if we understand him aright, scouts the fact that a Villa of San Gabriel and the camp of Oñate were situated on the west side of the Rio Grande. He asserts that San Gabriel was a suburb of San Juan on the same east side of the stream, and that Oñate's headquarters remained there until he founded the City of Santa Fe. In order to neutralize the testimony of the early Franciscan historians Torquemada, Vetancurt, and Salmerón, Read declares these first-class authors wrote from hearsay.² Let us see.

Fr. Juan de Torquemada in 1614, only sixteen years after the events stated above, was elected provincial of the Province of the Holy Gospel, which province supplied the missionaries for New Mexico. The Fathers transmitted their reports on the state of their respective missions directly to the Fr. Provincial. All the documents were preserved in the provincial archives just as now. From the reports and descriptions, and from the information the returning missionaries communicated in person, Fr. Torquemada compiled his chapters on New Mexico, without doubt the best narrative on the subject written by a contemporary.

Torquemada says nothing about

1. Bolton, *Spanish Exploration*, 203, 265.

2. *Disputed Points*, 10, 11; *History*, 218.

the establishment at San Juan, perhaps because it was regarded as but temporary, since it had existed there only about eight months. What he relates on the authority of the Fathers in his *Monarquía Indiana*, published in 1615, regarding the location of the first permanent colony reads as follows: "El Pueblo donde Don Juan de Oñate, Governador y Capitan General de esta Entrada, hizo asiento, y puso su Real, se llama San Gabriel, el qual sitio está en treinta y siete grados de altura al norte, y está situado entre dos Rios, y con las aguas del menor de los dos se riegan los trigos, cebada y maiz, etc." That is to say: "The town where Don Juan de Oñate, Governor and Captain General of this undertaking, established the colony and placed his camp, is called San Gabriel, which site is in thirty-seven degrees north, and it is situated between two rivers, with the waters of the smaller of the two the wheat, barley, and cornfields are irrigated, etc."³

From Fr. Gerónimo Zárate Salmerón we learn the name of the smaller river. "Don Juan de Oñate," he writes, "established his camp between this river (Rio Grande) and that of Zama (Chama), on a site very much to his purpose."⁴ Fr. Salmerón is excellent authority, since he arrived in New Mexico about the year 1617, early enough to have conversed with some of those who had come with Oñate. Furthermore, he could and doubtless did examine the locality between the Rio Grande and the Rio Chama, for he described it so correctly that Mr. Lummis says, "Fray Zárate is right. It is a fine valley."⁵

Fr. Augustin Vetancurt, born in

Mexico City in 1620, a member and official chronicler of the same Franciscan Province, and therefore a first-class authority, writes in his "Cronica de la Provincia del Santo Evangelio," speaking of Fr. Alonzo Martínez and the friars who accompanied Don Juan de Oñate: "Entre los dos rios fundaron una Villa á San Gabriel dedicada."—"They founded between the two rivers a city dedicated to San Gabriel." Again, "De allí (San Juan de los Cavalleros) se ven los edificios de la Villá de San Gabriel, primera fundacion que se pasó á Santa Fee a la otra parte del rio."—"From there (San Juan) are seen the buildings of the City of San Gabriel, the first settlement which went to Holy Faith on the other side of the river,"⁶ "which settles the question," Bancroft remarks.⁷

Read claims that "not before the first of October, 1601,⁸ had there been any mention of the Villa de San Gabriel by the Spaniards." Bolton writes: "Until as late as March, 1599, Oñate's headquarters were at Pueblo de San Juan (Indian). In June, 1601, and also in December of the same year, they were at Pueblo de San Gabriel."⁹ Call it Villa, or Real, or Pueblo, San Gabriel was on the west side of the Rio Grande. Read himself in his *Illustrated History* reproduces a letter written by the Fr. Commissary Juan de Escalona, and dated *Convento de San Gabriel*, October 1, 1601. It is from Torquemada, and Fr. Torquemada clearly places San Gabriel on the west side of the river.

The evidence is so overwhelming that Read himself grows bewildered

3. Torquemada, *Monarquía Indiana*, Pt. I, 672, col. 2; 678, col. 2

4. Salmerón, *Relaciones*, no. 34, in *Land of Sunshine*, November, 1899.

5. Note 46 to *Relaciones*.

6. Vetancurt, *Cronica*, 95, 101.

7. *Arizona and New Mexico*, 133.

8. *Disputed Points*, 16.

9. See note 1, supra.

10. 237-240.

and towards the close of his pamphlet writes: "Whether that name (Villa de San Gabriel) had been substituted by the Spaniards for that of 'San Francisco de los Españoles' and given to the 'Ciudad de San Francisco, etc.,' or whether the said 'Villa de San Gabriel' had really supplanted the 'Ciudad etc.' and founded at a different place in that locality by Oñate after the year 1600, we can neither affirm nor deny."¹¹

There were reasons for moving the camp away from the Indian pueblo. The missionaries, who looked to the spiritual and moral well-being of the natives, from experience knew that the vicinity of colonists and soldiers invariably resulted in spiritual and temporal damage to the Indians. Hence they urged as wide a distance between them as practicable. At any rate, at San Juan de los Caballeros the Spaniards were but guests, occupying land which the Indians needed for grazing or cultivation. These circumstances prompted Oñate to move his people across the river as soon as possible. The Franciscans at once erected a convent there, and from October 1, 1601, at least, all reports from the friars were dated at the *Convento de San Gabriel de el Nuevo Mexico*.

After the missionaries had been assigned, as related in the preceding chapter, the Fr. Commissary wisely made it a point to accompany each Father to his destination. Accordingly, on September 15, 1598, he set out with Fr. Francisco de Zamora from the temporary headquarters at San Juan de los Caballeros, and installed him among the Picuries to the north-east. From there Fr. Zamora was also expected to attend Taos much

farther north.

Next day an expedition began its march to the buffalo plains. With the consent of the Fr. Commissary, Fr. Francisco de San Miguel seized this opportunity to reach Pecos, his field of operation far to the southeast, under the protection of the soldiers.

On September 17, Fr. Alonzo Martínez, with his attendant, Brother Pedro, returned to San Juan from Picuries, and on the 18th both started out with four Fathers whom the Fr. Commissary stationed as follows: Fr. Juan de Rosas among the Quéres on the Rio Grande; Fr. Alonso de Lugo at Jémes; Fr. Andres Corchado at Tria (Zia); and Fr. Juan Claros at Puaray among the Chiguas or Tiguas. By September 23, Fr. Martinez and Brother Pedro were back at San Juan.

Fr. Chistóbal de Salazár, with Brother Juan de San Buenaventura as companion, had already been placed in charge of San Juan de los Caballeros, where he also attended to the spiritual needs of the colonists and soldiers.¹²

In the meantime, September 16, 1598, Captain Vicente de Zaldívar, by order of Governor Oñate, with fifty men went to hunt buffaloes in the plains east of Pecos. Thus far they were accompanied by Fr. Francisco de San Miguel, whose destination was Pecos. The hunters advanced as far as seventy leagues into the interior. Although they failed to capture a live buffalo, they returned to San Juan on November 8, laden with buffalo hides and a large supply of meat and tallow.¹³

On October 6, Governor Oñate with the Fr. Commissary and a body of soldiers started off on an excursion to the salinas east of Pecos. Salt, very

11. *Disputed Points*, 16.

12. *Ytinerario de las Minas del Caxco*, or *Discurso de las Jornadas*, in *Documentos Ineditos*, Tomo XVI, 265-266. (Courtesy of Mr. Read.)

13. *Ytinerario*, 267. A full English account of Zaldívar's expedition in Bolton's *Spanish Exploration*, 223-232.

fine and white, was discovered in great quantities.¹⁴ From there Oñate proceeded to Abó, a Tompiros pueblo in what is now Valencia County.¹⁵ Here the Indians formally submitted to Spanish rule on October 12. Continuing to the Jumana territory,¹⁶ Oñate received the formal submission of the Indians on the 17th. Turning westward, the expedition staid two days with Fr. Juan Claros among the Chiguas. Finally, on October 23, Governor Oñate with his company set out from Puaray for the South Sea or Pacific Ocean. On the way, he stopped at the "almost impregnable" Acoma, and about October 27 received the formal though only feigned submission of the Acomites. By All Saints' Day, the weary explorers were kindly received at Zuñi, where the people promised obedience to the Spanish king and entertained their guests until Sunday, November 8.

Although the party had already encountered snow-storms, and it was still snowing "all the time," Oñate with his faithful following continued the march to the towns of the Moqui, which all accepted the Spanish rule. On Friday, November 17, having heard of rich mines, Oñate sent Captain Marcos Farfan with eight men to

make explorations, and on the 18th began the return march to San Juan de los Caballeros by way of Zuñi. Here the main body waited for seventeen days for the explorers. Farfan, having left seven companies at Moqui, because the animals were worn out, appeared at Zuñi with Captain Alonzo de Quesada at the end of twenty-one days from their departure, in search of mines. They brought glowing reports of good mines¹⁷ thirty leagues from Moqui, and also showed some specimens of silver ore. "This infused new life into over a hundred lifeless residents of this (San Juan) camp," writes Oñate.

"On the twelfth of December," Oñate relates, "we left Zuñi and camped for the night in the first pueblo of that province; and the following day at El Agua de la Peña, where we found Ensign Bernabé de las Casas, with six companions, who had gone in search of his Lordship, with the sad news of the occurrence at Acoma, and of the death of Don Juan de Zaldivar and other captains and soldiers."¹⁸ We made our journey directly to said (San Juan) camp, which we reached in seven days. May God be praised.

Amen. Don Juan de Oñate."¹⁹

14. "infinita sal, muy linda y blanca".—*Ytinerario*, 266.

15. *Spanish Exploration*, 234.

16. *Ibid.* 234.

17. i. e. mine prospects, as "there were no mines in New Mexico until after 1725."—Bandelier, *Final Report*, Pt. I, 195. Hence the charge of Davis in *El Gringo*, p. 75, repeated by Helen Haines in *New Mexico*, p. 2, that the "Indians were compelled to labor in the mines, where they dragged out a life more miserable than they had ever before experienced," is a falsehood. For the full account of Farfan's discoveries, see *Spanish Exploration*, 239-249.

18. The tragedy of Acoma will be related in the next issue.

19. *Ytinerario*, 267-269. Oñate returned to San Juan on December 21, 1598. *Spanish Exploration*, 233-238, where see full report of the journey; Villagrà, *Canto 18, Canto 24*.

FRANCISCANS AMONG THE CHIPPEWAS

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

THE humble, pious, and zealous son of St. Francis, Father Otto Skolla, had labored for eight years among the Chippewa Indians on the shores of Lake Superior, when, in 1853, he left his beloved charges to administer to the spiritual needs of the Menominees at Keshena, Wisconsin. For the next twenty-five years no brown-robed missionary was seen in northern Wisconsin. In the year 1878, Bishop Michael Heiss, of La Crosse, to whose diocese the Chippewa belonged, decided to place the Chippewa missions in charge of some religious Order. He applied to the newly established Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart, which has its headquarters at St. Louis, Mo. At the same time, the Catholic Indian Bureau of Washington, D. C., offered the Franciscans an Indian Mission in Oregon. On the advice of the zealous Indian Apostle, the Right Rev. Bishop Marty, the Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province chose the Chippewa Mission. Rev. Kilian Schlosser, O.F.M., was sent to visit the territory and to report to the superiors of the Province. At this time, Rev. Father Verwyst, a secular priest stationed at Bayfield, since June 19, 1878, had charge of all the Indians in northern Wisconsin. By his zeal and kindly ways, this good priest had gained the love and respect not only of his swarthy wards but of all with whom he came in contact. When the Indians learned that a change was about to be made, and that they were about to lose their beloved blackrobe, they were greatly alarmed. But when the true state of affairs was explained to them, and they discovered that, instead of only one priest, they were to have several to administer to their needs, they grew calm and even re-

joiced at the change. Nor were they to be forever deprived of their good missionary; for soon after he himself became a Franciscan and after his novitiate returned to resume his labors among them.

To give Fr. Kilian an idea of the life of an Indian missionary on the shores of Lake Superior, Father Verwyst and Rev. M. Ferrard, S. J., took him by boat to Odanah, on the Bad River Reservation. Here an Indian council was held and the intended transfer of the Missions explained. Everything passed off satisfactorily. While there, the Fathers visited the Indian cemetery, a place of interest to all visitors on account of the quaint little houses which the Indians built over the graves of their dead to protect them from rain and desecration. Some of these little houses were very artistic and contained a drawer in which maple sugar, tobacco, and wild rice were deposited to be used by the deceased on their long journey to the happy hunting grounds.

Leaving Odanah, the Fathers sailed down the Kakagan and soon entered Chiquamegon Bay near Ashland. The wind was against them, and they had to tack and sail to every point of the compass to make headway. At Houghton Point they disembarked for a few minutes at noon, to partake of some food, for they were almost famished, having had nothing to eat since their spare breakfast at Odanah, which consisted of a few hard biscuits and some wild Indian rice liberally mixed with sand. Then they continued their voyage down the lake, finally landing at Pike Bay, three miles from Bayfield. Here they again disembarked and walked the remaining distance to Bayfield, arriving there

cold and hungry at about three o'clock in the afternoon. The experiences made during this little trip, gave Father Kilián a faint idea of some of the hardships the missionaries would encounter in their new field of labor, and he departed for St. Louis to report to his superiors what he had seen and heard. Evidently the Franciscans were not deterred by the stories he had to relate of life among the Wisconsin Chippewas; for the mission was definitely accepted by the Sacred Heart Province, and on October 13, 1878, Fathers John Gafron and Casimir Vogt together with Brother Juniper and another lay brother, arrived at Bayfield to begin their apostolic labors among the Chippewas. When they came to Father Verwyst's rectory, they learned that he was absent on a trip to some mission and his good housekeeper, Anna Bird, could not be readily induced to admit the "intruders," as she styled the new missionaries. At last, she was prevailed on to cede the place to the newcomers, and she took up her quarters with one of the parishioners. When Father Verwyst returned home, he remained a few days with the Fathers and then repaired to his new post as pastor of the church at Superior, Wisconsin.

Rev. Father Ferrard, S. J., who composed a voluminous dictionary of the Chippewa language, remained for some time at Bayfield with the Franciscans, to teach them the rudiments of this beautiful Indian tongue and to initiate them into the duties of missionary life. Under his able direction, Fathers John and Casimir made rapid progress and by Christmas they both were able to preach to the Indians in their native language. The joy of the Indians at Bayfield and at Odanah was unbounded when on this happy feast of our Blessed Savior's birth their new missionaries preached to them in Chippewa, and they sang

with joyful voices their beautiful Christmas hymn: "Onanigwendanda! Minwendanda kideinang! Kid odisigonan debeninang! Let us be glad! Let us rejoice in our hearts! There comes to us He, our Lord!"

Yes, they had reason to rejoice on this glorious day, for as the blessed angels on the plains of Bethlehem announced the glad tidings of the Incarnation to the pious shepherds, so too did these two zealous priests like messengers sent by Heaven announce to the children of the forest the glad tidings of the Redemption. But not only on this day nor for the Chippewas alone were they sent to preach the saving truths of the Gospel, but for several years the whole of northern Wisconsin was evangelized by them, so that at one time they had upwards of fifty Indian and white missions to attend to. During the first five years they were obliged to travel mostly on foot. Taking with them one or two Indians as guides, the Fathers would leave Bayfield for a missionary journey to Courtes Oreilles, Pakwegang, Belille Falls, Murray, Flambeau, and Chippewa Falls. The round trip was more than four hundred miles and it would take them about six weeks or two months to complete the rounds of the missions on that route. They also visited various missions in St. Croix county, some of which were even farther removed from Bayfield than the missions along the Chippewa River. Leaving Bayfield they would walk through the great forests seldom trod by the whites, stopping at Gordon, Superior, Mouth of Yellow River, Yellow Lake, Balsam Lake, etc. When Fr. Casimir would return from one of these apostolic journeys footsore and tired, his reverend confrère Fr. John would visit some other missions, so that they were seldom together at home to enjoy each other's company.

Thus they labored winter and sum-

mer, in rain and shine, in heat and cold. Never giving a thought to themselves, they bore all hardships to bring the glad tidings of salvation to those poor souls who still sat in the darkness of paganism. Both these pioneer Indian missionaries of the Sacred Heart Province have now been

called by the Master to receive the reward for their apostolic labors. Their lives, however, will forever remain an inspiration for those of their brethren whom God may call to work for the spread of his kingdom among the Indians of our country.

BETTY'S "BABY"

By Blanche Weitbrec, Tertiary

THE family argued about it during dinner. The happier subject of Betty's wonderful new necklace had given place abruptly to discussion of a matter which nearly always stirred Daddy's temper. Betty thought that upon this occasion he was rather more unpleasant than usual. Mother, of course, only laughed—she never would take Daddy seriously; but Betty was annoyed. And worried. She wondered, sometimes, if Daddy wasn't more than half a heretic.

It was a solidly established fact that the Baby was a miraculous image. When Brother Jim risked his life that terrible day before he left Guadalajara, to get into the sacristy at San Sebastiano, and save the Infant, hadn't the chest where He lay been running over with the gifts of grateful pilgrims, healed of sickness and deformity? Why, Jim had stuffed his pockets with gold and silver hands, and wee feet carved out of fine wood; with silver ears, and little jeweled crutches, and other queer testimonials to the Child Who had brought health to palsied hand or lame foot or deaf ear, when simple hearts had not doubted! Mother had given the trinkets to Father Hyacinth; but Betty had kept the Baby. Father Hyacinth might borrow Him for the

Crib, but He was Betty's Baby. She had made a shrine for Him in the alcove of her little sitting room, and there He had lived, ever since Brother Jim's return.

Why was Daddy so contrary? Why did he laugh at so many things? Was he a heretic? He went regularly to Mass; he made his monthly Communion; and when Father Hyacinth got into straits, Daddy's check-book was promptly produced. It wasn't conceivable. Yet why was he so queer?

"Don't be silly, Kitten," said Daddy, as he tore the band from his after-dinner cigar. "Don't be a sentimentalist. First thing you know, you'll be just like Aunt Jenny, with a pious remedy for every ailment, and medals all over you. Aunt Jenny gets cured of something every few minutes!"

This was the point at which Mother laughed. Brother Jim twinkled discreetly; he wouldn't hurt Betty's feelings, and he had some "sentiment" about the Baby himself—Betty knew that—but he usually followed Mother's lead.

"You'd better go on over to church," Daddy advised, presently, breaking a slightly uncomfortable silence. "There's the telephone now. The Padre probably thinks you've

forgotten."

"Take off your necklace, dear," remarked Mother, as Betty rose. "It's very becoming, Daddy. I congratulate you. You do know diamonds!"

Daddy grunted. "Wicked extravagance for a chit of eighteen, I say," he returned.

"Oh, now," remonstrated Mother, pacifically. "Coming of age, and on Christmas Eve, must be celebrated properly! And diamonds, you know, are an investment. Run along, sweetie. Answer the phone, will you, Jim?"

"Tell Father we'll be there right away," called Betty, over the banister, as she hurried upstairs. "I didn't realize it was so late."

The dressing-table mirror reflected a flushed and starry-eyed face above a sparkling circlet whose white radiance fascinated Betty anew as she stood momentarily lost in contemplation of her treasure. Well, as Mother said, it was an event, to be of age, and on Christmas Eve! And she loved her birthday. She wouldn't have changed it! Doubtless she was sentimental about it.

She sniffed a trifle, as she unclasped the necklace and laid it in its case. Daddy was so provoking! She turned away from the mirror with a vexed laugh—that died on her lips, and was re-born as a faint shriek. She had seen a face looking in at her through the French windows that opened on the bedroom balcony. She stood for an instant, her heart leaping in her throat; then she shrieked again.

"Well, what—?" demanded Brother Jim's voice; and she flung about, panting, as he entered the room.

"Oh—Brother! There was a man—a man, outside the window!"

"Huh?"

"There!" gasped Betty.

"Where? A man? Are you—"

"There—no—"

"You little goose, it's my reflection you see!" Brother Jim began to laugh. "Don't you know your own brother?"

Betty was still staring. "Jim, I did see someone. I'm sure I did. That is, I—I thought I did! He was—"

"Nonsense!" Brother Jim disposed of the matter. "Get your wraps on. Where's the Baby?"

"I'll get Him. —Jim, if it should be a—a burglar! Don't you think we'd better—"

Brother Jim tweaked a stray curl that was twisting round Betty's left ear.

"Fail to recollect it," he counseled elegantly.

Betty moved reluctantly away. "I—I wonder if we ought to leave the necklace—" she murmured.

"Hide it under the mattress, if you'll feel any better about it. I'll take a peek on the balcony, since you're so fussy."

He swung across the room, and flung the windows wide. "Not a soul," he announced, triumphantly "Goosie!"

Betty bridled. "Well, do you suppose he'd stay around, and wait to be caught? Stupid!"

"My dear child," said Big Brother, with painfully obvious patience, "he'd have a healthy time dropping down on the veranda below without our hearing him!—Hurry up and get the Baby. Father Hyacinth says Brother Leo wants to get through and go to bed."

He closed the windows with an irritated bang, as Betty switched on the alcove light and took the Child in her arms.

"Reach me the little shawl off the closet shelf, will you, Jim? It's cold."

Jim nodded, understandingly, as the beautiful image was swathed in the shawl's warm folds.

"I—I suppose that's sentimental," Betty remarked, pouting. "But He—"

He's so alive to me, Jim."

"Yes," said Big Brother, quite softly. "You made Him a new dress. didn't you?"

"Yes. It's sentimental to make clothes for Him, I suppose—"

"Oh, now, Kitten!—Don't feel bad. Dad didn't mean to—Oh, now Kitten, don't do that—on Christmas Eve!"

Betty mopped her eyes apologetically. "I'm always sort of touchy. I guess—on my birthday—and—His."

They went downstairs together, Betty holding the carefully wrapped infant in her arms.

"Jim," she whispered, "see how He looks up at us! I never saw anything so sweet! I'm sure He moves when we're not looking. I do hope nothing will happen to Him at the church!"

Jim laughed. "Father Hyacinth would be flattered," he remarked.

"But—but it's so hard to let Him go away from home like this, Jim! I hope—I hope He will do some good."

"Perhaps," suggested her brother, "perhaps He may work a miracle, Kitten! Don't screw up your mouth that way—you'll spoil it."

"Hurry back, children," called Mother, as they left the house. "You know we must be up at four o'clock."

"Let's cut across the back garden," said Betty, "and down the alley. Mother wants me to help her with the box for the convent, and it really is awfully late."

Jim held his sister's arm in the protecting, possessive way he had, as they scurried across the lawns and through the alley. They turned at the corner, and collided sharply with a lad emerging from the brightly lighted doorway of a neighbor's garage. Betty cried out; there was a scramble—and then she leaned weakly against Brother Jim, as the boy stood before her, safely holding the Baby.

"Not a scratch, Kitten," said Jim. "Narrow squeak, though! Thanks."

he nodded to the boy, who laid the bundle back in Betty's arms without replying. "Our fault—no damage done—cat got his tongue," he added as they hurried on. "I guess you knocked the breath out of him, Sis."

"Did you see him stare? That's Mrs. Barlow's chauffeur's cousin."

"The kid who borrowed the big car, and went on a High Lonesome? Was I just now so close to such a desperado?" Jim glanced back over his shoulder, but Mrs. Barlow's chauffeur's cousin had vanished.

"Yes. He smashed the wind-shield, and blew out a tire, and tore a hole in the top. He's pretty wild, I guess."

"He must be! I'd call that a good evening's work! I hadn't heard the details. Did he pay the bill?"

"Max paid it. And he's taking it out of his salary. He works in a garage somewhere, but Mr. Barlow says he—"

"Start fresh," advised her brother. "Your pronouns are getting mixed like a salad dressing!—Ah, here we are! Good evening, Father!"

The little bent figure of an old man in a brown habit, standing on the church steps, waved a hand as they approached.

"Bad children," he scolded. "Poor Brother Leo is falling asleep at his prayers!" He held out his arms for the Baby, but Betty hugged her burden, shaking her head at the old priest.

"No—I must put Him in the Crib myself," she said. "Is everything ready?"

"Hours ago, naughty one! Jim, when the trumpet of Doom sounds, the Davenport family will come in late!"

Brother Leo had made a most beautiful Christmas tableau, in the tiny chapel of St. Antony; the stable and the oxen, the wondering shepherds, Joseph and the maiden Mother: and, empty and waiting, the little

straw-filled manger. Betty bent down, the quick tears starting to her eyes, and laid the Child in His bed.

"Isn't that just like Father Hyacinth?" she said, as she and Big Brother slipped away in the crisp darkness. "Just like Father Hyacinth, bless his heart! They've got it fixed so people can go right up and kiss our Lord's dear weeny feet! I—I hope He won't be very cold," she added. "That church is the draughtiest place—"

Jim smothered his amusement. "You're a great kid," he chuckled. "But don't grow up! I like 'em that way!"

Betty yielded to her vanity as she prepared for bed an hour later. She wanted to try just once more the effect of the sparkling circlet. She felt that she was really wickedly vain, but—

She opened the purple velvet jewel-case. It fell from her fingers with a clatter, among the silver and ivory trinkets on the dressing-table. It was empty!

The family gathered excitedly—Mother in her quilted negligee, roused out of her first sleep; Daddy, caught saying his beads; and Brother Jim, picturesquely attired in a deafening bath-robe. No, Mother had not put the necklace away. Daddy hadn't thought of it since he left the dinner table. Brother Jim stood frowning at the French windows.

"I apologize, Kitten," he said. "I guess your eyesight wasn't so poor, after all."

The Davenport Christmas wasn't exactly wrecked, but it was rather badly damaged. Betty wept nearly all the rest of the night, and spent most of Christmas Day nursing a headache. Daddy took matters up with the police immediately, of course; but at the end of a week nothing had developed. Betty could give no description of the face she

had seen looking at her through the windows of her bed room on Christmas Eve. She could not be certain that she had really seen anything. It might have been Brother Jim's reflection. Someone had taken the necklace; but whether her fancy about the face had any foundation in fact, or whether the theft had been accomplished by someone inside the house, remained to be proved. The place was thoroughly searched; the servants (much to Mother's distress) subjected to minute cross-questioning—without result. The days passed, and Betty tried to reconcile herself to her loss. Daddy waxed rather sarcastic once or twice, regarding the absurdity of wasting money on jewelry for a chit who lost things five minutes after you gave them to her. Daddy inclined to the belief that Betty had forgotten to take the necklace off, and that it had been lost somewhere between the house and the church. "Finders, keepers," he said, sourly, "Losers, weepers."

"But Daddy, I did take it off," insisted Betty; and Brother Jim corroborated the statement.

"I'm sure she didn't have it on, Dad, because I'd have noticed it when we were arguing about the face, and Betty wanted to hide the jewel-case."

"Well, perhaps she swallowed it in a moment of abandon," said Daddy.

Even Father Hyacinth contributed his mite to poor Betty's unhappiness. The day she went to bring the Infant home, he read her a brief lecture on the sins of vanity and worldliness, and suggested the Third Order as a remedy. Betty wept; and Father Hyacinth relented, and patted her consolingly. Then he fished a medal of St. Francis from some obscure and mysterious pocket, and tucked it in her hand. Betty thought that, if he had had a stick of candy, he would have given her that.

"Run along," he said, hastily, shoo-

ing her from the room. "Run around to the church. Brother Leo's taking the stable apart, and something might drop on the Baby!"

Betty found Brother Leo very busy at his work of dismantling the Christmas picture. The Baby smiled at Betty, reaching His little arms to be taken up.—It really did seem as if He moved! She dropped on her knees, and lifted Him, and held Him close. "Oh," she whispered. "I'm so glad You are coming home!"

Suddenly she stiffened. Her fingers, pressed against the Baby's neck, had come in contact with something underneath His dress of fine white silk—something that felt like a string of beads, or—Betty, sitting back on her heels, laid Him in her lap, and pulled down the loose neck-band. And fastened around His neck she saw a necklace of fine gold, set with seven large diamonds.

Brother Leo dropped part of the stable wall, and broke off a shepherd dog's tail, when Betty shrieked. Several pious old ladies, scattered about the church, rushed up. Father Paschal, who was in the oratory, hurried upon the scene. An old man, who was laboriously making the Stations, and who was very deaf, saw Father Paschel going down the aisle, and asked was there a fire.

Betty went home. The family was having afternoon tea. Daddy had just come from the bank, and was tired. Betty burst upon the peaceful domestic scene.

The news was variously received. "Well," said Daddy, "I can pay off Detective Lucas."

"Have some tea, darling," said Mother. "You're so excited."

"H'm," said Brother Jim.

During the week that followed, Betty talked to the Baby a great deal. He smiled, and held out irresistible arms, but told no secrets. Mother took the necklace to the

bank; and the Davenport household proceeded upon the even tenor of its way.

One afternoon toward the end of February, Father Hyacinth called the Davenport number. He did this often enough, but Betty, answering the telephone, thought his voice sounded queer.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. It seemed to her that the old man was either crying or laughing.

"Betty," said Father Hyacinth, "come over a minute, will you?" and he hung up the receiver.

Betty walked home slowly. It was dinner time, but she didn't feel hungry. Daddy was just getting out of the car when she reached the house.

"Bless my soul!" said Daddy, "whose funeral was it?"

She told the story as they sat around the dinner table. Mother forgot to dish the vegetables, and Brother Jim let his coffee grow cold. Daddy chewed his mustache in lieu of his meat.

"And he saw me come in from the alcove with the Baby," Betty's tale ran on. "He thought at first it was a live baby! Then he knew what it really was. And when we bumped into him, there at the corner of the alley—just after he'd hidden the necklace, you know—and the Baby just fell right into his arms, why he was sort of dazed. It made him feel—"

"Where the mischief was he when I opened the windows?" demanded Brother Jim. "I'll swear there wasn't anyone on that balcony!"

"He dropped over the edge, and hung there by his hands, he said. Then he climbed up again, you see, after we left the room."

"He made mighty quick time at the job," was Jim's comment.

"Well," continued Betty, "so then, he got to worrying, you know, afterwards. He knew where he could sell

the diamonds—”

“For a youth of nineteen he’s some little crook,” interrupted Jim.

“But he worried over it, and worried over it. He said he couldn’t get the Baby out of his head.”

“H’m,” said Daddy.

“He hadn’t been to church for over four years, he said, but the Sunday after Christmas he went to see the Crib. He knew, of course, where I was taking Baby that night. And so then, he came in nearly every day, and looked and looked at our Lord. And so finally, he thought that if he gave the necklace back, it would be better. So one day, as he was going to lunch, he stopped in to see the Baby, you know, and Brother Leo was taking away some of the things; and so Harry ran as quick as he could, and got the necklace out of Mrs. Barlow’s garage, where he’d put it; and he said he knew Max had driven Mrs. Barlow to Riverside, so no one would see him—”

“Queer reason for Max to drive Mrs. Barlow to Riverside,” remarked Big Brother. “Never mind, Kitten—go on! I’m all thrills.”

“Well, anyway, so then Harry ran back; and when Brother Leo went into the sacristy, and he was all alone, he just put the necklace around the Baby’s neck. And then I came, you know, and found it.”

“Well, Kitten? And then?” urged Daddy, as Betty stopped.

“Oh, then, you know, he thought, finally, that he’d go to see Father Hyacinth. He thought maybe he’d feel better. He was still worried, you know. He said he dreamed one night that he was in the church, putting the necklace on the Baby, and the Baby began to cry, and pulled it off. And so then Harry went to Father Hyacinth and told him. He told him everything, about how he’d heard Mrs. Barlow’s cook telling Max that Mrs. Davenport had shown Mrs. Bar-

low the lovely necklace she was going to give her daughter. And—and Mother, he said he wished the necklace was somebody else’s, because he didn’t like to take Miss Betty’s necklace.—He said he thought I was so—so pretty! Right before Father Hyacinth he said it! But—well, you see, he had to have a lot of money. because he had to pay Mr. Barlow for the car, you know, when he smashed the windshield; and so, he looked in the dining-room windows here, on Christmas Eve and saw—”

“But my dear,” interposed Mother, “do you mean to say that Father Hyacinth made him tell you all this? The necklace was safely restored; wasn’t the boy’s confession enough—”

“Oh, he hadn’t been to Confession,” explained Betty. “He just told Father Hyacinth, you know. And he wanted to tell me. He—he asked Father Hyacinth to telephone. He said he wanted to stop dreaming about the Baby, and he thought perhaps—” Betty hesitated, biting her lip. “I did feel awfully sorry for Harry,” she murmured. Somehow Harry hadn’t seemed so very much of a crook!

“Kitten,” said Daddy, gravely, “you mustn’t tell this to anyone else. In the family, of course—”

“Oh, I won’t, Daddy,” Betty assured him, quickly. “But I had to tell you, on account of the Baby, didn’t I?—Well, and Harry said he was going to Confession to-morrow, and that Father Hyacinth had better get Father Paschal to help him, so they could take it in relays! Harry was trying to laugh all the time; but Mother, he was just as white! And so, you see, Daddy, you were right about it. It wasn’t a miracle, after all.”

Daddy passed his plate for vegetable tables.

“That depends on what you mean by a miracle,” he said.

SOME MEDIEVAL FRANCISCAN PREACHERS

By Marian Nesbitt, Tertiary

IT has been said that after the coming of the Friars Minor to England, their presence in any city or town where they took up their abode "was felt to be a blessing and an honour, and the support which began from admiration of their character, was maintained through appreciation of their work."

Dwelling under conditions as poor as those around them, clothed in rough habits, and walking barefoot in all sorts of weather, their diet consisting of the coarsest bread and ale of a very inferior quality; the purity, mortification, self-sacrifice, and cheerful, humble piety of their lives could not fail to make a strong appeal to the nation.

Nevertheless, it was not only by means of example that the Franciscans sought to save souls. They attached considerable importance to preaching, going up and down through the land—"the wheels of God's chariot," Archbishop Pecham calls them—speaking to the people in parish churches, streets, and market-places, as well as in their own churches, where their regular sermons were given, "not only on Sundays and festivals, but on rainy days." Indeed, "It seems clear,"—to quote the words of A. G. Little, M. A., in his *Studies in English Franciscan History*,—"that church-going increased in the later Middle Ages, and it is reasonable to attribute the growth of this practice to the influence of the Friars."

As early as the year 1219, Pope Honorius III had issued letters in which he commended the Brethren to the prelates as preachers; and we know, from the wording of the Rule of 1223, that provision had been made for the exercise of this office. We see

this from a reference to Franciscan customs of the period. For example, the following words are found in the beginning of an old M. S.: "As it is laid down in the Rule of Our Blessed Father Francis, we are bound to preach to the people, and announce to them vices and virtues, punishment and glory, with brevity of speech; therefore we will begin with vices and end with virtues." It was the custom, too, of the Friars to give missions throughout the country, setting out two and two in Advent and Lent, "to sow the wholesome seed of the Lord." It is interesting in this connection to note that the collection of money for the Brethren at these preachings was definitely forbidden by the statutes of the Franciscan Order. Intended for the populace," says the author of *The English Franciscans under Henry VIII*, "for women as well as men, for the artisans of the towns, or the hard-headed and practical commercial classes, the discourses of the Grey Friars were simply and directly worded, appealed to facts," as well as to the feelings, and abounded in picturesque imagery, in examples, parables, and so forth. They possessed, too, a distinct style of their own, which recalls to our minds the words of that illustrious and deeply learned member of the Order, Roger Bacon, who tells us that "oratory and poetry appeal to the heart, and lead men not only to take cognizance of the truths of religion, but to love and follow them."

There is little doubt that the influence of the Franciscans as preachers was greatly increased, not only by their austerity of life and humility of manners, but even more by their absence of all human respect, by their true sympathy with the poor and op-

pressed, and by their utter fearlessness in rebuking wrongdoers, no matter to what class they belonged. The selfless son of St. Francis who followed in the footsteps of his Seraphic Father, could not fail to have a tender pity for the sinner, and a thorough understanding of the trials and difficulties, the sorrows and temptations of the persons he addressed. He never hesitated, moreover, to condemn those who made their powerful position an excuse for lawlessness, and he lashed the ruthlessness and greed of the extortioners with an unsparing tongue.

Pope Gregory IX exhorted all archbishops and bishops to "extend a kind and charitable welcome to the Friars, and, when the latter had been duly approved by their Provincial, to allow them to preach without let or hindrance throughout their dioceses."

Both Dominicans and Franciscans were also in great request for the preaching of the Crusades. For example, it is recorded that, "in 1291, Archbishop Romanes sent round to all the Priors of the Houses of Friars Preachers, and all the Wardens, or Guardians, of the Friars Minor, in the diocese of York, asking them to send Friars to a number of specified places on the day of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross to preach the Crusade"; and some fifteen years earlier, we find Archbishop Gifford urging all archdeacons, deans, and parish priests, to make every effort to assist the Friars Minor, who were then preaching the Crusade.

It is almost superfluous to repeat the memorable words of Robert Grossetete, who, writing to Pope Gregory IX, says that "they illuminate the whole country by their preaching and teaching"; and a most convincing and interesting confirmation of this statement is to be found nearly three hundred years later, in a fine fifteenth century poem, entitled

God spede the Plough, where "the poor Observantes that are so holy," are described as "preaching daily sermons enough, with good examples full graciously."

In this connection it may be well to recall a letter written by St. John Capistran to Henry VI, who had asked him to come to England, and, if he could not come, to send him some relics of St. Bernardine of Siena, through whose intercession he trusted to be cured of the illness from which he was then suffering. St. John Capistran was unable to come, as he tells the King in the following sentence: "O how earnestly do I wish," he says, "that I could have waited upon you in England; but the defence of the Faith, which obliges me to go into Hungary, will easily excuse me to your Highness."

He mentions that he is sending some of the relics of St. Bernardine, and adds: "Your Majesty must have faith, if you desire the recovery of your health; faith, I say, with good works, for the Apostle says, 'Faith without works is dead.' He, therefore, that has faith, loves God above all things, keeps his commandments, forbids plays, causeth tables, dice, cards, and all such pernicious instruments of gaming to be burnt, forbids usury, roots out evil customs and practices, introduces good ones, promotes good men, punishes and discountenances the wicked, frequents Confession, hears Masses, makes religion his practice, gives alms, relieves the poor and distressed, loves justice, and hates all vices."

What a wonderful rule of life is herein contained, and what fitting exhortations to fall from the lips of such a great saint and mission preacher as St. John Capistran!

It would be impossible to give any detailed account of the Friars Minor who distinguished themselves as preachers in England from the very

earliest days after their landing. A few, however, of the less well known names may be given at random, to show how widespread was their reputation and influence.

We read of Brother William Hedley, that he was "a man of bright parts, and esteemed as one of the leading Doctors of his time." On this account, he was chosen "the ninth Professor Regent" in the Franciscan college or convent at Oxford, where he taught publicly with great applause, till Prince Edward Longshanks (King Edward III's son and successor) made choice of him for a Divine and Preacher, to accompany his Royal Highness into Assyria to the Holy Wars.

Old chronicles tell us that many other Franciscans were so employed during the Crusades, "they being esteemed the most proper persons for that work, both *because they were famous preachers,*" and inured to mortification and hardships; but also because they were the most detached from the things of this world.

Again, of Brother Robert of Leicester it is said that "he was a Friar Minor of such excellent learning, that he was much admired for his great skill in all manner of scholastic exercises, and was esteemed a leading man in Oxford," not only by the members of his own Order, but also "by the best Doctors of that learned University; so that his good fame was spread over the whole nation. He was, moreover, a *great preacher,*" and on that account very highly thought of "by the nobility and the great ones of the Kingdom."

Another Friar noted for "his extraordinary talent in preaching" was Brother William Herbert, "born of an honourable British family in Wales." This Friar, like the others mentioned, was a writer of books and commentaries on the Scriptures.

Brother Richard Vorland, born in

Norfolk, became a Franciscan, and was one of the community in the Norwich Friary. He was famous for "holiness of life and great learning"; for his "ready wit, solid judgment, and polite discourse." He was made a Doctor of Divinity, and it was "his constant custom to teach the young Friars on working days, and to preach to the people on Sundays and Holy Days." He, too, was the author of "many excellent books, most of which were kept a long time in the Benedictine library in Norwich, even till the fatal destruction of Religious Houses."

Brother John Edey, born of an ancient good family in Herefordshire, "was clothed a Friar Minor in the Convent of that Order at Herefore." In the flower of his youth he was sent to Oxford, and on leaving the University, returned once more to Herefore, "where, by his exemplary virtues and great learning, he gained so great a respect from all men, that it was not long before he was chosen Warden of that Convent." This office, we are told, he discharged "with great prudence and edification, employing his time and talents both in a diligent care in the governing of his Community, and in frequent meditations upon the Holy Scriptures." Also, and this is the point with which we are at present concerned, he "preached often to the people, who reaped great improvements from his zealous labours,"— and his fervent words and charitable instructions and admonitions "made deep and lasting impressions in the mind of his hearers, to the honour of God, and the great benefit of their own souls." He, too, was a writer of good books, one of which is entitled *A Bundle of Virtues and Vices*.

All these Friars lived before the year 1406, but space forbids us to continue this list of illustrious Franciscan preachers and writers who adorn the English province in Medieval times.

THE LITTLE PADRE

By Zelma McDowell Penry, Tertiary

Concluded

TWO weeks more slid by before the reserve strength of the athletic missionary could rally force sufficient to allow him to look seriously at his work again. His first thought was of the big ruffian he had left in his room behind the rude little church at Arclight, and his first trip was to that camp with the hope of keeping his promise of seeing Big George again, for somehow, the bewildered, childlike eyes of the man had persisted all through his delirium, and had filled much of his mind during his convalescence.

To a man, the citizens of Arclight hailed him on his return as they would have greeted a brother risen from the dead, and great was the rejoicing, and many were the admonitions of the "boys" regarding the advisability of "bein' keerful" and "takin' things easy fur awhile."

To all such advice, however, the Little Padre turned a deaf ear. His was the duty of making up for lost time. And in the meanwhile, had anyone heard anything of Big George?

"Nope, he ain't been in sence 'Kentuck' died," responded one to whom he put the query. Then, feeling the Little Padre's eyes leveled upon him, he reddened slightly, and amended, "that's, he ain't been in sence he left you, Padre."

"That seems strange," mused the priest, "I felt sure he would come in. I told him I would see him in two weeks. I wonder if anything could have happened to him."

"Likely," returned the other cheerfully. "He must be sick 'r somethin'; he ain't never been so long comin' in before; 'n they ain't nobuddy takin' no chances uh goin' t'see."

The Little Padre raised his eye-

brows quizzically.

"No?"

"I should say not. Big George said he'd shoot on sight anybuddy that came out there. 'He stands 'n watches till the wind covers his tracks, ever time he leaves town anyway. Nobuddy knows jest where his claim is. Well, 'z I said, he's promised any visitor a lead pill, 'n he ain't given nobuddy any reason t'believe he's changed his mind."

"Big George will not shoot me, nor shoot at me, I think."

"You, Padre! You ain't goin' out there! Big George ain't stoppin' t'see who it is comin'—and, why, jumpin' guns, Padre, you just come back from a shave uh cashin' in, 'n you ain't goin'!"

The speaker glared belligerently at the Little Padre.

"You told me just now to take things easy," retorted the priest dryly, "and now you're objecting to my going out to the desert for a little jaunt in the dry bracing air. Yes,"—he came back to his subject abruptly—"you see, Big George is a friend of mine. Then, besides, the poor fellow may be ill and in need of help."

And his companion, knowing the Little Padre, shook his head despairingly, and because he *did* know the Little Padre, made no further objection.

Despite the protests of his flock, the Little Padre, on the very next day, carried out his intention of faring forth alone into the heart of the desert in search of Big George. The claim was believed to be but a few hours journey to the north-east, and the young shepherd of souls chose the waning hours of the afternoon for his start. It was the time he loved best on the great gray desert, his artist

soul reveling in the vista of the sun, sinking into a sea of red and gold, behind the purple horizon, leaving a pinkish haze over the shining sand—and then the half-tones that follow—subdued browns and grays—out, out to the edge of the world!

Three hours of straight riding brought the missionary within sight of a tiny cabin showing clear against the desert floor in the silvery moonlight. Undoubtedly, he concluded, it was the cabin of the man he was searching. He called loudly, so that he might not take Big George unawares, but no sound save that of his own voice broke the unearthly stillness of the place. Could the owner be dead, or had he deserted the claim and set out for other fields? At any rate, the Little Padre never allowed himself to ponder over a situation where there was a way to fathom it. Swinging himself down from the saddle, he dropped the reins over the little broncho's head, and pounded vigorously on the door. No answer. He shook the rude latch, which yielded with startling promptness to his touch, and the door opened.

For a moment, he could discern nothing of the dusky interior, but in the space of a few hushed breaths, he was able to verify his feeling that he was not the only occupant of the cabin. The moonlight streaming in at the curtainless window showed the unmistakable outline of a man on the bunk against the opposite wall. With a stride, the Little Padre was at the man's side, breathing a prayer that he might not be too late. As if in answer to that petition, Big George opened his eyes and muttered,

"The Little Padre!—Water!"

With all the gentleness and attention of a mother, the priest ministered to Big George. The giant on the bunk was wasted with fever, until he was but a shadow of the former terror of the camps. Towards dawn he

grew quieter, until, with the first sunbeam he opened his sunken eyes, which held, for the first time since the other's arrival, the light of reason.

"Well, my friend," greeted the Little Padre, "you are feeling better, aren't you? You'll be growing stronger now, and we'll soon have you well again, I hope."

The eyes in the gaunt face turned restlessly.

"No, Padre, it's across the Divide this time, I reckon. First, I didn't want to think about it. Now I can't help it any longer." His eyes grew sharply bright, and he seemed to take on an increase of strength. "I kin always see 'Kentuck' lookin' at me sorry-like—and I git t'thinkin'—mebbe he never drewed fust.—Yu said, that night—he was on the wrong side of my—account. — D'ye—d'ye—think there'd be any way of squarin' things?"

The Little Padre placed both hands on Big George's shoulders, and looked straight into the fever-bright eyes.

"My friend," he said slowly, "it's all a matter of what you want. There was a Man once, who came to bring light and goodness and happiness into the world. The people who were to receive all this, did not believe Him—they killed Him—nailed Him to a cross to die. While He hung on that cross, He saw beside Him another man, a thief, who, though he had put almost every thing on the wrong side of his account, suddenly felt as if he would give all he had ever had to 'square things.' Even as he wished it, he saw the Man looking at him, and some way he knew that this was not a man like other men. He sent a little cry out from his heart,—and because that Man was more than a man, He answered the thief, 'This day, thou shalt be with me in Paradise.' Do you know who that Man was, George?"

The miner had listened in silence,

and now, as the quiet voice died away, he turned his head toward the Little Padre, and as one long unfamiliar with the gesture, yet sure of it withal, made a hasty sign of the cross.

The priest was dumbfounded. It was the last thing he had expected. Big George, the terror of all the Little Padre's territory,—a straying sheep from the very fold of which he was a shepherd!

The citizens of Arclight would have found it hard to believe that the story the Little Padre heard that day could come from the lips of Big George. After the giant had unburdened his soul of the weight under which it lay crushed for so many years, he told the Little Padre—between lapses into delirium—of his mother,—the mother who had gone into Eternity leaving a little lad to bob along with the flotjam and jetsam of a world which he had come to regard as the home of thieves and vultures. He had not thought that the prayers she had taught him and recited with him, had continued for him even beyond the grave. Then he had met the Little Padre—who had called him "my friend"—though he had shot 'Kentuck'! Old memories had begun to stir within him. He had returned to his claim that morning, resolved to see the priest again—but the fever had fastened itself upon him. He had thought it was all up—but someone—maybe his mother—and then the Little Padre had come to him—his friend!

As the shadows began to lengthen, the man on the bunk grew quieter. He wanted to hear the Little Padre talk—he liked the things he said. Of a sudden, his eyes sought the open door, through which the afterglow from the desert was stealing. They lighted with something that was not fever, and involuntarily the Little Padre followed his surprised gaze. Seeing nothing, he turned back to Big George, who was still staring out of

that open door.

"Why, maw, did yu come fur me?"

The look of a trusting child was on Big George's face, as he sank back upon the hard pillow and closed his eyes happily.

"Maw," he murmured once more, and the soul of the man freed itself from its prison of clay, and went out to meet her.

"*Requiem aeternam, dona ei Domine!*" the Little Padre whispered, and the breeze coming softly through the door seemed to answer, "*Et lux perpetua luceat ei!*"

Through the long hours of the night the Little Padre kept his vigil beside the dead man; and when the first streaks of dawn showed in the blue gray sky, he set himself to prepare a resting place for all that was left to earth of Big George. Not having anticipated so long a sojourn, he had provided no means for celebrating the Holy Sacrifice. Hence, after preparing and drinking a cup of strong coffee—there was no longer any food in the cabin—he went out to the mine where he found implements for the difficult task.

It was a matter of three hours hard labor before the grave was dug and lined with rough boards. The priest's strength was well-nigh exhausted, and his hands were cut and bleeding. Another hour saw the completion of his labor of love.

He was weary now, with an unutterable weariness of body and soul. His gray eyes were dark ringed, and his fine clear-cut features seemed suddenly drawn and old. Entering the rude cabin he dropped onto a stool and stared out over the parched desert. A flood of agonized realization of the immensity of his own sacrifice swept over him—that sacrifice which would end only with death. And after all, was his service of any real benefit?—Big George was saved, yes—but what of the many he did not—could not,

reach? Was it all worth while? He had prepared so many for their last long journey—when would his own turn come?—and when it did, would anyone be at his side to make sweet his lying down to rest?

Suddenly the blazing light on the desert seemed to shadow for a moment. What was it?—Moonlight—over there to the south—a grove of olive trees—and moonlight—and a Figure kneeling there in the moonlight among those olive trees!—The Little Padre started to his feet—the Figure seemed to move, and a whisper as of the wind floated softly to him. "I, too, have known weariness, and have drunk the bitter chalice even to the dregs!"

The vision faded, and the Little Padre drew a deep breath. A mirage, of course, or a figment of his overwrought nerves,—but—"Oh, Master, forgive me!"

He slipped to his knees beside the rough table. Before his mental vision was passing a picture of dark-eyed "Kentuck"—then one of Big George, sleeping his dreamless sleep—each serene in his reconciliation to the Maker. He thought of those other straying sheep back in the camps—so many losing their way that he must bring back to the Fold—Kid Clark, for instance, and many like him—and a sadness, born of the love of souls, claimed the priest.

Oh, if there were only more—more to help in the work of reclaiming those straying sheep. What wonder that they lose themselves in the thick-
et of sin and infidelity when there are so few to encourage them and to point out the way to go. If the many self-

satisfied Christians back in that world, of which the Little Padre had once been a part, out of their abundance would but see their duty to help make the way clear, that paths might be hewn and hands be outstretched to those bewildered, stumbling sheep, now groping feebly for the path and sometimes—all too often—dying in the thorns, never having heard or known the voice of the Shepherd of shepherds! If the many who now were carelessly gliding down the stream of pleasure and ease would only pause for an instant to think of those lambs who were crying, calling in vain for a strong arm to part the briars, to loose them, and help them on their way! Would not uncounted numbers answer the cry of those whom the Master loves? Oh, it was so pitifully real—this need of priests—and so few seemed to hear the cry!

A wave of exultation suddenly took the place of the Little Padre's agony of a few moments before. Some, at least, did hear—and heed. He, a man, like other men—yet by the grace of God unlike them—had been the instrument that had reunited some of those groping souls to the object of their, perhaps, unconscious longings.

"*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine!*" he murmured, thinking of the two so lately passed beyond this earthly exile.

And out from the infinite silence, the desert wind seemed to bring the response, "*Et lux perpetua luceat eis!*"

The priestly head dropped onto the clasped hands, and lulled by the joy of the exulting angels in Heaven, the Little Padre slept.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Conducted for our Women Readers

By Grace Strong

Under the Holly Bough

A GAIN the blessed Christmas draws near, and despite the burdens we carry, we find the old response of the spirit to the Spirit that prevades the world at Yuletide, the Spirit of love and happiness and peace. We have been through so much in this recent past, we have lost so much, and the future threatens; still as Advent passes, as the holly begins to cheer up the drab-colored streets and the children gather in eager groups around the shop windows where the toys are displayed, we realize that we are not so greatly changed as we had imagined, that the spring of mirth and enjoyment and feeling is not dried up as we had feared, and we find ourselves mingling with the Christmas crowd and becoming part of it.

"If any one had told me," said a friend whom I encountered one day in such a crowd, "if any one had told me, say ten years ago, that I could ever contemplate without bitterness and rebellion the coming of Christmas to a world so completely shattered as mine has been, I should have thought that he had a poor estimate of the depth of my feelings. I should have wondered that any one could have thought me so callous and forgetful. You know how happy our home was, and you know what Christmas meant to us. Now the stranger makes merry in the old house; and of those who once met there, but two remain, and we shall keep our feast day far from each other. Yet here you find me in the new environment, moving with its current, interested in its affairs, partaking of its happiness—and doing it whole-heartedly. That is

what puzzles me—you would think that lost world had never been mine."

The woman's case is but typical. We may look backward all the rest of the year; but when Christmas comes, it faces us forward with a sweet imperiousness that will not be gainsaid. Perhaps you are fathoms deep in the blues;—you lift your eyes and see a spray of holly, with its bright red berries, and from behind it a laughing face seems to look forth.

God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,—

You never spoke the words, but here they are, sounding on your ears. while all the merry Christmasses old earth has known go by in a rollicking throng, each crowned with holly wreaths. What! take something from this latest member of the gay procession by your petty grouch! Perish the thought! For this time, at least, you will be gay. If you have only a dime to spare, go and buy five picture post-cards. For the other nickle Uncle Sam will carry your Christmas spirit to five friends or acquaintances. Then when the Christmas mail reaches those five persons, a company of kind thoughts will wing their way back to you.

Let me tell you a story, a true story, of how a girl I know turned a gray Christmas into one agleam with silver and gold. She was a visiting nurse. Her calls at this particular time were in a fairly prosperous district. Her patients might not have been able to pay even a practical nurse, but they were above want. Holding that "Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer," in every house she visited, she found preparations for the feast in full swing, and the

atmosphere permeated with pleasurable excitement.

Now except for her Masses and Communion, Christmas was going to be a ghastly time for this girl. The year that was closing had left her truly bereft; the only mercy shown her, it would appear, was that it had left her able to go on with her work.

She had a new call, and on her second visit to the home, she sensed something was wrong. She seemed not able to get at it; for the mother, whose child was sick, was not of the sort who gives her confidence to every passing person. The nurse found her the morning before Christmas Eve putting up freshly laundered sash curtains on the windows of the kitchen, which was also her living and dining room, and which was spotless. The nurse alluded to the snowy crispness of the curtains.

"If I can't have anything else for Christmas this year, I can at least have the curtains fresh," said the women, who perhaps had reached the place where she had to drop her burden.

Under tactful questioning the nurse learned that the woman scrubbed a hall in the neighborhood, and the weekly stipend received for the work had to cover their living expenses; as the husband only made, at odd jobs, enough to pay the rent and buy the coal. He had held a good position, but a long sick spell had eaten up their savings; and when he tried to get work, his poor clothes were against him. There was nothing to buy a bit of Christmas cheer for the little family. To add to the tragedy, there was to be a Christmas entertainment in the parish, by the school children, and as her eldest child was unusually bright, the Sisters had given her an important part in it; she had no new frock to wear, she would have to appear on the stage in her everyday clothes. It was breaking

the child's heart. The mother was grieved, too; but she had never asked for help, and she never would while she had strength to earn their bread. She apologized to the nurse for burdening her with her care, who had to hear so many tales of trouble.

The nurse's dark eyes began to shine and she hurried to finish her work. Four o'clock found her in the surge of the last minute shoppers. Finally she reached a toy counter and held to it until a distracted clerk got her a doll and some other toys for the girl and her two little brothers. At home, and at her telephone, she told the story to a married friend, who, like herself, had not much surplus but had a way of stretching that surplus to meet the need of God's poor. As a wife and mother, the nurse thought she might be able to do something in the way of clothes. Then she sat to work on the doll's wardrobe, and it was midnight before it was completed.

Next morning, the telephone called her from the breakfast table. Her friend had made some wonderful discoveries. First, and most important, there was a perfectly good suit of clothes which her husband could get along without. Poor John Henry, who was the age of the other little boy, never, because of his carelessness, had many good clothes at one time; but he, too, had been called upon to part with a suit and several waists, also a pair of shoes. The baby contributed its quota for the sick baby; for the mother there was a new house dress which she had just made for herself, and a pretty frock would go from her daughter for the little girl for the school entertainment. These, with some toys and sweets from her store of purchases, would be at a designated place for the nurse at noon that day.

About three o'clock on Christmas Eve, the woman standing behind her freshly laundered curtains saw a girl

get off the car, with two suitcases. Watching her make her slow progress, she thought (so she told the nurse afterward), "There is someone going home for Christmas. She is happy, and her people are happy to see her coming." When the girl stopped at her door, the woman recognized in her the visiting nurse. In a way all her own, the nurse offered her gifts, and the woman's pride suffered nothing in accepting them. She watched, with happiness, as the nurse brought forth the things: the prettily dressed doll, the toys and sweets, the food, the suit of clothes for her husband, the apparel for the boy and the baby, and the dress for herself; but when she saw the dainty frock for her little girl, she bowed her head on the table where the things were spread and cried.

Several weeks afterward, being in the neighborhood, the nurse called. She found a happy woman. Wearing the good suit of clothes, her husband applied for a position which had been refused to him, and secured it. The children had had a wonderful Christmas, and their parents with them. The frock fitted the little girl as if made for her, and she had taken her part in the entertainment unusually well. Every day that mother prayed for the nurse and her friend, who had turned their Christmas from a day of gloom into one of cheer, and which was the beginning of a new life for them.

But what of the nurse's Christmas? She told me that woman's tears of pure joy were like rain on parched land: that never Mass and Communion had been to her what they were on that blessed Christmas morning; and when thought of her own sad lot ostruded, she remembered that because of her, a whole family was happy, a mother's heart was not being pierced by the knowledge that in a world of child-joy her children had no part. She realized

that God had held her fit to be His means of lifting a little group of His children to happiness on the birthday of His Son. She found her Christmas joy in that reflection.

But looking ahead I see those children grown and ever carrying with them the memory of that Christmas, which, as in a fairy tale, the strange lady had transformed into a day full of sunshine. And who shall say what fruit of Christian charity will yet be reaped from the seed thus dropped into those little hearts by the nurse, who stepped out of her own sorrow to be a joy-bringer to others. Who shall say that the answer she was the means of giving to childish prayers, may not be a hand stretched out to their wavering faith in some dark hour. God heard their prayer once—He will do so again.

Christmas Flowers

I DID not begin this paper with the intention of telling Christmas stories, but what I just said about the children remembering, recalls another sure enough story, which verifies the promise of the Bible that the bread cast upon the running waters will return to us.

This other poor woman had a husband who drank all of his earnings, and she had to go out daily to work for the support of her children. And she could only support them. By no possible means could she stretch her salary to provide them any Christmas cheer. Next door to her lived a woman more fortunately situated. As she went to the door to receive the packages brought by the mailman and the basket from the grocery store, she would see the little sad faces of her neighbor's children, looking out from their window. No wagons were stopping at their door, no baskets and packages were being brought in.

Though like Martha busy about many things, her soul was with Mary:

at the Master's feet: to all her cooking she added an extra portion for her neighbor: from her own children's sweets and presents, she withdrew a part for her neighbor's children. Then, when she and her husband were starting for the five o'clock Mass on Christmas morning, she, unseen, left the big basket at her neighbor's door.

The years passed, and their changes left the poor children well-off, the kind neighbor alone, and with just money enough to place her beyond need. It was Christmas and there was nothing to brighten the loneliness of the day for her, who had seen the grave cover husband and children, and Fortune hide her face. But a messenger boy came, bearing a long box. Scarcely could she believe it was for her—for who was there to send flowers?—She opened the box and the beauty and fragrance of roses greeted her. An envelope lay among them. She found in it a bank note of a large denomination and a letter.

It was from her former poor neighbor's eldest son. He had been successful, and on returning to the city had looked for her. All his life he had remembered the joy and surprise of finding that big basket on the step as he opened the door to go to early Mass that Christmas morning. He was then old enough to understand

the anguish his mother was suffering, because the little ones must be disappointed when they woke and found Santa Claus had passed them by, found no feast spread for them on a day when all would feast. With his mother, he had quickly filled the empty stockings, and then run all the way to church, his heart full of thankfulness to God Who had answered their prayers. He had known many happy Christmas days, but never one like that, and the older he grew the sweeter was the memory. Henceforth, she would know that she had a friend.

There are few of us but could plant for ourselves the fragrant flowers of gratitude and affection in human hearts, for everywhere in this sad world we may find the poor, the sorrowful, the despairing. But we are too self-absorbed to consider others—which proves us shortsighted in the long run. The wise person, like the discharged servant in the Gospel story, binds himself to as many as possible by the bonds of gratitude. The true Christians, however, know no ulterior motive in doing good to their fellow men. They act in the Christ way, indifferent as to reward: then find themselves receiving the highest reward, since Christ himself is the rewarder.

APPAREL TALKS FOR TERTIARIES

By Agnes Modesta, Tertiary.

BELOVED SISTERS IN ST. FRANCIS: This talk, which will come to you during the holy season of preparation for the coming of our Infant King, is directed especially to our "middle aged or more" sisters. I hope that will not deter the younger ones from reading it though. Remember dears, you'll be middle-aged or more, too, one of these days—and

it isn't very dull, anyway.

First of all, I want to extend the greetings of this blessed season to each one of you, and the hope of a joyous and holy Christmas. May the dear Infant bestow His especial blessing on the work of this department and upon all who are striving so earnestly to conform to the standard of modesty set by His Maiden Mother.

Something tells me that you are all interested in the outcome of the bout between me and Martha Cummings that I told you of last month. Well, as it happens, Martha hasn't proved the willing convert I thought she would be—but that doesn't matter. She's a convert none the less.

She came to see me a few days after the conversation recorded in my last letter, with the intelligence that she had come for my advice regarding a few things to put her wardrobe into a respectable state, according to the standards of the holy Franciscan who penned the Letter that "started all the fuss." Martha implied clearly that it was no doing of mine that she was going to look into the matter of her attire, but wholly and exclusively because of her loyalty and respect for those who control the destinies of the *Herald*.

"I have to get a few things this winter," she said, fixing me with a stern eye, "and so I thought if it gives you any comfort to have your finger in the selection, you might as well have it."

"Thank you, Martha," I replied meekly, "I really didn't mean to be officious the other day, you know."

"Don't worry about that," she twinkled, relenting. "Some folks have to be officious when they get a little authority. Now where are you going to begin on me. Remember, I'll have no such fixings as you got up for Margaret Randolph."

Martha refuses to give me credit for one iota of discrimination. I was annoyed, but managed to keep it from her.

"The first point to remember," I began briskly, "is that when you put yourself in my hands, you must do as I say unless I fail to keep to my side of the contract."

"And what is your side of the contract?" she queried cannily.

"To keep within your limit of ex-

penditure unless you give your consent to exceed it, to provide you with garments suited to your needs; to keep strictly within the poverty-of-spirit precept of our Seraphic Father, as I understand it; and *certainly* to avoid getting you up like a freak, as you seem to anticipate."

"Hmm, I'd hardly call Margaret Randolph freakish," she thrust.

"Well, her outfit would be worse than that on you, Martha," I retaliated. "Now, let's not quarrel. We'll have to get down to business. Just what were you thinking of getting before you decided to let me help you?"

Martha got down to business efficiently.

"I've got to have a new suit, and I thought I'd get some of the serge stuff, in a tan that won't show the dirt. Then I was going to wear my black hat with the flowers on for every day and have Bertha Johnson trim me up another for good. I have to have a new collar put on the suit I've got now, and I'll wear it every day. That big coat of mine I've promised to that poor woman whose husband was killed in the blast; so I s'pose I'll have to get a new coat of some kind. I'd get the new one for her," added Martha apologetically, "but there's no touching one as warm as that now-a-days."

"Well, is that all?" I asked as she paused for breath.

"I scorched a streak out of the front breadth of my black poplin at the last social meeting of the altar society. It's all I've got for such affairs, so I thought of having a new breadth put in. It'll be a little different, but I usually wear an apron, and—"

"Stop, stop! I can't stand any more," I protested weakly. "Martha, did anybody ever tell you that you are a very extravagant woman?"

"Ex—Agnes Modesta, if you are

going to make fun of me—"

"I'm not making fun. That's just what you are. Just listen to that list. All one kind of clothes; street clothes. Do you plan to wear an old suit of two decades past in the house? And a "kind of tan" next to your brown complexion! A bright gray, navy blue, or even black, worn with white next to your face, are the colors for you, but tan—horrors!

"Now, we're on a working basis. We understand each other, or at any rate we're going to in a very few minutes. The first thing we're going to do is to get rid of some of those old skeletons you have in the house. You keep your suits for eons and eons, and about every ten years you pile another one on top of the old stack. Yes you do, you know it. Our first action will be to scatter the things you have, so you won't be tempted to get them out and wear them. We'll keep your gray suit and your black poplin with the scorched breadth, and the other things we'll clean and mend and distribute to the worthy poor. That done, we'll take the money you were going to spend for a new suit and hat and coat, and make it get you some things that have not the dust of ages ground into them!"

I went to work with a pencil, paying no attention to her protests.

"I find," I remarked half an hour later, checking the items on my list, "that we can do pretty well on the money you've apportioned, though you can't have a new suit. I think you can do without it, however. You must have the heels straightened on your best shoes, and get another pair to change off with them. Then by investing in a box of shoe-polish, which you must promise to use faithfully every night, you can keep your feet looking respectable for a while. Always remember that the things that really count are shoes, gloves and hat. Look to those and the dress

or suit are likely to look well from sheer pride in the accessories. I'll not go into details about your underthings. I think you can be trusted to manage them.

"Secondly, we'll take that suit you were going to have a new collar for, and we'll rip it up, sponge it, press it, and have it made over into a coat dress that will do for all daytime occasions. It is a splendid piece of wool material, and I know of a style it will take well. The skirt will be cut down to a narrower width, leaving it quite wide enough for your sense of propriety and safety, and have it mounted on a sleeveless lining of gray sateen. The jacket and what is left from the skirt will cut over to excellent advantage as one of the new overblouses so becoming to a woman of middle years. We'll get some gray silk or satin for a vest—it won't take much more than you would have had to get for a new collar—and then you must have several of those coquettish little collars of organdie, some in gray and some in white, just straight strips four or five inches wide and twelve or fifteen inches long, hemstitched or finished with an inch hem and some of the long straight stitches in a contrasting color that are so easy to do oneself. These collars are the easiest things in the world to keep clean, and they ornament and at the same time protect the necks of woolen garments. Then you must have a little tailored hat of felt or hatter's plush, *with no trimming* on it save a narrow band of gros grain ribbon. I'll go with you and help you pick it out. And you must have suede or chamois or kid gloves—most any kind so long as you keep them neat and free from holes.

"That will complete one outfit. Now for the coat. We can get a much better quality by buying the material and having it made than you could by getting the coat ready-made

Unless you were prepared to spend a goodly sum on it. We'll choose one of those big dolman models. They are comfortable, sensible, and stylish. Then, being made on such loose lines, they can always be remodeled. For it, we'll select wool velour with a collar of duvetyn. It will seem expensive, but we are spending most of our money on that one garment. The material wears well, and I think we'll have gray with the collar of a darker gray. With it you'll wear a gray duvetyn turban in a becoming shape with just a knot of black velvet on one side for contrast.

"With the addition of a little new contrasting material, your scorched black poplin can be made over into a charming one-piece gown to wear with your wrap either to church on Sunday or to any of the social affairs you frequent. Crepe de Chine will combine nicely with it.

"That will be all except for two pretty albatross house gowns. You know I think one ought to look one's best for the members of one's household, and then, too, the lines of our street clothes are spoiled when such garments are worn around the house. I suggest dark colors for the house dresses, too, with white frills in the neck and sleeves, for then, if you want to go out without changing, you will appear well-dressed, even though you are in your house attire. When engaged in actual work, a large cover-all apron will suffice to keep you tidy, and with two dresses for house wear one can always be in a spotless condition."

At this point, who should come in flushed and bright-eyed, but Margaret Randolph. We let her in on the secret, and needless to say she was mightily interested.

"I really, think, Miss Cummings," she laughed, after listening to Martha's droll recital of the proceedings, "that Agnes's method of selecting a

wardrobe is by the process of elimination."

"It is—just about," I answered. And, indeed, she had struck upon a fundamental fact. It isn't so much a matter of selection as one of rejection, and I think, when our women get into the spirit of discriminating rejection of superfluous items on their lists of wearing apparel, they will be on a fair way to sensible dressing.

One Tertiary asked me if I was not advocating too much thought of dress for members of the Order of Penitence. I think not. You see, if a little time is taken three or four times a year to put our wardrobe in order, we can go the rest of the time with almost no thought of what we are wearing. It is said that the only woman who can really forget her clothes is the one who is secure in the feeling of being well and suitably dressed. So, I think that following the plans of this department, we are likely to spend less time in hours and minutes during the year on thought of clothes than we did before.

Margaret had to go then, as John Farrel, the young man I mentioned a couple of months ago, came by to walk home with her. So the matter she had come to discuss was postponed until our next visit. I'll give you just a hint of what it is—the Randolph New Year's party, a time honored institution in our parish. This year Margaret is going to appear in a costume calculated to show how charming a young lady can look without resorting to décolleté. I think John Farrel will have a special interest in this party, as he has in everything of late that interests Margaret. Of the party, costume, and maybe John Farrel—more next month.

Yours in St. Francis,

Agnes Modesta.

FIRESIDE TALKS AND TALES

For our Young Readers

By Elizabeth Rose

The Conceited Snowflake.

A pert little snowflake peeped out of
[the sky

For a look at the world below.

"I think that this morning to earth I will
[fly,

And then there will be a big snow!

"I feel I'm enough—no need of my brothers;
A waste when such crowds of them go!
They never come back, and so many others
Go after—it's nothing but show!

"Now I'll just slip down by my lonesome
[and see,

For I'm quite sufficient, I know."

It dropped—and the old world went mer-
[rily on,

But where did that snowflake go?

A Saint Who Gave Missions To Himself.

HE was rather a wonderful saint, I think, don't you? There are plenty of people (not saints, however) who much prefer giving missions to their neighbor; but St. Leonard of Port Maurice thought that charity was often needed at home first. He did all he could to help others save their souls; but he did not forget his own, and used to say laughingly, "Between times" (he was a Franciscan, and his special work was giving missions), "I give missions to myself!" Our Blessed Lady cured him of a sickness of five years' standing, and in gratitude he promised to devote his whole life to bringing sinners to the service of her Divine Son, a promise he faithfully kept. He loved the Way of the Cross, made it himself daily, and got everybody he could to practise the same devotion. When he was living in Rome, in 1750, he asked permission of the Pope to put up the Stations in the wonderful old ruin, the Coliseum,

one of the wonders of the world, about which some of you may have heard the saying:

While stands the Coliseum Rome shall
[stand;

When falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world shall fall.

Some day, if any of you go to Rome and enter the Coliseum, once the immense theater of pagan sports and amusement, afterwards the holy ground where numbers of Christians shed their blood for their faith in the first days of the Church, you will see St. Leonard's Stations of the Cross around its walls, just as in your home church in America; and I know your thoughts will fly for a moment to that humble Franciscan who believed himself no better than the people to whom he preached, and thought he needed a mission himself quite as much as they.

He Helped Discover America.

I N the great bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington stands, among others, the figure of a famous Franciscan friar, Juan Perez, to whose charity and kindness we practically owe the discovery of America. He was Guardian (or Superior) of the convent of La Rabida in Spain, near the port of Palos, from which, as all our history class know, Christopher Columbus set sail for the unknown, with such fine results. As the friar was one evening passing the gates of the convent, he saw poor Columbus outside, forlorn and weary, asking the porter for bread and water for the little son he held in his arms. Touched with pity, Father Juan brought him within, and after comforting and refreshing him, began to

talk with him. He was a learned man himself, taking great interest in the very subjects that so absorbed Columbus—geography and navigation. He soon became deeply interested in all he heard from the great navigator, not great then, heartsick and despondent, unable to get any help in his project of discovering the yet unknown land he believed to exist. It did not take Father Juan Perez long to decide to be his friend. He had been the confessor of Queen Isabella, who held him in high esteem, and at whose court it was that Columbus had been pleading his cause with so little success. So the good friar lost no time in sending a letter to her, asking a hearing for him. Isabella promptly sent word for him to come to her, and tell her all he had heard about the matter. When the Queen's answer arrived, Father Perez, quite convinced that if you want a thing done the best way is to do it yourself, and without loss of time, got on his mule, although it was near midnight and everybody else asleep, and rode swiftly away to the camp near Granada, where Isabella and King Ferdinand, her husband, were at the time. He talked so earnestly and made so good a showing for the plans of Columbus, that the Queen consented to give him her assistance. She even sold her magnificent jewels to obtain money to fit him out, for kings and queens run short of funds sometimes, just like ordinary people. Vessels were obtained, Columbus set sail—and here we are! Father Perez accompanied Columbus on his second voyage and landed at Hispaniola (Haiti, we call it) on December 7, 1493, at a spot called by Columbus Port Concepcion, in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Here he put up a rude hut of boughs with his own hands and on the following day, December 8, the feast of Mary Immaculate, Father Perez

said the first Mass in the new World. Columbus never forgot the friendship and good offices of Father Perez, and always spoke of him with great affection and gratitude.

Some Odd Christmas Customs

The time draws near the birth of Christ;

The moon is hid, the night is still;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist.

So sings the great poet Tennyson in his poem "In Memoriam," waiting for Christmas, as we are just now. Advent is here—the whole world is making ready for the welcome festival and thinking about it. Suppose, then, that this month we take a look around, and see how it is going to be celebrated by different people and different lands. We will find some curious customs and odd bits of merrymaking connected with it, strange enough to our more sober idea of doing things.

In Catholic countries, for instance, the Christmas tree is quite overshadowed by the Christmas Crib, or Manger. A representative of the Stable of Bethlehem, where Our Lord was born, is in every household, simple or fine, according to the means of the family; but in both is laid the figure of the Divine Babe, with his Mother and dear St. Joseph watching by His side, the shepherds offering Him their homage, the ox and ass standing solemnly by. Sometimes the figures are life-size, sometimes only little dolls—but the meaning is the same to the heart of every child, rich or poor. In Italy this is called "Presepio" (manger or stable), and it was our own Saint Francis of Assisi who first thought out this way of making Christmas so real.

In one of the churches of Rome, belonging to the Franciscans and called the "Ara Coeli" (altar of heaven), there is a peculiar Christmas cus-

tom connected with the "Bambino," (Little Babe). First, let us see why this church has such a queer name. It was built hundreds of years ago over the ruins of a pagan temple raised to the pagan king of the gods, Jupiter; his worshippers gave this name to his temple, and when Rome became Christian, the church erected on the spot was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and named "Santa Maria of Ara Coeli." The old name stuck to it, however, and it is seldom spoken of as "Santa Maria"—only "Ara Coeli." In this Franciscan church, a platform is put up every Christmas opposite the Crib, the "Presepio," and little children get up on it to preach sermons, and talk and sing carols to the Bambino, lying opposite. Of course, they are carefully coached beforehand in these things, especially the "sermons," and those who get through their part successfully receive warm praise from their admiring relatives and friends.

In Northern Germany, a table is spread with good things, while in many country places on Christmas Eve, a light burns all night in the window, and the door is left unlatched, so that the Blessed Lady and her guardian angel, on their way to Bethlehem, may come in and get something to eat. In Austria, a light is put in the window to keep the little Christ Child from stumbling in the dark, as He passes by. In Scandinavia, a sheaf of wheat is tied to a pole in front of every house, so that the Christ Child's little birds may find a good breakfast on Christmas morning. This is also a French custom. Then the shoes of everybody in the house are collected and put in a row at the front door, to show Him that all the family are at home, peaceful and united. This sounds rather comical, doesn't it? But there is a fine spirit in it. In some parts of England, still

far from railroads and post offices, figures of wood, called "Advent Images" are carried around the villages the week before Christmas by poor women, who expect a half-penny from all to whom they show them.

Every land has its own Christmas carols. Many of them are known the world over, above all the *Adeste Fideles*, which is supposed to have been written by another of our Franciscans, the great St. Bonaventure. In Italy, the shepherds of the mountains come down into the villages and towns the week before Christmas, and go from door to door, playing their bagpipes and singing the praises of the Divine Infant and His Blessed Mother. They are called the *pifferari*. In England, men and boys go around in the same manner singing carols; they call themselves "waits," and their carols are often spoken of by the same name.

In the northern countries, the Yule Log is the great feature of Christmas. It is large enough to burn the whole week from Christmas to New Year. In the southern lands, candles are lighted for trees and windows. In all, alike, are heard the carols that tell us of Our Lord's birth. I wonder how many ever stop to think of the origin of these customs? To the Catholic boy and girl the answer is easy. We all know from our catechism that candles are used "not to chase away darkness, but as a mark of spiritual light and joy." The Yule Log, cut from an evergreen, alive when all other trees are dead in winter, is a symbol of the Lord Who is life itself, and of that life of our souls which can never die. And we all know, too, that the first and greatest of Christmas carols was that of the angels over the Crib of Bethlehem:—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

FRANCISCAN NEWS

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church.—The annual retreat for the Sacred Heart, Tertiary Fraternity was held from October 26 to December 2. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O.F.M., of Cincinnati, O., who has but recently returned to this country from Rome. The account of his experiences while visiting the birthplace of our Seraphic Father St. Francis served not a little to fire the enthusiasm of the Tertiaries for their holy Order, of which they gave ample testimony by flocking to the services daily in great numbers, in spite of the almost continuous downpour of rain. On Friday, October 31, forty-seven new members were invested, which brings the total membership of the fraternity to 465.

An unusual feature of the retreat was the silver jubilee celebration of Mrs. Catherine Schisle and Mrs. Rosina Haag as Tertiaries of St. Francis. The ceremony of renewing their holy profession took place Sunday, November 2, immediately before the solemn High Mass at 7:30 o'clock. This celebration, the first of its kind in the annals of the fraternity, made a deep impression on all the members.

Omaha, Nebr., Poor Clares Monastery.—Tuesday, October 14, the canonical visitation of the Poor Clares of this city was conducted by Rev. Francis Haase, O.F.M., of Dubuque, Iowa. On this occasion Ven. Sister M. Antony was reelected Mother Abbess. The following morning, Sr. M. Francis and Sr. M. Rita pronounced their perpetual vows, while Sr. M. Clare, a novice, was admitted to her first vows. Fr. Francis, assisted by Rev. F. Simon and Meinard, O.F.M., officiated at the ceremonies.

Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Convent.—An event of the greatest importance to the Third Order in this country, took place on November 11, when the General Executive Board of the National Tertiary Congress to be held in 1921, convened for the first time and took active steps for the realization of the proposed Convention. Those present at the meeting, which was held at St. Augustine's Convent, Chicago, were the following: Rev. Chrysostom Theobald, O.F.M., of Cincinnati, O., President of the Board and Chairman of the meeting; Rev. Wendelin Green, O. M. Cap., of Rochester, Pa., First Vice-President; Rev. Anselm Kennedy, O.F.M., of Buffalo, N. Y., as delegate of Very Rev. Matthias Faust, O.F.M., of Patterson, N. J., Second Vice-President; Rev. Roger Mid-

dendorf, O.F.M., of Cleveland, O., Corresponding Secretary; and Rev. Aloysius Fish, O. M. Conv., of Carey, O., Financial Secretary. A complete report of the proceedings will be published at a later date. For the present, let it suffice to announce that it was definitely decided to hold the Congress on October 2, 3, and 4, 1921, in Chicago, Ill.

Washington, Mo., St. Francis Borgia Church.—A triple jubilee was celebrated in St. Francis Church, this city, on Sunday, October 19. The School Sisters of Notre Dame celebrated the diamond jubilee of their coming to Washington, the parish celebrated the golden jubilee of the dedication of the present church, while the Franciscan Fathers, commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their arrival in this city. After the reception of his Grace, the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, a solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Fr. Alphonse, O.F.M., one of the former pastors, now at Sioux City, Ia. He was assisted by Rev. Fr. Antonine, O.F.M., and Rev. Antony Kuenzel, S. J., both sons of the parish, as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Fr. Philip, O.F.M., rector of St. Joseph Seminary, Teutopolis, Ill., preached a glowing sermon. The following day was the fiftieth anniversary of Rel. Brother Ivo's entrance into the Franciscan Order. The good Brother, who has labored so faithfully for fifty years in the service of his religious brethren, was conducted in solemn procession by the school children to the church, where Rev. Fr. Donulus, O.F.M., the pastor, celebrated a solemn High Mass. The impressive jubilee ceremonies, prescribed by the ritual of the Order, followed after the Mass. *Franciscan Herald* extends to the venerable jubilarian a hearty *Ad multos annos!*

Maryville, Mo.,—The Sisters of St. Francis celebrated on October 4 and 5 the silver jubilee of their foundation in this city and also that of Ven. Sr. M. Augustine as superior of the community. On the first day, several of the Sisters pronounced their holy vows. Right Rev. Abbot Frowin Conrad, O. S. B., of Conception, Mo., officiated at the ceremony, while Rev. Fr. Victorine, O.F.M., of Oak Forest, Ill., who had conducted the preparatory retreat, delivered an appropriate sermon. On the second day of the jubilee, Rev. Fr. Anselm Insechin, O. S. B., sang the High Mass and Right Rev. Monsignor A. Kuhle, of Kansas City, Kansas, preached the jubilee sermon.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Convent.—The Provincial Board of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart held its second annual meeting in Tertiary Hall, St. Louis, on October 22. All the members of the Board were present; viz., Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., of Cleveland, Commissary; Rev. Fr. Ulric, O.F.M., of Chicago, Vice-Commissary; Rev. Fr. Giles, O.F.M., of Teutopolis, Secretary-Treasurer; Mr. Joseph V. D. McCarthy, of St. Louis, Mr. Edward Walter, of Cleveland, Miss Mary Perkins, of Chicago, and Miss Mary Benz, of Quincy, Consultors. The annual reports submitted to the Board by the various Rev. Directors of the Province manifested in general a most encouraging condition of Tertiary affairs. Statistics showed that during the past year some 2,000 persons were admitted to the Third Order in our Province, which brings the total membership to 16,000. It was also very gratifying for the Board to note from the reports that the charitable and social activities of the various fraternities are rapidly taking on larger proportions; and the amount of work accomplished within the past months reflects very favorably on both the Rev. Directors and the Tertiaries themselves. The Board, backed by the unanimous vote of the Rev. Directors, again went on record as favoring the holding of a National Tertiary Convention in 1921, to commemorate in a befitting manner the seventh centenary of the founding of the Third Order, and it took active steps to hasten the realization of this proposed movement.

St. Paul, Minn., Sacred Heart Church.—The annual retreat of the German-speaking Tertiaries of St. Paul, preached by Rev. Fr. Eustace, O.F.M., of Ashland, Wis., in the latter part of September, was very well attended. On the closing day the Rev. Father received fourteen new members into the fraternity, and conducted the solemn services of the canonical visitation.

The St. Roch's English-speaking fraternity had its annual retreat from October 12 to 19. It was conducted by Rev. Fr. Giles, O.F.M., of Teutopolis, Ill. The attendance was very good, more than four hundred Tertiaries and their friends being present each night. The members displayed extraordinary zeal in securing recruits for the Third Order, and their efforts were well rewarded; for on the last day of the retreat ninety-nine novices were invested, while several candidates were hindered by sickness from joining. Among those invested were three secular priests of St. Paul: Rev. Leopold Haas, pastor of the Assumption Church, Rev. H. Ciebattonne, pastor of the Holy Redeemer Church, and Rev. Patrick J.

McCabe, assistant at St. Patrick's Church. The good example set by their Reverend pastors has aroused the enthusiasm of the St. Paul Tertiaries in the Third Order, which looks forward to a glorious future in the Twin Cities. For St. Roch's Fraternity counts among its members many Tertiaries from Minneapolis and White Bear, and even some isolated Tertiaries in Ivanhoe, Minn., Kilkenny, Minn., and Boone, Iowa, all of whom came to St. Paul to attend the exercises of the retreat. After the investment of the novices, Fr. Giles held the canonical visitation as delegate of Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart. At the informal gathering of the Tertiaries in Society Hall after the services, the Rev. retreat master was much pleased and edified to note the truly fraternal spirit that pervaded all present, which augurs well for the fraternity. The combined fraternities of St. Elizabeth and St. Roch number 676 members, and the slogan now is: One thousand by 1921, the year of the First National Tertiary Convention in the United States.

Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Convent.—On Friday, October 24, Rev. Fr. Servatius Rasche, O.F.M., died at the Alexian Brothers Hospital. For over a year Fr. Servatius edified all by his extraordinary patience and resignation amid the most acute sufferings. Born April 29, 1852, at Nieheim, Westphalia, he came to America as a Franciscan cleric in 1875, and was ordained priest on May 16, 1880. A zealous priest, Fr. Servatius labored faithfully at the various posts assigned him by his superiors, and for many years belonged to the mission staff of the Sacred Heart Province. During the past eight years, he was stationed at St. Augustine's, Chicago, where he endeared himself to all especially by his untiring zeal, kindness, and wisdom in the confessional. R.I.P.

St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Hospital.—The annual investment and profession of Sisters took place on October 15, at St. Antony's Hospital, this city, the mother-house of a thriving community of Franciscan Sisters. On this occasion, eighteen Ven. Sisters made the last great offering of themselves to Almighty God by pronouncing their final vows, eight others entered the ranks of Christ's specially chosen ones by making their first profession, while eight young ladies bade farewell to the world to join the faithful daughters of St. Francis. The services were well calculated to impress all present with the beauty and seriousness of this spiritual drama enacted at God's holy altar, and the happy memory of the day will ever remain for these spouses of Christ an incentive to perseverance and a consolation in

the dark hour of trial and temptation. The *Herald* wishes them all, in the words of Holy Church, *Pacem et perseverantiam!*

Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.—The St. Francis of Assisi Tertiary Conference of this city will commemorate on December 26, the fiftieth anniversary of its erection. Special solemnities are being arranged for the worthy celebration of this happy event. On December 28, there will be a solemn Pontifical High Mass at 10 A. M., and in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, other suitable jubilee services will be held. On the second day of the jubilee, a solemn High Mass will be sung at 8 A. M., for all the deceased members of the Conference, and at

8 P. M., a "Tertiary Evening" will be held, at which able speakers, both clerical and lay, will address the Tertiaries. The touching drama, in five acts, "St. Francis of Assisi" will be rendered by members of the Conference on January 4 and 5. As this golden jubilee is designed to be a worthy tribute to the Third Order of St. Francis in the archdiocese of Milwaukee, all the Tertiaries of the city and their friends are most cordially invited to attend the various solemnities with their friends. Spiritual exercises in preparation for the jubilee will be held from December 9 to 14 for the English-speaking Tertiaries, and from December 16 to 21 for the German-speaking.

A Correction

COMMISSARIAT OF THE HOLY LAND
Washington, D. C., Oct. 27, 1919.

Editor of *Franciscan Herald*,
Leutopolis, Ill.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

Permit me to call your attention to an error in the November *Herald* concerning the erection of a Basilica on Mt. Thabor in Palestine. This news item states that the Basilica will be international, etc. The fact is that it is to be built by the Catholics of America only. I have before me a letter of the Right Rev. Fr. Ferdinand Diotallevi, O.F.M., Custos of the Holy Land, wherein he writes:

"I am happy to give you the glad news that in a private audience which I had with the Holy Father, I spoke to him of the reconstruction of the Basilica of Mount Thabor, which is to be undertaken exclusively by the good Catholics of the United States. The Holy Father highly praised this project and grants a special blessing to the Members of the Good Work of the Holy Land, and to all who contribute towards this undertaking. To these august words of the Sovereign Pontiff, I add my warmest approbation, invoking the Lord and our Holy Father St. Francis to bless the well-deserving Crusaders who lend their assistance to this work for the glory of God. Fr. Ferdinand Diotallevi, O.F.M., Custos of the Holy Land."

A fund wherewith to accomplish this glorious undertaking has been already started at this Commissariat of the Holy Land, and contributions toward it are earnestly solicited, which same will be acknowledged by us and forwarded to Jerusalem.

Perhaps the news item in question has reference to the Basilica to be re-erected in the Garden of Gethsemani. In this case, it will be of interest to know that the Catholics of America have already sent through us the sum of \$25,000 for this Holy Shrine.

Praying God to bless with success the worthy *Franciscan Herald*, I am,
Faithfully in Christ,

FR. GODFREY SCHILLING, O.F.M.,
Commissary of the Holy Land

OBITUARY

Chicago, Ill., Alexian Brothers Hospital:—Rev. Servatius Rasche, o.f.m.

Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:—Mary (Anne) Jordan.

St. Louis Fraternity:—Edward (Antony) Crowley; Margaret (Elizabeth) Murphy; Kate (Aloysia) Farrell; Catherine (Elizabeth) Gavin.

St. Elizabeth Fraternity:—Anna (Clare) Faxel; Barbara (Philomena) Probst; Magdalena (Anne) Doberstein; Eva (Frances) Kalk.

Fall River, Mass.—John Lynch; Ellen Lynch; Arsenice Pineau; Mary Pineau.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Fraternity:—Katherine (Antonia) Scholler.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Francis Fraternity:—Louis Schaiper; Margaret Dempsey; Madge McCready; Elizabeth Katonka; Mary Boylan; Josephine Schaus.

Matteson, Ill.—John Scheidt.

Rosebank, S. I.—Angelo Raffella Mecca; Antonia de Rosa.

Sacramento, Cal.:—Caroline (Ignatius) Mulligan; Anna (Gertrude) Green.

San Francisco, Cal., St. Boniface Church.—Susan Neill.

Washington, D. C.—Sister Carrie.

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